

# You Can't Get the Staff

## Scarlet's Well

The chef, from Haiti  
A voodooisant, he  
His zombies moan and boil the dasheen  
Dry shrunken heads  
Roll round with the eggs  
And hanging dolls all dance in the stream  
(Tooty, don't click your fingers)  
You can't get the staff  
(Tooty, don't call for service)  
You can't get staff  
Cry, I laugh, ha ha ha

The butler is mute  
He speaks with a flute  
His moods displayed by peep and quaver  
His false leg, a palm  
But still in its pot  
And when he walks, he drags it a lot  
(Tooty, don't click your fingers)  
You can't get the staff  
(Tooty, don't call for service)  
You can't get the staff  
Cry, I laugh, ha ha ha

None of them speaks English  
One of them speaks Welsh

The maid from Biarritz  
A dominatrix  
Her cat-o-nine tails whips the cobwebs  
Pouffes are all slapped  
The nuts are all cracked  
And heel marks in my Persian carpet  
(Tooty, Don't click your fingers)  
You can't get the staff  
(Tooty, don't call for service)  
You can't get the staff  
Cry, I laugh, ha ha ha

None of them speaks English

One of them speaks San

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Lyrics submitted by co.

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