

Crawl Australian, The Boys Light Up

I was heading for my mountain home
Where all the ladies' names are Joan
Where husband works back late at night
His hopes are up for trousers down
With a hostess on a business flight
Taxi in a Mercedes drive
I hope that driver's coming out alive
The garden it is Dorsettive
That lady she's so corsetive
She's got fifteen ways
To lead that boy astray
He thinks he's one and only
But that lovely
She's so lonely
She pumps him full of breakfast
And she sends him on his way

(Chorus)
What a sing-song dance
What a performance
What a cheap tent show
Oh no, no, no, no, no,... then...
The boys light up

Silently she opens the drawer
Mother's littles helper
Is coming out for more
Strategically positioned
Before the midday show
The back is arched
Those lips are parched
Repeated blow by blow
Later, at the party, all the MPs rave
'Bout the hummers she's been giving
And the money that they save
To her it is skin lotion
In promotion to
That flat in Surfer's Paradise
With the ocean view

(Chorus)