

Rene

Small Faces

There she is parading on the quayside
You can find her every night
Ah, waiting for a stevedore from Tyne side
Why it's Rene, the docker's delight

Well, if you just got off an oil tanker
And you've got the readies in the bin
Just make your way down to The Crown and Anchor
Ask for Rene and you'll be well in

She's Rene, the docker's delight and a ship's in every night
Romping with a stoker from the coast of Kuala Lumpur

Love is like an 'ole in the wall
A line-up in the warehouse no trouble at all
If you can spare the money, you'll have a ball
She'll have your oars out

Well, there's a kid of every shape and color
Safely hid in coal-sheds double-locked
Where it's been said that Rene is the mother
I wonder well, there you go

She's Rene, the docker's delight and a ship's in every night
Groping witha stoker from the coast of Kuala Lumpur