

Wet Wet Wet, Pulling mussels from a shell

They do it down on camber sands
They do it at Waikiki
Lazing about the beach all day
At night the Crickets creepy
Squinting faces at the sky
A Harold Robbins paperback
Surfers drop their boards and dry
And everybody wants a hat.
But behind the chalet
My holidays complete
And I feel like William Tell
Maid Marian on her tiptoed feet
Pulling mussels from a shell
Pulling mussels from a shell
Shrinking through the sea so cold
Topless ladies look away
A he-man in a sudden shower
Shelters from the rain
You wish you had a motor boat
To pose around the harbour
And when the sun goes off to bed
You hook it up behind the car
But behind the chalet
My holidays complete
And I feel like William Tell
Maid Marian on her tiptoed feet
Pulling mussels from a shell
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Two fat ladies window shop
Something for the mantle piece
In for bingo all the nines
A panda for sweet little niece
Coach drivers stand about
Looking at a local map
About the boy hes gone away
Down to next doors caravan
But behind the chalet
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