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## The Song Of The Nightclub Proprietress

Reference number PT0654

I walked into the nightclub in the morning,  
There was Kummel on the handle of the door,  
The ashtrays were unemptied,  
The cleaning unattempted,  
And a squashed tomato sandwich on the floor.

I pulled aside the thick magenta curtains  
So Regency,  
*(spoken)*  
so Regency,  
*(sung)*  
my dear  
And a host of little spiders  
Ran a race across the ciders  
To a box of baby 'pollies by the beer.

Oh sun upon the summergoing bypass  
Where ev'rything is speeding to the sea,  
And wonder beyond wonder  
that here where lorries thunder  
The sun should ever percolate to me.

When Boris used to call in his Sedanca,  
When Teddy took me down to his estate,  
When my nose excited passion,  
And my clothes were in the fashion,  
When my beaux were never cross if I was late,

There was sun enough for lazing upon beaches  
There was fun enough for far into the night;  
But I'm dying now and done for,  
What on earth was all the fun for?  
I am ill and old and terrified  
*(spoken)*  
and tight.