

## Dead-End Street Of Love

So proud he looks into the mirror,  
what a beautiful body he has.  
So vain he looks into the mirror,  
what a beautiful face he has.  
Shavin', brushing,  
Smell of 'Eau de Cologne',  
Livin' in a street of broken hearts.

So proud she looks into the mirror,  
what a beautiful body she has.  
So vain she looks into the mirror,  
what a beautiful face she has.  
Rouge, perfume, black lingerie,  
livin' in a street of free love.

Tonight, he's walkin',  
through a dead-end street of love.  
Tonight, she's dancin',  
through a dead-end street of love

He's a man!? A gigolo!  
A clown in her eyes.  
She's a woman!? Of pleasure!  
An actress in his eyes.  
They are walkin',  
through a dead-end street tonight.

He's convinced to be irresistible,  
but his smell gives her a hint.  
His words don't touch her emotions,  
his charm don't close her eyes.  
No love-adventures,  
no tears on soft cheeks.

Livin' in a dead-end street of love!