

After school, we two engaged in pre-pubescent play
At your house, afternoons we spent cruising your black driveway
In your junior Thunderbird electric kiddie car
I chauffeured you and you lounged in back
Back then, you were a star

Well, your mother, she was famous, and so you were famous too
Call me groupie, call me gigolo, oh, I fell in love with you
I asked you once, "What will you be?"

But you quickly said, "A nurse"
But the way you sparkled way back then
I knew you'd caught the curse

Everybody's got a block off which they are a chip
Oh, but some chips grow to be great blocks, so
Liza, let it rip
This is your ex-chauffeur who speaks
Indeed, you've caught the curse
Now you've got that Oscar
I don't think you'll be a nurse