

Clifford T. Ward, The Gloria Bosom Show

I was sitting in an old armchair

Trying to work my radio

When from absolutely nowhere

I heard the Gloria Bosom Show.

She just knocks me right through the floor

Every time I hear her speak

I get buried when she says "that's all

'Bye my hunny bunches till next week."

Ooo-oo ooo-oo ooo-oo-oo ooo

Ooo-oo ooo-oo ooo-oo-oo ooo

Gloria Bosom's on tonight, tonight

If you should turn your radio on, you might

Feel excitement growing there

If you don't you might regret it.

Gloria Bosom's on tonight, tonight.

Ooo-oo ooo-oo ooo-oo-oo ooo

Ooo-oo ooo-oo ooo-oo-oo ooo

Gloria Bosom knocks me out, me out

Makes you just want to jump and shout about

Everythin' she says is lovely

And I'm sure she speaks just to me

Gloria Bosom's on tonight, tonight.

Oh Gloria, don't you go

Don't pass me by

I'm living just for your show

Without it I would die.

They've just come and taken my armchair

But I'm clinging to my radio
The bailiff's cursin' and the room is bare
But I've still got my G. B. Show.

Out on the street again but that's alright
I've still got my radio
I feel good 'cause it's Friday night
And here comes the Gloria Bosom Show.

Gloria Bosom's on tonight, tonight
If you should turn your radio on, you might
Feel excitement growing there
If you don't you might regret it.
Gloria Bosom's on tonight, tonight.

Ooo-oo ooo-oo ooo-oo-oo ooo
Ooo-oo ooo-oo ooo-oo-oo ooo
Ooo-oo ooo-oo ooo-oo-oo ooo
(Repeat and fade).