

TAMARA

Catch the light in her dark eyes,
Moving through the cars with ease.
And the look of sweet surprise
When someone says: "Yes please".
A fiver a Fiesta, or for just a little more,
She'll wash your Mercedes, she'll wash your four by four
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She'll wash your Mercedes, she'll wash your four by four

She is not from Russia, from Turkey or Iran
She is called Tamara and she's from Azerbaijan.
She's handsome, she is proud and she likes to sing aloud;
Her hands are in a bucket but her head's above the clouds.
Apprenticed to a dentist, Tamara played it cool.
Happier with a gap year, she joined a language school.
She left the Caspian seaside and the city of Baku –
London doesn't look the same, except that the tower blocks do.
[A fiver a Fiesta etc]

Work in bars and washing cars isn't what she came to do.
But it's better than filling old men's teeth in the city of Baku.
Hadji is her partner, he's ambitious he is strong.
They chase a dream together and they won't be round here long.
Been through a very tight spot, they'll soon have everything –
Their own Azeri nightspot where they'll pay to hear her sing.
No more will she ride pillion – she will own a car.
They will make a million, and she will be a star.
[A fiver a Fiesta etc]

Trying to incorporate something of an eastern european rhythm has resulted in a surprisingly catchy song.