

Hugh Cornwell, Beauty On The Beach

She emerges like Ursula from Dr. No
Me I'm her James I'm the double O
We have an understanding
We fly together and avoid crashlanding

There's only one day left in paradise
But it takes two days to acclimatize
The palm tree leaves are waving
As I tune in to my Indian station

Beauty on the beach is suddenly within my reach

I realized there was nothing that I missed
She was there to provide her silent kiss
We had it all in spades
There was no time to be afraid

And overhead the bats were picking fruit
As we commeced in our birthday suits
The palm tree broom was sweeping
Away the blues there was no time for weeping

Beauty on the beach is suddenly within my reach