

Jet Set Roger

"Like A Tall Thin Girl"

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Well, I don't care to eat out in smart restaurants.
I'd rather do a Vindaloo: take away is what I want.
I was down at the old Bengal, having telephoned a
treat
When I saw her framed in the kitchen door.
She looked good enough to eat.
(And I mean eat.)
She was a tall thin girl.
She looked like a tall thin girl.
She said, "Whose is this carry-out?"
My face turned chilli red.
Well, I don't know about carrying out,
But you can carry me off to bed.
(And I mean bed.)
She was a tall thin girl.
She moved like a tall thin girl.
Maybe I can fetch for it,
And maybe I can stretch for it.

I may not be a fat man and I'm not exactly small
But when it all comes down, couldn't stand my ground.
This girl was tall.
(And I mean tall.)

Big boy Doane, he's a drummer. Don't play no
tambourine
But he's Madras hot on the bongo trot,
If you know just what I mean.
Stands six foot three in his underwear;
Going to get him down here and see
If this good lady's got a little sister 'bout the same size
as me.
She was a tall thin girl.
She looked like a tall thin girl.
Well, can I fetch for it?
Well, maybe I can stretch for it?
Well, am I up for it? Or do I have to go down for it?

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