

10CC, Hotel

On de uber side ob de island
Dere's a sky so clear and blue
Can see, cross water, to de mainland
New life for me and you

Let's buy a hotel
Let's get a yacht
We'll get a golden island
In the sun made of coconut
Let's buy an old car
We'll crash in a hut
We'll feed the food to the Ford
And we'll live off the coconut

Well there's a big black mama
In a tree
She's gonna cook us
She's gonna call up the rest of the tribe
And it looks like the ghost of Tarzan lied
He went over to the other side
And he rang like a bell
From tree to tree

They never ever let you go
They never ever let you go

We get American menus
With all American men
We're getting sick of things American
We ate our way through half the Pentagon
We had our share of big palookas

Yankee go home
Yankee go ho ho home

They never ever let you go
They never ever let you go

Yankee go home
Yankee go ho ho home

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Tree to tree, tree to tree

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