

Grade-B Movie (Don't Stop, Johnny)

Words & Music: Pope/Staples

(c) Dream On Music

Sung by Inga Rumpf (I Know Who I Am)

I walked the wet boulevard alone
An open invitation to anyone
I bit my lips to keep back the tears
What would they think?
I cared not, I dared not
All I had were the tortured memories
Of a love I had once known
I could still feel his kisses on my virgin lips

When you look at me it's like any Grade-B movie
I whisper "Hello Johnny - hello Johnny"
Then you tear my sheath
And I'm below you moaning "Oh, Johnny
Don't stop not now"
Don't stop, Johnny

I remember that cigarette dangling from
The corner of your mouth
That white shirt unbuttoned at the collar
Revealing the tanned expanse of your chest
I knew you would never be completely mine
But I had to settle for what I could get
That night I raked your back with those ugly red welts
I don't know what your kisses reduced me to
Don't you see I was helpless?
You said you were pouring the wine of passion
Into the warped vessel of a wanton woman's heart
I had no control over my animal lusts
Forgive me, forgive me

When you look at me it's like any Grade-B movie
I whisper "Hello Johnny - hello Johnny"
Then you tear my sheath
And I'm below you moaning "Oh, Johnny
Don't stop not now"
Don't stop, Johnny

When you look at me it's like any cheap novel
I whisper "Hello Johnny - hello Johnny"
Then you tear my sheath
And I'm below you moaning "Oh, Johnny
Don't stop not now"
Don't stop, Johnny