

Deco Lady

Rupert Holmes

She goes to discos with a hard-running crowd.
Dressed up to kill, they never speak very loud.
Her style and speed are from another decade,
And when she struts the street, she's on parade.

Deco lady, Deco lady, spending money like rice.
Deco lady, Deco loving really feels so nice.

Her clothes ain't faggy, draggy Art Nouveau;
She's gold and gilded, Metro-Goldwyn Deco.
She drinks manhattans, swizzle stick ebony,
And drags a cigarette from ivory.

Deco lady, Deco lady, dancing into your heart,
Deco lady, deco loving tears your mind apart.

Deco lady, don't need toke smoke coke scenes,
Deco lady, deco sleep wakes up to deco dreams.

Decked out in satin like a dream movie queen,
Bigger than life upon the wide silver screen,
Padded shoulders slashed with stripes to her hips,
A thousand lines upon her painted lips:

Deco lady.