

Pulling Mussels (From The Shell)

Squeeze

They do it down on Camber Sands

They do it at Waikiki

Lazing about the beach all day,

At 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 a shell

Pulling mussels from a 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

And when the sun goes off to bed

You hook it up behind the car

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

Pulling mussels from a shell

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 who's gone away
Down to next door's caravan

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
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