

I reside in Prince Of Wales Drive
In a mansion block named "Primrose"
With constant hot water it's got all it oughta
Behind Victorian windows

But nonetheless, I must confess
I'm looking for something grander –
If you could see it, you'd agree
It's better to be an Overstrander

If one rich hag should like my gags
And drunkenly drag me to bed in Overstrand–
"Stand still while I take your picture!"
I would give her the negatives
If she could deliver the keys of Overstrand
(And then I would evict her)

Oh! To be one of the bourgeoisie
Living in luxury south of the river

I'll flirt and philander
I'll take huge back-handers
I just want to be an Overstrander

If that won't work, I'll lift my shirt
For a certain dirty old man in Overstrand
And I'll see that he is happy!
When he's dead, his will–
Instead of bequeathing it to his in-breds as planned–
Will hand Overstrand to me!
And see that I am happy!

I'll ponce, I'll pander, I'll gerrymander –
I just want to be an Overstrander!

Beware, Miss Clark!
A walk in the park
In winter the darkness can fall so fast
You may lose your way, and slip into the river
No-one will guess that beneath this false chest
There's a gentleman dressed up as you–
I'll fool them all!
The men will call, and I'll make them quiver!

I'll lie, I'll slander, I'll write for The Evening Standard
I just want to be an Overstrander!
please?