

# My Marge

Electric Light Orchestra

My Marge is such a delight  
She thrills me at night  
The second I turn out the light

My Marge is peaches to me  
When no-one can see  
She snuggle up is heavenly

My Marge squeeze me squeeze me  
Take me home for tea  
Let's not stay out too late  
Cause your mother will be cross  
And I'll be down across her knee  
Y'know

My Marge speaks double dutch  
She's so ripe to touch  
That's why I love her very much

O three three o  
And take me home for tea  
Let's not stay out too late  
Or your mother will be cross  
And I'll be down across her knee  
Y'know

My Marge is such a delight  
She thrills me at night  
The second I turn out the light

O three three o ooh ooh!  
Y'know my Marge  
I know  
She's a nice girl y'know  
I know  
She picks her nose  
Ugh!  
Throws the brown lumps over the right side  
The green lumps over the left side  
And everybody else says goodnight!