Rene

Small Faces

There she is parading on the quayside
You can find her every night
Ah, waiting for a stevedore from Tyne side
Why it's Rene, the docker's delightWell, if you just got off an oil tanker
And you've got the readies in the bin
Just make your way down to The Crown and Anchor
Ask for Rene and you'll be well inShe's Rene, the docker's delight and a ship's in every night
Romping with a stoker from the coast of Kuala LumpurLove is like an 'ole in the wall
A line-up in the warehouse no trouble at all
If you can spare the money, you'll have a ball
She'll have your oars outWell, there's a kid of every shape and color
Safely hid in coal-sheds double-locked
Where it's been said that Rene is the mother
I wonder well, there you goShe's Rene, the docker's delight and a ship's in every night
Groping witha stoker from the coast of Kuala Lumpur

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