

Ivor Biggun "Bras 45"

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Bra size forty-five, Bra size forty-five
Bra size forty-five, Bra size forty-five

Well I went out for a boogie, a week ago last Tuesday
I was doing the Wigan Hustle and the Palais Glide
I met a girl in big suspenders and her boswams were
stupendous
Like two bald-headed men sitting side by side

She wore a bra size forty five, and she could jump
and jive
And when she stopped dancing, bits of her kept
wobbling about
She said you drive me crazy, burn some rubber on me
Baby
She grabbed my little whistel and she began to shout...

Hit me with your rhythm stick, Hit me, Hit me
Je t'adore, Ich lebe dick, Hit me, Hit me, Hit me
Hit me with your rhythm stick, I'm six feet tall and five
feet thick
Hit me, Hit me, Hit me...

Bra size forty-five, Bra size forty-five

I couldn't do nothing but stand and stare, she gave a
hug like a grizzly bear
I couldn't see much, I thought I was dead, I had boobs
upside my head
Boobs upside my head, boobs upside my head

Oh what a front she had, enough for me, my brother
and Dad
A chest of drawers no doubt, one with the top drawer
half pulled out
Oh what a front she'd got, believe me son, she'd got
the lot
Right before my eyes, and she was bra size forty-five

Erm, excuse me, what do I do now?
Man be cool - gotta get down and have a rap
I beg your pardon? I think I'll do a talking bit instead...

She was the big economy size, her boswams were
gigantic
Like two fat little boys, wrestling under a blanket
The flickering strobes lit up the globes that thrust from
her pullover
I think her name was June 'cos she was busting out all
over
She said "Can you feel the force, do y'wanna take one
step beyond?"
I said "Goodness gracious great balls of fire, there's a
whole lotta shaking going on"
She said "Knock on wood, I'll blame it on the boggie,
now what do ya think about that?"
I said "Ooh heck, it must be jelly, cos jam don't shake
like that"
Not so much of the night fever, more like a belt with a
tyre lever
She was not alt all pendulous, in fact she was
tremendulous

Bra size forty-five, Bra size forty-five
Bra size forty-five, Bra size forty-five

She wore a bra size forty-five, and when they played 'I
will survive'
She went crackers, and her animal desires became
much keener
She said "John I'm only dancing, but I'd rather be
romancing"
She had me inside out and upside down in the back of
my Cortina

Hit me with your rhythm stick...

And there in my car, the windows all steamed up, I
thought I would drown,
She let it all hang out in bras (size forty-five)
And there in my car, I thought "this is it", an instant
replay
My foot out the window in bras (size forty-five)

Oo-rah, Oo-rah, Oo-rah, ay,
Over the hills and now I'm on my way
I got out my tent pole and chewed her [Tempole Tudor]
Oo-rah, Oo-rah, Oo-rah, ay,
Come on, let's do the Bristol Stomp

She wore a bra size forty-five, I thought I never would
revive
When I tackled that young lady with the bounciest of

blouses

But she left me for a geezer who had much more
chance to please her

With his own master blaster and a pair of baggy
trousers

Oh what fun they had...

Bra size forty-five, Bra size forty-five

Bra size forty-five, Bra size forty-five

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