

# Head Automatica, Pulling Muscles From A Shell

They do it down on camber sands  
They do it at Waikiki  
Lazing about the beach all day  
At night, the crickets creepy  
Squinting faces at the sky  
A Harold Robbins paperback  
Surfers drop their boards and dry  
And everybody wants a hat

But behind the chalet  
My holiday's complete  
And I feel like William Tell  
Maid Marian on her tiptoed feet  
Pulling mussels from a shell

Shrinking in the sea so cold  
Topless ladies look away  
A he-man in a sudden shower  
Shelters from the rain  
You wish you had a motor boat  
To pose around the harbor bar  
And when the sun goes off to bed  
You hook it up behind the car

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And I feel like William Tell  
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Two fat ladies window shop  
Something for the mantelpiece  
In for bingo all the nines  
A panda for sweet little niece  
The coach drivers stand about  
Looking at a local map  
About the boy he's gone away  
Down to next door's caravan

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