

She Wears Red Feathers (Re-Recorded Version)

Guy Mitchell

(She wears red feathers and a hooly-hooly skirt
She wears red feathers and a hooly-hooly skirt)
She lives on just cokey-nuts and fish f-rom the sea
A rose in her hair, a gleam in her eyes
And love in her heart for me

I worked in a London bank, respectable position
From nine to three, they serve you tea
But ruin your disposition
Each night at the music halls, travelogues I'd see
And once a pearl of a native girl came smilin' right at me

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Goodbye to the London bank, I started in a-sailin'
The fourteenth day from Mandalay I spied her from the railin'
She knew I was on my way, waited and was true
She said "You son of an Englishman, I've dreamed each night of you"

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I went to her Ma and Pa and said I loved her only
And they both said we could be wed, oh, what a ceremony
An elephant brought her in, placed her by my side
While six baboons got out bassoons and played "Here Comes the Bride"

I'm back here in London town and, though it may sound silly
She's here with me and you should see us walk down Picadilly
The boys at the London bank kinda hold their breath
She sits with me and sips her tea which tickles them to death

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And love (and love) in her heart (in her heart) for me

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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