Cutting a Dash.....

chorus

Oh here's another story, you will not find banal;
Of Love & Lust & Glory, beside the old canal.

I walked my love down the towpath, we made a handsome twosome.
In the dark she clung to me and said "Oh Joe it's gruesome".

"Grewsome?" said I smiling, watch me now by jigger,
The way that you are clinging, youll see my smile get bigger. chorus

My first love was a swimmer, you should have seen her go.
When I suggested breast stroke she said Oh come, Oh come now Joe.

Twas there I took the first plunge, that first cut the deepest feels,
It's harder on the first lunge into the cut that never heals. chorus

I was invited in though 'twould fill my wellies I fear.
She sez "You are so slow Joe, that is the whole idea"

I got in as far as I could, it was so very deep.
I knew the wellies were no good, they only work on sheep. chorus

But while I squelched around in mud, I found that I was stuck.
Only parts of me could move, sez I "Oh, lord luva duck".

"Do not fret my dear" sez she, "If you in part can move.
I'm sure ideas will come to you, and those parts I do approve." chorus

"Hullo, what's going on there?" said a policeman walking by,
She & I & the facts were bare, "Nothing (it's coming off)" says I.

"Well if nothing you have did" he said looking askance.
"Shove off & play with yer marbles kid, & give a man chance". chorus

My brother he's a sailor, & he works for Cunard.
Sez she my Dad works harder, 'cos he's a railway guard.

In dark compartments nightly, it's a dangerous occupation.
Telling couples politely, to get out at the next station.

© words and music CRESBY 21st Sept 1984 tone tongue in cheek

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My Love Is Like a Chocolate Box

chorus

My Love is like a chocolate box; in summer it do melt.
It makes yer fingers sticky, and bulge beneath yer belt.

Those soft and fruity centers, remind me of her charms.
They're sweet to eat & I repeat like putty in yer palms. chorus

Oh if I offered her nut cluster, herein the box I like to hold.
Or banana syrup filling, would it be considered bold. chorus

Well the very sweetest sweet is, I feel, one called cherry surprise.
Yer breath it takes or lump it makes, within yer throat to rise. chorus

Now she has made my Week-end, weaving that Black Magic has this girl.
So my mind it turns to summer and when I went for Hazel whirl. chorus

I do enjoy a chocolate tipple and thank those thoughtful brewers.
It pleases me my Love should like Grand Marnier liqueurs. chorus

This lovely lady is peach delight and sets my lips a smacking
For my love is like a chocolate box, & I am just the wrapping.

© words by CRESBY July 1985 tune chorus of "My love is like a red, red rose"
chorus & verse same tune .inspired by Sue Bray spinster of Worcester