

Caravan, Waterloo Lily

The view Sixth Avenue
The legs of Waterloo Lily
Black tights for dark nights
On a trip through Picadilly
If you knew the kind of glue
She gums her eyelids with
Realise, on those eyes
That's a gum you'd rather not use
From a jar, in the house of Waterloo Lily
Painted red, the double bed
The biggest in the city
Especially sprung, hung undone
To stimulate delight
Sex machines seem but clean
She does things, you call her true

Waterloo Lily's got enough to turn us all on
Got a bra to fit a car
A port upon her back you warm your feet on
A corset keeps her in
So when you pull a string it lets it all out
Lily Waterloo, Piccadilly blue

Pint of white on Lily's lip
The daily upper door
Down the caff, a cup of char
Double dogwalk, brown and British
Imagine you and Lily too
Aboard a double bunk
Riding two, it's out of view
All the things your sister won't...

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