

Clifford T. Ward "The Gloria Bosom Show"

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I was sitting in an old armchair
Trying to work my radio
When from absolutely nowhere
I heard the Gloria Bosom Show.

She just knocks me right through the floor
Every time I hear her speak
I get buried when she says "that's all
'Bye my hunny bunches till next week."

Ooo-oo ooo-oo ooo-oo-oo ooo
Ooo-oo ooo-oo ooo-oo-oo ooo
Gloria Bosom's on tonight, tonight
If you should turn your radio on, you might
Feel excitement growing there
If you don't you might regret it.
Gloria Bosom's on tonight, tonight.

Ooo-oo ooo-oo ooo-oo-oo ooo
Ooo-oo ooo-oo ooo-oo-oo ooo
Gloria Bosom knocks me out, me out
Makes you just want to jump and shout about
Everythin' she says is lovely
And I'm sure she speaks just to me
Gloria Bosom's on tonight, tonight.

Oh Gloria, don't you go
Don't pass me by
I'm living just for your show

Without it I would die.

They've just come and taken my armchair
But I'm clinging to my radio
The bailiff's cursin' and the room is bare
But I've still got my G. B. Show.

Out on the street again but that's alright
I've still got my radio
I feel good 'cause it's Friday night
And here comes the Gloria Bosom Show.

Gloria Bosom's on tonight, tonight
If you should turn your radio on, you might
Feel excitement growing there
If you don't you might regret it.
Gloria Bosom's on tonight, tonight.

Ooo-oo ooo-oo ooo-oo-oo ooo
Ooo-oo ooo-oo ooo-oo-oo ooo
Ooo-oo ooo-oo ooo-oo-oo ooo
(Repeat and fade).

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