

# Emma Bunton, Crickets Sing For Anamaria

Hey Maria Papa said  
You better go to bed  
Maria Mama said  
You better go to bed  
And little sister said  
You better go to bed  
The older brother said  
You heard what Papa said  
You better say goodnight  
You better shut the light  
And Papa told you no  
You can't go out tonight  
But Papa didn't know  
Maria had a date  
And couldn't let him wait

So in a little while  
She waited till the lights were low  
She went out the window to her beau, and so

There's a lot of huggin' and  
A lot of kissin' and  
A lot of huggin' and  
A lot of kissin' and  
A lot of happy talk  
A lot of moon above  
But very little time  
A very little time  
To make a lot of love  
To make a lot of love  
Which is a normal thing  
To make a lot of love  
For it was summertime  
When all the crickets sing  
And in the summertime

When anyone's in love  
The crickets sing a happy song  
But they didn't do their repertoire for long

Suddenly the Papa came  
And then the Mama came  
And then the sister came  
And then the brother came  
And then the uncle came  
And then the cousin came  
And everybody came  
And I can tell you this  
It was a dirty shame  
Because the Papa came  
And then the Mama came  
And then the sister came  
And then the brother came  
And then the cousin came  
And everybody came  
And I can tell you this  
Do-do-do-do

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The crickets sing a happy song  
But they didn't do their repertoire for long

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And then the Mama came

And then the sister came  
And then the brother came  
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And everybody came  
And I can tell you this  
It was a dirty shame  
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