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The Ballad Of Sarsparilla Safirovich

Reference number PT0966

I shall tell you a tale of a dejected dame.
Sarsparilla Safirovich was her given name.
She was not the same as all the other chicks
whose body temperatures were ninety-eight point six.
She didn't have the flu, but normal she was not.
In slang that sums it up...
This dish was too hot.

In the summer she'd burn, and in the winter perspire.
So to put out the inner heat was her one desire.
She turned on a fan and put her feet on ice.
She called up Fridigaire and asked for their advice.
Since nothing came to work she came to realize
that she was doomed to make...
the mercury rise!

Poor Sarsparilla!
The saddest girl you'd ever hope to meet.
Oh Sarsparilla!
The girl who couldn't stand the heat.

So she packed up her bags and took a choo-choo train.
By the window right next to her was a man called Dwayne.
She confessed her plan to head to cooler climes.
And somewhere farther up north, create some cooler times.
He listened to her tale of overheated woes.
Then gave her this advice,
"Get rid of your clothes!"

So she listened to Dwayne 'cause she had nothing to lose
'Cept for maybe her skirt and blouse and her gloves and shoes.
She began to strip right there without a care.
And Dwayne the gentleman said, "Forgive me as I stare.
I know that as I peek, my manners I may soil.
But ev'rybody knows...
a watched pot won't boil!"

Poor Sarsparilla!
The saddest girl you'd ever hope to meet.
Oh Sarsparilla!
The girl who couldn't stand the heat.

(spoken)
Off came the hat and the coat and the skirt.
And the hose and the garters of our extrovert.
Off came the undies with the Paris design.
And suddenly a shiver ran up her spine.
It seemed as she stood there in her altogether,
Sarsprilla had discovered
the perfect weather!

They got off the train where there was lots of snow.
As a matter of fact they went far north as they could go.
Dwayne got on his knee and asked her for her hand.
Around her third on the left he placed a golden band.
She finally was cool and had a guy to boot.
She shimmered down the aisle...
in her birthday suit.

So they opened a club to please the Eskimos.
Sarspirilla Safirovich dances in the shows.
She removes her clothes and never breaks a sweat.
And Dwayne accompanies her upon the clarinet.
He treats her like a queen and ev'rything is right
at thirty-two degrees...
Fahrenheight!

Oh, Sarsparilla!
The coolest girl you'd ever hope to meet.
Oh, Sarsparilla!
The girl who fin'lly beat the heat!

There's a moral to this tale,
for which I know you're simply itchin',
if you cannot stand the heat...
Get outa your stitchin'!