

Procol Harum, Lime Street Blues

Lime Street in the afternoon
everybody crazy as a coon
I'm running round in my underpants
trying to find some kinda romance

Quarter past three [sic] on Lime Street
I got whipped right offa my feet
Didn't realize that I'd been caught
till I found myself in the County Court

'Mr Judge,' I said, 'Won't you please be kind
Have pity on me, a poor orphan child?'
Mr Judge he says with a long mean frown
'Orphan or not, you're going down!'

Well I screamed on my knees in the witness box,
'Lord have mercy on my golden locks.'
The judge I could see that he was snide
He says, 'The only kind of blonde you are's a peroxide!'

Oh Lime Street, Lime Street
Lime Street, that's where we meet