

With her hair up in his fingers  
The fish and chips smell lingers  
Under amber street lamps  
She holds the law in her hands  
The moistness of the damp night  
Falls silent through the lamplight  
Although she's only fourteen  
She really knows her courting

And up the railway sidings  
There's him and her, they're lying  
Hand in hand they whisper  
You're my missus and I'm your mister  
The moon as white and virgin  
And she was on the turning  
Remember your first nibble  
When best friends were so little

They really trooped the colors  
When walking with each other  
And all her mates would giggle  
As ladylike she'd wiggle  
All along the high street  
They'd splash out on an ice cream  
He'd sometimes really treat her  
But he'd done his mother's meter

Well, he went off to Borstal  
He said that he was forced to  
Rob the flats of Hi Fi's  
'Cause she was ill and she would cry  
Each morning she got sicker  
Her mother sometimes hit her  
If she'd have known the story  
She would have been so sorry

He received a letter and admitted it  
There was nothing else to do but get rid of it  
Lonely in his dormitory, he'd sit and stare  
Is this for real and is it really fair?

Summer came, so they went  
Down to the coast in his tent  
She cooked upon his primus  
And sampled local cider  
She told him in his rucksack  
I think, I want that chance back  
To be perhaps the one who  
Will forever love you

To be perhaps the one who  
Will forever love you