

## Squeeze "Pulling Mussels"

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They do it down on Camber Sands, they do it at Waikiki  
Lazing about this beach all day 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 the shell  
Pulling mussels from the 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  
harbor bar  
When the sun goes off to bed, you hook it up behind  
the car

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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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