

# Pulling Mussels (From The Shell)

Travis

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 hat

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 motor boat  
To pose around the harbour 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

The 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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