

# 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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