Slade, That Was No Lady That Was My Wife

Uh huh, Jack the Lad with his three-pieced suit on
Likes to keep his three-piece clean
At the bar with his whistle an' flute on
Chats to broads with his old routine

They say, who was the lady I saw you with last night hey hey hey
Oh oh, that was no lady, you're talkin' 'bout my wife ow ow ow

Harry Rash with his fancy foot work - showin' off at the local dance
Givin' all the girls the glad eye - ain't their type - he don't stand a chance

Oh ho, who was the lady I saw you with last night well oh oh
Oh ho, that was no lady, you're talkin' 'bout my wife well oh oh

If she finds out, you know she's gonna kill me - I'll be nowhere to be found
She'll throw me out Will somebody come an' save me - I'll be hidin' underground
get on hey hey hey, yeah oh oh well ho

Oh ho, who was the lady I saw you with last night woh ho ho
Oh ho, that was no lady, you're talkin' 'bout my wife hey hey hey
Woh ah, that was no lady, you're talkin' 'bout my wife oh ho ho
That was my wife well heh heh