Lovely Rita

Ian Cussick

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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