

# Lovely Rita

## Beatlejazz

Lovely Rita meter maid,  
Nothing can come between us,  
When it gets dark I tow your heart away.

Standing by a parking meter,  
When I caught a glimpse of Rita,  
Filling in a ticket in her little white book.  
In a cap she looked much older,  
And the bag across her shoulder  
Made her look a little like a military man.

Lovely Rita meter maid,  
May I inquire discreetly,  
When are you free to take some tea with me.  
Took her out and tried to win her,  
Had a laugh and over dinner,  
Told her I would really like to see her again

Got the bill and Rita paid it,  
Took her home I nearly made it,  
Sitting on the sofa with a sister or two.

Oh, lovely Rita meter maid,  
Where would I be without you,  
Give us a wink and make me think of you

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