

# Lovely Rita

## The Beatles

Ah. Lovely Rita, meter maid,  
Lovely Rita, meter maid.

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 milit'ry man.

Lovely Rita, meter maid,  
May I enquire 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.

Lovely Rita, meter maid

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