

I've got nasty habits  
I take tea at trhee  
And the meat I eat for dinner  
Must be hung up for a week  
My best friend he shoots waters rats  
And feed them to his geese  
Don-cha think there's a place for you  
In between the sheets?

Come on now honey, we can built a home for three  
Come on now honey, don't you want to live with me?

And there's a score of hare-brained children  
There are a-locked in the nursery  
They got ear-phone heads  
They got dirty necks  
They're so tweentieth century  
Well, they queue up for bathroom round about 7.35  
But don-cha think we need a woman's touch  
to make it come alive?

You'd look good pram pushing down the High Street  
Come on now honey, don't you want to live with me?

On the servants they're so helpful dear!  
The cook she is a whore  
the butler has a place for her  
Behind the pantry door  
The maid, she's French, she's got no sense  
She's from Crazy Horse  
And when she strips, the chauffeur flips  
The footman's eyes get crossed

Don-cha think there's a place for us  
Right across the street?  
Don-cha you think there's a place for you  
In between the sheets?

Don-cha you think there's a place for you  
Come on live with me