

Squeeze

"Pulling Mussels From A Shell"

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They do it down on camber sands
They do it at Waikiki
Lazing about the beach all day,
At night the crickets creepy
Squinting faces at the sky
A Harold Robbins paperback
Surfers drop their boards and dry
And everybody wants a hat
But behind the Chalet
My holiday's complete
And I feel like William Tell
Maid Marian on her tiptoed feet
Pulling mussels from a shell

Shrinking in the sea so cold
Topless ladies look away
A he-man in a sudden shower
Shelters from the rain
You wish you had a motor boat
To pose around the harbour bar
And when the sun goes off to bed
You hook it up behind the car

Two fat ladies window shop
Something for the mantelpiece
In for bingo all the nines
A panda for sweet little niece
The coach drivers stand about
Looking at a local map
About the boy he's gone away
Down to next door's
caravan

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