

Patricia the Stripper

The Wombats

Dennis is a menace
With his 'Anyone for tennis?'
And he'd beseech me to come keep the score
And Maude said, "Oh Lord, I'm so terribly bored"
I really can't stand it anymore I'm going out to dinner
With a gorgeous singer
To a little place I know
Down by the quay Her name is Patricia
She calls herself Delicia
And the reason isn't
Very hard to see She said, God made her a sinner
Just to keep those fat men thinner
As they tumble down in heaps
Before her feet They hang around in groups
Like battle weary troops
One can often see the
Queue right down the street Because Patricia or Delicia
Not only is a singer
She also removes all her clothing
For Patricia
Is the best stripper in town And with a swing of her hips
She started to strip
To tremendous applause
She took off her drawers And with a lick of her lips
She undid all her clips
Threw it all in the air
And everyone stared And as the last piece of clothing
Fell to the floor
The police were banging on the door
On a Saturday night in 1924 Take it away boys Well, Patricia was arrested
And everyone detested
The terrible manner in which
She was exposed Later on in court
Where everyone thought
A summer's run in jail
Would be proposed But the judge said
"Patricia or may I say Delicia
The facts of this case lie before me
(Knock, knock, knock)

Case dismissed, this girl was in her working clothesAnd with a swing of her hips

She started to strip

To tremendous applause

She took off her drawersAnd with a lick of her lips

She undid all her clips

Threw it all in the air

And everyone staredAnd as the last piece of clothing

Fell to the floor

The police were yelling out for more

(More)

On a Saturday night in 1924

Lyrics provided by

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