Emma Bunton "Crickets Sing For Anamaria"

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Hey Maria Papa said
You better go to bed
Maria Mama said
You better go to bed
And little sister said
You better go to bed
The older brother said
You heard what Papa said
You better say good night
You better shut the light
And Papa told you no
You can't go out tonight
But Papa didn't know
Maria had a date
And couldn't let him wait

So in a little while
She waited till the lights were low
She went out the window to her beau, and so

There's a lot of huggin' then

A lot of kissin' then

A lot of huggin' him

A lot of kissin' him

A lot of happy talk

A lot of moon above

But very little time

But very little time

To make a lot of love

To make a lot of love

Which is a normal thing

To make a lot of love

For it was summertime

When all the crickets sing

And in the summertime

When anyone's in love
The crickets sing a happy song
But they didn't do their repetoire for long

Suddenly the Papa came And then the Mama came And then the sister came
And then the brother came
And then the uncle came
And then the cousin came
An even dozen came
And I can tell you this
It was a dirty shame
Because the Papa came
And then the Mama came
And then the sister came
And then the brother came
And then the cousin came
And even dozencame

And I can tell you this Do-do-do-do

When anyone's in love
The crickets sing a happy song
But they didn't do their repetoire for long

Suddenly the Papa came And then the Mama came And then the sister came And then the brother came And then the uncle came And then the cousin came An even dozen came And I can tell you this It was a dirty shame Because the Papa came And then the Mama came And then the sister came And then the brother came And then the cousin came An even dozen came And I can tell you

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And I can tell you this
It was a dirty shame
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And then the cousin came An even dozen came And I can tell you

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