

Squeeze, Squabs On Forty Fab

(Difford/Tilbrook)

I've come across the desert
To greet you with a smile
My camel looks so tired
It's hardly worth my while
To tell you of my travels
Across the golden East
I see your preparations
Invite me first to feast
Take me I'm yours
Because dreams are made of this
Forever there'll be
A heaven in your...

The Indians send signals
From the rocks above the pass
The cowboys take positions
In the bushes and the grass
The squaw is with the Corporal
She is tied against the tree
She doesn't mind the language
It's the beating she don't need
She lets loose all the horses
When the Corporal is asleep
And he wakes to find the fire's dead
And arrows in his hats
And Davy Crockett rides around
And says it's cool for cats

(Cool for cats...)

I never thought it would happen
With me and the girl from Clapham
Out on a windy common
That night I ain't forgotten
When she dealt out the rations
With some or other passions
I said you are a lady
Perhaps she said I may be

Left my ring by the soap
Now is that love?
You cleaned me out you could say broke
Now is that love?
The better better better it gets
The more these girls forget
That that is love

But behind the Chalet
My holiday's complete
And I feel like William Tell
Maid Marian on her tiptoed feet
Pulling mussels from a shell

(Instrumental break: "Separate Beds")

The case was pulled from under the bed
She made a call to a sympathetic friend
And made arrangements
The door was closed there was a note
I couldn't be bothered
Maybe I'll choke
No more engagements

With where have you been
And faraway frowns
Trying to be good
By not being 'round
And here in the bar
The piano man's found
Another nail for my heart

If you ever change your mind
Which you do from time to time
Never chew a pickle
With a little slap and tickle
You have to throw the stone
To get the pool to ripple

Sunlight on the lino
Woke me with a shake
I looked around to find her but she'd gone
Goodbye Girl