

## Chita

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They call her Chita at the Tokyo Bay  
Works at the bar and does some dancing onstage  
She's got a smile that makes the guys feel okay  
Hey hey hey, hey hey hey

She works the midnight shift from 10 until 4  
It's kind of sleazy but she never gets bored  
She makes good money with the tips that she scores  
Yes she does, yes she does

Chita Chita Chita won't you meet me at the Tokyo Bay  
Chita Chita Chita won't you meet me I got something to say  
Chita Chita Chita won't you meet me at the Tokyo Bay  
Hey hey hey, hey hey hey

Her real name's Pamela she comes from St Paul  
Wants to be a singer and she plays some guitar  
We get high, sing old songs 'fore her shift at the bar  
Let's try Carpenters, Superstar – ah –ah -ah

She's a complicated girl in so many ways  
Got a harem outfit, veil on her face  
She says hey master, is it time to play  
That's okay, that's okay

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Chita Chita Chita won't you meet me at the Tokyo Bay  
Hey hey hey, hey hey hey

Hey Chita, that was long ago and far away  
Back in those New York City days  
We were young, we were trying to find our way  
But we were, we were reaching for the sky  
To grab a bit of life as it passed by  
Walking through the sunshine and the rain  
I guess we won't be coming back that way again  
But Chita, I hope you still can sing your song  
Sing it loud and sing it long  
Let the music fill your soul, give up the illusion of control  
Who cares what the neighbors say, you got to sing your song in your own way  
Hey Chita, to look yourself in the glass at the end of the day  
Oh yeah, wo-wo-wo