

Tokyo à Go-Go

The Magnetic Fields

I was only doing my job for the Company
with a gun in my pocket and no identity
I fell in love with you but we're not free

Tokyo A go-go, Tokyo A go-go
the dancing spies with evil eyes that walk the night
Tokyo A go-go, Tokyo A go-go
In coloured scenes the dancing queens with laser beams

You were just another boy only seventeen
well designed for giving pleasure just a love machine
Now we've got to run away we're turning green

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