

Hokey Pokey

Richard Thompson

Little boy running and the little girl too
Got the money tucked up in their hands
Over the wall and down into the street
Give your money to the hollering man

Everybody runs for Hokey Pokey
Hear the ringing on the ice cream bell
He's got the stuff that'll cool you right down
It's the best that they ever did sell

Maestro he says to Sweet Little Angel
Don't you sing to the boys in blue
Or you won't need no more Hokey Pokey
By the time we're through with you

Down in the prison number 999
Wishing he was home on the range
He's still fretting for what he's not getting
And love behind bars is strange

Fellas in the alley all walk that walk
It's a style that really pays
Cos' there's some poor Joe out there doesn't know
The door can swing both ways

Dead to the world? Says Frankie to Annie
Girl you haven't moved an inch all night
But she wriggled her hips when he kissed her on the lips
Hokey Pokey made her fell all right

Lick it on the bottom, lick it on the top
Suck it just hard enough
Open up wide when it drips down the side
You want to catch all that good stuff