

The Move, My Marge

My Marge

My Marge is such a delight
She thrills me at night
The second I turn out the light

My Marge is peaches to me
When no-one can see
She snuggle up is heavenly

My Marge squeeze me squeeze me
Take me home for tea
Let's not stay out too late
Cause your mother will be cross
And I'll be down across her knee
Y'know

My Marge speaks double dutch
She's so ripe to touch
That's why I love her very much

O three three o
And take me home for tea
Let's not stay out too late
Or your mother will be cross
And I'll be down across her knee
Y'know

My Marge is such a delight
She thrills me at night
The second I turn out the light

O three three o ooh ooh!
Y'know my Marge
I know
She's a nice girl y'know
I know
She picks her nose
Ugh!
Throws the brown lumps over the right side
The green lumps over the left side
And everybody else says goodnight!