

Caravan, Ferdinand

My friend Ferdinand will, if he can
Cross that bridge to a little girl's skirt
Hands on which he's a terrible flirt
Says it's good, tells me that I should
Copy him as much as I can
Ride into a dock with only one hand
"I know you gotta be kiddin' me
No man could ever do that and get away"

My, my, my, my, Ferdinand
Oh, you're telling lies again, Ferdinand

Copin' lay one day
Said to me 'Boy, hey!
Did you hear what is coming from there?
She was pointing at Ferdinand's hand
In walks Ferdinand's room
Made she cries and beating her chest
I know I got what it takes, but boy!
You really got the rest
"Oh, no, you gotta be kiddin' me!
No more, it's just what I need to fade away"

My, my, my, my, Ferdinand
Oh, you're still a one-man hand, Ferdinand