1971

Perry Blake

Throw away your suitcase
Come back to bed
There is nothing I wouldn't do
For a girl in distressI've loaded my weapon
I'm wearing my best
There is nothing I couldn't stoop to
For a girl in distressNothing I wouldn't stoop toWe are out in the hills now
Looking over the sea
There is nothing she wouldn't do
To a man on his knees

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