

Eyebrows plucked and toenails cut,  
I'll pick you up with a little luck, all prim and proper.  
Shaven legs and calls to Fred,  
It all depends o' alright then, I can not stop her.  
The makeup box has always got,  
Ever such a lot of odds and sods, in there to offer.  
She needs paints to make her face,  
And make her late again and again  
So I'll knock her  
The tick is tocker.  
Mumbo jumbo words to say,  
Are you coming out,  
Coming out,  
Coming out to play?  
With a broken nose on a sunny day,  
I would bet,  
I would bet,  
None of these girls would ever care,  
Or get upset.  
Or get upset.

Short and fat with a fishnet hat,  
And a hungry cat in a nice new flat, with her Scrabble.  
Sits by the phone when she's all alone,  
And on her own it's a mental home, full of babble.  
Writes with charm to uncle farm,  
With a broken arm in a broken barn, feeds the cattle.  
She hears the hens as she takes the pen,  
And it's now and now it's then [and now and then a little arab friend],  
She would saddle.  
The dip is dabbled

Kissing curls and boyish girls,  
For all the pearls in all the world, wouldn't have me.  
If I had oil and money to spoil,  
I'd mix with loyal and I get some royal, little lassie.  
I'm up at nine down the line,  
To watch the time 'till half past five.  
I wish they'd sack me  
She's at home the milkman's home  
To have a farm and seeds to sow  
It makes her happy  
The chip is chappie.