

## **Hine Rupert**

### **"Orange Song"**

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Oh won't you ease some heaven into

something

I've begun

It seems so long

My orange song

Came and gone

You shiver snake the nightingale

To catch the early fly

Them greenly greenly flies

Oh won't you sing along come on

come on

Stop Anachinaeva

Ooshticka she leave to pick up later

Mountainistic lady shaver

Trim the furry limb

Anachinaeva

Take a silver summer day

And dangle long on string

There's no such thing

The cynic sings

Where's my wings

You open up the nightingale

To find the note to ring

The greenly greenly ring

Oh won't you ring along come on

come on

Stop Anachinaeva

Ooshticka she breed enough for lader

Sabbalithic open razor

Trim the furry limb

Anachinaeva

Stop Anachinaeva

Oosthicka the water wash you later

Cockaleaky saturator

Trim the furry limb

Anachinaeva

Droop a little sympathy

The naked lady yawns

It's always dawn

The night you're born

Safely torn

You stroke a sleeping nightingale

With just a lazy eye

The greenly greenly eye

Oh won't you jingle on come on come on

Stop Anachinaeva

Ooshtickayou'llunderstandmelaterfan

Talisticcastulatortrimthefurrylimb

Anachinaeva

-

Lyric: David MacIver

Music: Rupert Hine & Simon Jeffes

All Guitars: Simon Jeffes

Bass: John Perry

Drums: Micky Waller

Trumpet & Soprano Trumpet: Dave Cass

Trombone & Trombonium: John Mumford

Strings: The Martyn Ford Orange Ensemble

Orchestration: Simon Jeffes

A ritual circumcision song

Anachinaeva does it with her teeth

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