

One Louder Solex

Solex

I think we would better tactfully put
An end to the evening now, a
Little kicking
Over the traces goes
A long way at this age.
And we were both bundled
Up in nice tweeds and flannels.

What she needed she couldn't have.
For all I knew she was stone-deaf.

I said 'front page,'
She heard 'teenage,'
So I tried 'read'
But she heard 'sweet.'

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'there's a bag of
Sweets floating
Around somewhere, let
Me see, I really
Had it with me
When I visited
The grand prix.'