

Perry Blake, 1971

Throw away your suitcase
Come back to bed
There is nothing I wouldn't do
For a girl in distress

I've loaded my weapon
I'm wearing my best
There is nothing I couldn't stoop to
For a Girl in distress

Nothing I wouldn't stoop to

We are out in the hills now
looking over the sea
There is nothing she wouldn't do
To a man on his knees