

# Scobo Queen

Brian Protheroe

The real mean Scobo Queen  
Mess me about  
She chat me  
She pat me  
She then spat me out

That force ten Wriggle Wren  
Holler and shout  
She knew me  
She screw me  
She then threw me out

Well we danced to the wail  
of the wah-wah pump  
The staccato stutter of the skins  
We trucked, we strutted  
did the Boogie-Bump  
My blood was burning hot as sin

I got holed in my soles as we Suzy-Q'd  
She and I really cut that rug  
The barrelhouse blasts  
got us in the mood  
of that hell-hot housing jitterbug

Scobo Queen  
You're on the screen  
You top of the bill  
Scobo Queen  
You think you're so keen  
In 35 mill

Well we clambaked together  
up and down the night  
The zeal girl and her jitter-jazz beau  
Now that Taxi-Tessie she frisked out of sight  
The jig is up and maybe time to go

Scobo Queen

Here ends the beguine

- Do you think Buggy'll take the rap?
- I shoot first because life's too short.
- Blackout!

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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