Pulling mussels

Squeeze

They do it down on Camber Sands
They do it at Waikiki
Lazing about the beach all day,
At night the crickets creepySquinting faces at the sky
A Harold Robbins paperback
Surfers drop their boards and dry
And everybody wants a hatBut behind the chalet
My holiday's complete
And I feel like William Tell
Maid Marian on her tiptoed feet
Pulling mussels from a shell
Pulling mussels from a shellShrinking in the sea so cold
Topless ladies look away
A he-man in a sudden shower
Shelters from the rainYou wish you had a motor boat
To pose around the harbor bar
And when the sun goes off to bed
You hook it up behind the carBut behind the chalet
My holiday's complete
And I feel like William Tell
Maid Marian on her tiptoed feet
Pulling mussels from a shell
Pulling mussels from a shellTwo fat ladies window shop
Something for the mantelpiece
In for bingo all the nines
A panda for sweet little nieceThe coach drivers stand about
Looking at a local map
About the boy who's gone away
Down to next door's caravanBut behind the chalet
My holiday's complete
And I feel like William Tell
Maid Marian on her tiptoed feet
Pulling mussels from a shell
Pulling mussels from a shellBut behind the chalet
My holiday's complete
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