

Ray Quinn

"It's Me Again Margaret"

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Well, there once was a feller named willard mcVane
And he only had just one thought on his brain
Every evening about midnight he'd sneak off alone
And call the same lady on a pay telephone
'it's me again, margaret...
(evil laughter)
Hello, is this margaret?
You don't know me, margaret, but i know you.'
Well, this upset the lady and it gave her the blues
So she called up the police, said 'what shall i do?'
The chief of detectives came round to her home
And eavesdropped upon them on her upstairs phone
'it's me again, margaret...
(evil laughter)
Hello, is this margaret?
Margaret, i know it's you, margaret
Are you naked?
(more evil laughter)'
Well, they called up ma bell and they traced him on
down
To a funky old phone booth on the outskirts of town
It was there that the vice squad with their field glasses
read
The lips of that amorous man as he said
'it's me again, margaret...
(evil laughter)
Hello? Is this...is this margaret?
(evil laughter)
I know it's you, margaret
I bet you can't guess what i'm doing...'
Well, they cuffed him and dragged him to the station
downtown
And they allowed him one phone call 'fore the jailer
came round
He wet his chapped lips and he cleared his young
throat
Then he dialed the telephone and softly he spoke
'it's me again, margaret...
(evil laughter)
They got me, margaret
You ain't going to miss me, margaret, i know that

But i'll miss you
(more evil laughter)
And when i get out, margaret
I'm going to come over there with an egg beater
And a live chicken, and some peach preserves!
We'll have a good old time, marga

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