

Clementine

In a coner of the Customs
Kicking up a fearful shine,
Stood a kleine mini-minor
And the driver, Clementine.

She was shaped just like an hourglass - 40-20-39,
Bra and bloomers filled with fivers
For two months along the Rhine.

All thy sterling, all thy sterling, all thy sterling, Clementille,
Confiscated, gone for ever
Plus a hundred-nicker fine!