

(M. Crenshaw)

A city of bright lights under a foreign sky
A full moon shining, a cool breeze blowing by
A fine one beside me; this is what I dream of
I've got a hundred dollars, let's fall in love
When I'm down with a worried mind
I walk around and wonder, Why is life so unkind???
But in this place at this moment
I cannot feel blue
I've got a hundred dollars to spend on you
A hundred dollars and a doll like you
so many things to go and places to do
Roll down the window we'll make the radio scream
My heart's been set free
Look, we got mobility?? and night's just begun
You're pretty as a dream