

## Pam The Hawk

Madness

She walks the streets of Soho, every single day  
From dawn 'til dusk, always walks a different way  
Past every coffee bar, restaurant and pub  
In her clammy green palm, she'd turn over and rub  
A few coppers, a nice handful of change  
But for a fiver she can and will arrange  
A signed photo, a kiss, a nice warm hug  
Until over your shoulder, she spots another likely mug

She'd be the richest woman in all of the west end they say  
If every single penny earned she didn't spend  
In the bookies, on the horses, the Wardour Street arcade  
There's not a single fruit machine she hasn't played

A toothless smile, laughs like a machine gun  
But when it comes to business, got all the others on the run

On anorak wings, that little bird of prey  
She swoops, she dives, her prize carried away  
Pam the hawk

Oh she'd be the richest woman in all of the west end  
If every single penny earned she didn't spend  
In the bookies, on the gee-gees, the Wardour Street arcade  
There's not a single fruit machine she hasn't played

On anorak wings, a little bird of prey  
She swoops, she dives, her prize carried away  
Oh, Pam the hawk