

Giles, Giles And Fripp, Call Tomorrow

Call tomorrow
Call tomorrow
Not today

Judy the vicar's daughter
Is gonna have a baby maybe
If it's true what people say
She's gone astray
And fallen by the wayside
I lied

Sunday-minded people in the parish
Say a prayer
Judy isn't there

Judy the vicar's daughter
Didn't like my sense of humour
Rumour
Now the fading smile has gone
To right the wrong
I'll never be the same me
Shame me

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Not today