Miss Emma Peel

Dishwalla

I come home late at night
On the floor to turn you on
I check for tint and Technicolor
'Cause after you there is no other
Your brown hair is my connection
Connects my resurrection
And everyone else is just a harlot
Star Search spokes model starlet
Miss Emma Peel
Black boots kick high at his face
One last look at the grace of
Miss Emma Peel
Catch the curve of your leather heel
Before he blacks out
That's another one down
For Miss Emma Peel
I sit beside her in the evening
And watch her rerun secrets by my ears
Cat eyes watch with British humor
'Cause she's a mod-feel sixties savior
Your brown hair is my connection
Connects my resurrection
And everyone else is just a harlot
A Star Search spokes model starlet
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