

Head Automatica

"Pulling Muscles"

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They do it down on camber sands
They do it at Waikiki
Lazing about the beach all day
At night, the cricket's 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 harbor bar
And when the sun goes off to bed
You hook it up behind the car

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

Two fat ladies window shop
Something for the mantelpiece
Everything [Incomprehensible]
A panda for sweet little niece

Coach drivers stand about
Looking at a local map
About the boy who's gone away
Down to next door's caravan

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