

Miss Hanaga

Kevin Ayers

Miss Hanaga is a terrible flirt
She looks like sugar, she talks like dirt
Take off your trousers
You'll lose your shirt to Miss Hanaga

All the women call her slut
While all the men try to knock on her door
She's got something
She knows what it's called, Miss Hanaga

She's someone in between lover and wife
She's independent in love with life
She'll rub her rope
She'll show you her knife, Miss Hanaga

Some call her animal, some just sigh
They call it low and come back high
From their dreams
When they've been there to crown, oh, Miss Hanaga

The women hate her
The man who would dare
Men they are curious but never go near
No man has ever seen the trace of a tear on Miss Hanaga

Miss Hanaga is a wonderful flirt
She looks like sugar, she talks like dirt
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