

Patricia The Stripper

Chris de Burgh

Dennis is a menace with his "anyone for tennis?"
And beseeching me to come and keep the score
And Maud says "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've found down by the quay;
Her name is Patricia, she calls herself Delicia,
And the reason isn't very hard to see She says God made her a sinner just to keep 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 them queue right down the street
You see 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 the 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 nineteen twenty-four
Take it away boys!
But poor Patricia was arrested and everyone detested,
The manner in which she was exposed,
And later on in court, well, everybody thought
A summer run in jail would be proposed, But the judge said, "Patricia,
Or may I say, Delicia,
The facts of this case lie before me...
Case dismissed, this girl was in her working clothes!!!"

Songwriters

CHRIS DE BURGH Published by

Lyrics © BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941.
Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>