In the middle of a caravan
On a four wheel drive oasis
There's a man with a thought in mind
To cash in on the desert faces
He's got a truckload of Yorkshire girls
For your harem going places
And the border bums never saw
The guns in the whiskey cases

There's a real, big demand And it's written in the palm of his hand He's gonna change the face of the desert He's gonna sweep away the sand

Hang on sheik, I've got a yellow streak I ain't here, I'm a mirage Get back Des, keep it under your fez And don't give us away in the massage

Look what I did for the pyramid I put a pool in and made it pay I built an elevator and a film theatre And I shipped it to the U.S.A.

'Cos there's a real big demand
And it's written in the palm of my hand
I'm gonna change the face of the desert
I'm gonna sweep away the sand

Hang on friends!
There's a lot more goodies in the pipeline
So this ain't the time to close the deal
Here's the deal
Ooh, now you've got a Howitzer all of your own
Ooh, and a Panzer division to chauffeur you home
Gun running is fun
But hang on, friends, hang on friends

Allah be praised, there's a whole new craze We're gonna shoot up the foreign legion And it's up with the sheik And down with the frog We're gonna liberate the region!

Oh Effendi, we're gonna bury your head in the sand Oh Effendi, you better get off my doggone land

Hey, Prince of the moonbeams Son of the Sun, Light of a thousand stars Your gorillas are urban And there's bourbon on your turban And the sun shines out of your ass

Oh Effendi, I'm gonna grovel in your wake Oh Effendi, it's all been a big mistake

You're gonna cut out my liver
If I don't deliver
Things are getting out of hand
I'm going to ride off into the sunset and
Make a deal with the promised land

Goodbye friends
There's no more goodies in the pipeline