

The Idle Race, (Here We Go Round) The Lemon

There's a girl next door to me who's round the bend
But she wonders why she can't make any friends
From her garden she could see me
In her silver-clad bikini
Singing, dancing round her fruit tree

Here we go round the lemon tree
Mister, can't you hear me
Here we go round the lemon tree
Mister, don't come near me

Could I calm her down by throwing stones at her
If only I could make the right approach to her
Think I'd rather tame a tiger
Turn those lemons into cider
Still I'd like to get beside her

(repeat)

Three o'clock in the morning
I could hear her toneless singing
I could smell her lemon perfume in the air
I walked up to the window
In the hope that I might see her
Could the deadly shade of night still bring her there

(repeat)

Morning came and into action went my plans
Went to meet her dressed in bright green underpants
I crept in and sang discreetly
Seemed to change your mind discreetly
Danced together singing sweetly

(repeat and fade)