

**1971**

**Perry Blake**

Throw away your suitcase  
Come back to bed  
There is nothing I wouldn't do  
For a girl in distress

I've loaded my weapon  
I'm wearing my best  
There is nothing I couldn't stoop to  
For a girl in distress

Nothing I wouldn't stoop to

We are out in the hills now  
Looking over the sea  
There is nothing she wouldn't do  
To a man on his knees