

South

"36d"

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Close your legs
Open your mind
Leave those compliments well behind
Dig a little deeper into yourself and you may find

Come over here, just sit right down
Needn't comb your hair
Needn't pout or frown
I hear you've turned our young men into dribbling
clowns

36D so what (D) so what
Is that all that you've got?
36D so what (D) so what
Is that all you've got?

Make their day and go ahead
Remove your clothes and lie on the end
Just a last gasp chance or an outside bet
To the easily led

And you before you do just what you do
Here's one though, for you to chew
The men who run the business that you sell
They screw you too

CHORUS

You're just another 365 night stand
But you're so handy, you're so handy
You cheapen and you nasty every woman in this land
But you're so handy, you're so handy

Your picture's hanging pretty on the squaddie's walls
You're Steven's, Andy's, you're Iain's, you're Paul's
Your body's thought of fondly in the rugby mauls
But you want more

CHORUS TO FADE

