

Pulling Mussels

Squeeze

They do it down on Camber Sands, they do it at Waikiki
Lazing about the beach all day, at night the crickets creepy
Squinting faces at the sky, a Harold Robbins paperback
Surfers drop their boards and dry, and everybody wants a hack

But behind the chalet, my holiday's complete
And I feel like William Tell
Maid Marian on her tiptoed feet
Pulling mussels from a shell
Pulling mussels from a shell

Shrinking in the sea so cold, topless ladies look away
A he-man in a sudden shower shelters from the rain
You wish you had a motorboat to pose around the harbor bar
And when the sun goes off to bed, you hook it up behind the car

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Two fat ladies window shop, something for the mantelpiece
In for bingo, all the nines, a panda for sweet little niece
Coach drivers stand about, looking at a local map
About the boy, he's gone away, down to next door's caravan

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