

Giles, Giles And Fripp, Digging My Lawn

Early one Sunday well, anyway, early for me
As I slid from my double-bed what could I see?
Standing outside as the night turned to dawn
There was a man who I didn't know digging my lawn

Was it her husband, I pondered, or was he a crook?
Why was he taking car numbers down in a book?
I started to ring and I rung ninety-nine
"Nein, you must not," she said
She was half German, half out of bed
Which half was which doesn't have to be said
Turning her head
Her face was red

"He is my husband," she whispered; I started to sweat
Just my luck when I'd only done this for a bet
Standing outside as the night turned to dawn
There was a man who I didn't know digging my lawn