

Oklahoma!

"Surrey With A Fringe On Top"

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Curly:

When I take you out tonight with me
Honey, here's the way it's gonna be
You will set behind a team of snow-white horses
In the slickest gig you'll ever see.
Chicks and ducks and geese better scurry
When I take you out in the surrey
When I take you out in the surrey with the fringe on top
Watch that fringe an' see how it flutters
When I drive them high-steppin' strutters
Nosy pokes will peak through their shutters and their
eyes will pop!
The wheels are yellow, the upholstery's brown
The dashboard's genuine leather.
With eisenglass curtains you can roll right down
In case there's a change in the weather
Two bright side-lights winkin' and blinkin'
Ain't no finer rig I'm a thinkin'
You can keep yer rig if yer thinkin' that I'd keer to swap
Fer that shiny little surry with the fringe on the top

Eller:

Would you say the fringe was made of silk?

Curly:

Wouldn't have no other kind but silk

Laurey:

Has it really got a team of snow-white horses?

Curly:

One's like snow, the other's more like milk.
All the world'll fly in a flurry
When I take you out in the surry
When I take you out in the surry with the fringe on top.
When we hit that road, hell-for-leather
Cats and dogs will dance in the heather
Birds and frogs'll sing all together and the toads will
hop!
The wind'll whistle as we rattle along,
The cows'll moo in the clover

The river will ripple out a whispered song,
And whisper it over and over
Don't you wish you'd go on forever
Don't you wish you'd go on forever
Don't you wish you'd go on forever
And you'd never stop?
In that shiny little surry
With the fringe on the top.
I can see the stars gittin' blurry
When we ride back home in the surry
Ridin' slowly home in the surry
With the fringe on top
I can feel the day gettin' older
Feel a sleepy head near my shoulder
Noddin', droopin', close to my shoulder
Till it falls kerplop.
The sun is swimmin' on the rim of a hill
The moon is takin' a header.
And jist as I'm thinkin' all the earth is still
A lark'll wake up in the meader.
Hush, you bird. My baby's a sleepin'
Maybe got a dream worth a keepin'
Whoa, you team an' jist keep a creepin'
At a slow clip, clop.
Don't you hurry little Surry
With The Fringe On the Top.

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