

Pretty Things, Singapore Silk Torpedo

I've sailed the seas, a hard sea dog to please.
Tattooed on my chest, is the girl I love best.
Back in 1954, on leave in old Singapore
I was soaking in gin, when miss foxy walked in.

She's my Singapore silk torpedo,
Wearing high satin non stick lip glow,
I fell a victim to this female hipno,
She's my Singapore silk torpedo.

She drives a Mercedes, she's queen of the ladies,
My China Seas sweetheart, she tears me apart.

She's my Singapore silk torpedo.

You speak of love to her, a smile cracks her face,

She doesn't believe in rules, to her it's just a race.
She's seen both black and white,
You shouldn't go out tonight
Unless you mean to play it mean.

She's like a spike in the head,
I'd be better off dead,
Just can't shake her loose.
Now I'm hooked on this juice

We'll build a house on the cliff,
A small navy our gift,
Passing ships in the night,
Anchored safe we're alright.

She's my Singapore silk torpedo.