

# 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