## Squeeze, Squabs On Forty Fab

(Difford/Tilbrook)

I've come across the desert
To greet you with a smile
My camel looks so tired
It's hardly worth my while
To tell you of my travels
Across the golden East
I see your preparations
Invite me first to feast
Take me I'm yours
Because dreams are made of this
Forever there'll be
A heaven in your...

The Indians send signals
From the rocks above the pass
The cowboys take positions
In the bushes and the grass
The squaw is with the Corporal
She is tied against the tree
She doesn't mind the language
It's the beating she don't need
She lets loose all the horses
When the Corporal is asleep
And he wakes to find the fire's dead
And arrows in his hats
And Davy Crockett rides around
And says it's cool for cats

## (Cool for cats...)

I never thought it would happen
With me and the girl from Clapham
Out on a windy common
That night I ain't forgotten
When she dealt out the rations
With some or other passions
I said you are a lady
Perhaps she said I may be

Left my ring by the soap Now is that love? You cleaned me out you could say broke Now is that love? The better better better it gets The more these girls forget That that is love

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

(Instrumental break: "Separate Beds")

The case was pulled from under the bed She made a call to a sympathetic friend And made arrangements The door was closed there was a note I couldn't be bothered Maybe I'll choke No more engagements With where have you beens And faraway frowns Trying to be good By not being 'round And here in the bar The piano man's found Another nail for my heart

If you ever change your mind Which you do from time to time Never chew a pickle With a little slap and tickle You have to throw the stone To get the pool to ripple

Sunlight on the lino Woke me with a shake I looked around to find her but she'd gone Goodbye Girl