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 Bugsy'll take the rap?
- I shoot first because life's too short.
- Blackout!

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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