Oh Effendi

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