

# Patricia The Stripper

Chris de Burgh

Dennis is a menace  
With his 'Anyone for tennis?'  
And he'd beseech me to come keep the score  
And Maude said, "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 know  
Down by the quay Her name is Patricia  
She calls herself Delicia  
And the reason isn't  
Very hard to see She said, God made her a sinner  
Just to keep those 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 the  
Queue right down the street Because 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 her 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 1924 Take it away boys Well, Patricia was arrested  
And everyone detested  
The terrible manner in which  
She was exposed Later on in court  
Where everyone thought  
A summer's run in jail  
Would be proposed But the judge said  
"Patricia or may I say Delicia  
The facts of this case lie before me  
(Knock, knock, knock)

Case dismissed, this girl was in her working clothesAnd with a swing of her hips

She started to strip

To tremendous applause

She took off her drawersAnd with a lick of her lips

She undid all her clips

Threw it all in the air

And everyone staredAnd as the last piece of clothing

Fell to the floor

The police were yelling out for more

(More)

On a Saturday night in 1924

Lyrics provided by

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