

# Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Geraldine

I'm in love with the person in the sandwich centre  
If she didn't exist I'd have to invent her  
There isn't any secret to my frequent visits  
It's the way she makes them and they're all exquisite

I'm in love with the person in the sandwich centre  
I'm enamoured of the magic of her fresh polenta  
My temperature rises and my pulses quicken  
When she gets cracking with the coronation chicken  
Geraldine, Geraldine

I know there's much more to life than the physical side  
And I should put these thoughts on hold  
But when she buttering my baguette  
My blood runs hot and cold  
Geraldine, G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Geraldine  
Geraldine, G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G

I'm in love with the person in the sandwich centre  
I'm living for the moment that I next frequent her  
In beauty's eyes beholding my inamorata  
As she works her wonders on a dried tomato  
Geraldine, Geraldine

I know there's much more to life than the sensual side  
And the spiritual should come first  
But when she's buttering my baguette  
I think I'm going to burst  
Geraldine, that's the nicest badge I've ever seen  
Geraldine, you make the world seem fresh and clean  
Geraldine, G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Geraldine  
Geraldine, G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G