You Can't Get the Staff

Scarlet's Well

The chef, from Haiti
A vouduisant, 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

Lyrics submitted by co.

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