

Gilbert O'sullivan "Victor E"

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This pleasure book I'm writing
Doesn't give me any thrill
All it does is prove conclusively
Where there's a way there's will

Who, by the way along with Mary
Peter, Patsy, and Paul
Had the cheek to turn the other
When the other was on the ball

It will be done, thy will become
Not this or that or thee
But something far more mature
Like Victor E

I can't forget the moment
Of my very first affair
When the lights were low
The music so soft Fred, my record player

Began to do the two step
Side by side my prize antique
And before you know it there they were
Engaging cheek to cheek

It will be done, thy will become
Not this or that or thee
But something far more mature
Like Victor E

If ever there's a moment
I feel absolutely sure
That what I'm about to verge upon
Won't rate the least obscure

Then just to recap on that point
I'd like now this to say
When the Indians begin to charge
What will the cavalry pay

It will be done, thy will become
Not this or that or thee

But something far more mature
Like Victor E

It will be done, thy will become
Not this or that or thee
But something far more mature
Like Victor E

Victor A, Victor B, Victor C, Victor D, Victor E

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