

KNOCK THE LADY OUT OF BED

Knock the lady out of bed
Swing by the boxing booth
A little ragamuffin goes through your threads
Then head home in a smokey tube.

Get the ball in a little round hole
The bed tips over and out she falls
Dressed in stockings and high heels
As time moves on they got peeled

Chorus

You gotta Knock the lady out of bed

The punters here only see flesh
When it's stuffed in a corset or under a vest
So a naked lady is a Saturday thrill
With a pint of stout and some jellied eels

She lives in sin with the dodgems man
They bump and grind in a red caravan
Tits and ass are her stock in trade
But he drinks the most of what she makes

Chorus

Then he knocks the lady round the bed
He knocks the lady round the bed

She can't stop working cos he's quite the gent
If she ain't making money then her nose gets bent
But she's put a little by for a rainy day
Weatherman says that theirs showers on the way

Chorus

She's got a date with a gentleman
She's never going back to the red caravan
He fell in love and he flipped his lid
When he got it in the hole and the bed got tipped

And now he puts the lady back to bed
And now he puts the lady back to bed