

DON. (*spoken over music*) The summer I turned fifteen, I lied about my age so I could join AGVA - you know ...

Her name was Lola Latores and her dynamic, twin forty-fours. Well, she really took to me. I mean, we did share the only dressing room, and she did a lot of dressing ...

And I'd come tripping out of the house in my little tuxedo and my tap shoes in my hand and we'd drive off down the block with her long, flaming red hair just blowing in the wind.