

SOHO FAIR:

Soho is a place where you eat -
 and where all nationalities meet;
 German, Hungarian,
 Moslem, Bulgarian,
 All in the very same street.
 You can feed on spaghetti or whale,
 Chopsway, or sturgeon, or snail,
 On curry, on ham,
 On biscuits and jam,
 On winkles and cheese -
 Whatever you please;
 On omeuf a la coq
 With a bottle of heek;
 Or Victoria plum
 With a bottle of rum;
 A snack and a snifter, or gassing and boozing -
 Whatever you fancy, it's there for the choosing.

If you can't manage chopsticks,
 They'll find you a fork -
 If you haven't a corkscrew,
 They'll pull out the cork -
 If you don't care for lemon,
 they'll serve it with lime -
 If you haven't the money, well, some other time!

Soho likes the world
 to know it is there -
 So once every year
 It puts on a Fair!

Waiter, waiter, where's my brandy,
 Mild and bitter, sherry, shandy,
 Scotch and soda, vodka, port,
 Lager, Guinness, cider, stout,
 Dry Martini, rum and water,
 Slivevits, Dubonnet, porter,
 Cointrean, Pernod, Kummel, gin,
 Schnapps, Chianti, Mickey Finn?
 Here it is, sir, safe and sound -
 What! You want another round?

Cominetti wins the race -
 Saprismi! Did he set a pace!

And now, messieurs, the plat du jour -
 The thing we've all been waiting for -
 The big parade - the girls - the flowers -
 Brother! This could go on for hours!

Every Fair must have a Queen -
So Linda decorates the scene.
Her surname's Clarke; her age is twenty;
Competitors she has in plenty -
But who's complaining? Not a word
Of criticism can be heard!

Cheer up, sir! If you don't approve,
Try asking some M.P. to move
A vote of censure - and we bet
We know how many votes he'll get!