Isabel

Baxter Dury

She's early for no reason and she's dancing at angles
Yet another slim man's taking chances with another girl
She could be in her marigolds, dancing on her patio
She's living it up in another dreary disco town

Isabel's sleeping, Isabel's sleeping
I think my mate slept with you when you were in Portugal

Isabel's sleeping, Isabel's sleeping
I think my mate slept with you when you were in Portugal

She's broken all her promises and found another place to sleep
He's a little boy that never thought about the consequence
She's like a letter bomb waiting for another man
Sitting on a fence in another dreary disco town

Isabel's sleeping, Isabel's sleeping
I think my mate slept with you when you were in Portugal

Isabel's sleeping, Isabel's sleeping
I think my mate slept with you when you were in Portugal

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