

Eugene McGuinness, Rings Around Rosa

Your little sister's very pretty
And your dad works in the city
And it's not the first time
That a boy like me has rhymed those words
So I thought I'd run it past you
Cause I need a song about this
You know what I mean
Oh, I think that you know what I mean

Maybe round the breakfast table
While Dad and daughter are rosy and bright
Baby, in the favourable light
Tell her I love, tell him I fight

And later on at the bus shelter
Turn up and pretend you forgot your pass
And I shall escort her to class
Do this, dear friend, that's all I ask

Cause you owe me one, and I know the one that I want

Your little sister's very pretty
And your dad works in the city
And it's not the first time
That a boy like me has rhymed those words

And you owe me one, and I know the one that I want

The gloves are off
A pound for a pound
The cuffs are lost
Release the hounds
Pushes come to shove
And I know trite
Tell her I love
Tell him I fight