

Cameo

Devo

He said his name was
Cameo, Cameo
He said his name was
Cameo, Cameo He said his name was Cameo
He danced a nasty, funk-style retro
He drove a bright red '67 GTO
He liked to let his Elvis-style hair grow He was a black belt loaded with skills
He spoke slow, choosing words that could kill
Honest people didn't need to fear him
But do not cross that Native American Cameo, Cameo
Cameo, Cameo
He said his name was
Cameo, Cameo
He said his name was
Cameo, Cameo He would whisper, "White Man speak with forked tongue"
Before he was finished talking, you'd be going down
He'd repeat, "White Man speak with forked tongue"
And by that time you'd be long dead and buried in the ground Cameo, Cameo
Cameo, Cameo I said his name was
Cameo, Cameo
He said his name was
Cameo, Cameo He wore a white leather racing jacket
Zipped wide open so you could check out
His tanned body and his clean-shaved pecs
And the turquoise jewelry dangling from his neck
He said his name was
Cameo, Cameo
He said his name was
Cameo, Cameo Cameo, Cameo
Cameo, Cameo

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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