Oh Effendi

10cc

In the middle of a caravan
On a four wheel drive oasis
There's a man with a thought in mind
To cash in on the desert faces
He's got a truckload of Yorkshire girls
For your harem going places
And the border bums never saw
The guns in the whiskey cases
There's a real, big demand
And it's written in the palm of his hand
He's gonna change the face of the desert
He's gonna sweep away the sand
Hang on sheik, I've got a yellow streak
I ain't here, I'm a mirage
Get back Des, keep it under your fez
And don't give us away in the massage
Look what I did for the pyramid
I put a pool in and made it pay
I built an elevator and a film theatre
And I shipped it to the U.S.A.
'Cos there's a real big demand
And it's written in the palm of my hand
I'm gonna change the face of the desert
I'm gonna sweep away the sand
Hang on friends!
There's a lot more goodies in the pipeline
So this ain't the time to close the deal

Here's the deal
Ooh, now you've got a Howitzer all of your own
Ooh, and a Panzer division to chauffeur you home
Gun running is fun
But hang on, friends, hang on friends
Allah be praised, there's a whole new craze
We're gonna shoot up the foreign legion
And it's up with the sheik
And down with the frog
We're gonna liberate the region!
Oh Effendi, we're gonna bury your head in the sand

Oh Effendi, you better get off my doggone land
Hey, Prince of the moonbeams
Son of the Sun,
Light of a thousand stars
Your gorillas are urban
And there's bourbon on your turban
And the sun shines out of your ass
Oh Effendi, I'm gonna grovel in your wake
Oh Effendi, it's all been a big mistake
You're gonna cut out my liver
If I don't deliver
Things are getting out of hand
I'm going to ride off into the sunset and
Make a deal with the promised land
Goodbye friends
There's no more goodies in the pipeline

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