

# The Move, (Here We Go Round) The Lemon Tree

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)