

# Purple Prose

## Mystery Jets

I'm a tourist  
World at my feet  
Across hither and dither  
And hither and dither  
And hither and dither  
Won't fall off my seat

I've a camera  
Keep my photos in a book  
The more I keep shooting and shooting  
And shooting and shooting  
And shooting and shooting  
The less I have to look

I'm a tourist  
  
Oh Cairo, where did you go?  
Oh Cairo, where did you go?  
Oh Cairo, where did you go?  
Oh Cairo, where have you gone?

You're an oyster  
And that's food for thought  
What's not for sale  
For sale, for sale  
For sale, for sale  
For sale, for sale  
Cannot be bought

I'm a tourist  
  
Oh Cairo, where did you go?  
Oh Cairo, where have you gone?

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