

The rain has arrived at last
For which we had waited
The hawkers have packed up their stands
Nothing to be traded
The soviets beside the quay
Run back to the freighter
The terrace of the Rex Hotel
Is closed by the waiters

We need you, oh Lucky Jim
Where have you gone, oh Lucky Jim

Your mistress has left her home
Gone back to the dances
The smoking dens are starting up
For life's own enhancing
Nobody goes to the war
Since there's none to go to
We just sit around the café bars
We sit waiting for you

We need you, oh Lucky Jim
Where have you gone, oh Lucky Jim

Why did you ever go up north
It is not for you
They'll strip your little weak heart clean
Then what will you do
The Australians in the Bunny Bar
Are waiting your return
Everyone wants a piece of you
A piece of you to burn

We need you, oh Lucky Jim
Where have you gone, oh Lucky Jim
We miss you here, oh Lucky Jim