

Yellow Matter Custard

"Lovely Rita"

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Lovely Rita meter maid.
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Nothing can come between us,
When it gets dark I tow your heart away.
Standing by a parking meter,
When I caught a glimpse of Rita,
Filling in a ticket in her little white book.
In a cap she looked much older,
And the bag across her shoulder
Made her look a little like a military man.
Lovely Rita meter maid,
May I inquire discreetly,

When are you free,
To take some tea with me.
Took her out and tried to win her,
Had a laugh and over dinner,
Told her I would really like to see her again,
Got the bill and Rita paid it,
Took her home I nearly made it,
Sitting on the sofa with a sister or two.
Oh, lovely Rita meter maid,
Where would I be without you,
Give us a wink and make me think of you.

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