

Geraldine

Ian Dury

I'm in love with the person in the sandwich centre
If she didn't exist I'd have to invent her
There isn't any secret to my frequent visits
It's the way she makes them and they're all exquisite

I'm in love with the person in the sandwich centre
Enamoured of the magic of her fresh polenta
My temperature rises and my pulses quicken
When she gets cracking with the coronation chicken
Geraldine, Geraldine

I know there's much more to life than the physical side
I should put these thoughts on hold
But when she's buttering my baguette
My blood runs hot and cold
Geraldine, G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Geraldine
Geraldine, G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G

I'm in love with the person in the sandwich centre
I'm living for the moment that I next frequent her
In beauty's eyes beholding my inamorata
As she works her wonders on a dried tomato
Geraldine, Geraldine

I know there's much more to life than the sensual side
The spiritual should come first
But when she's buttering my baguette
I think I'm going to burst
Geraldine, that's the nicest badge I've ever seen
Geraldine, you make the world seem fresh and clean
Geraldine, G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Geraldine
Geraldine

G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G
G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G

G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Geraldine
G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Geraldine
G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-Geraldine

G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G-G