

## **Julie Andrews & Dick Van Dyke "A British Bank (The Life I Lead)"**

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A British bank is run with precision, a British home  
requires nothing less  
Tradition, discipline and rules must be the tools  
Without them disorder, chaos, moral disintegration  
In short, you have a ghastly mess, I quite agree!

The children must be molded, shaped and taught  
That life's a looming battle to be faced and fought

In short, I am disturbed to hear my children  
Talking about popping in and out of  
Chalk pavement pictures, consorting  
With racehorse persons, foxhunting

Yes, well I don't mind that quiet so much  
But anyways it's tradition but tea parties on the ceiling  
I ask you, having tea parties on the ceiling  
I am highly questionable outings of every other kind

If they must go on outings these outings ought to be  
Fraught with purpose, yes and practicality  
These silly words like  
Superca, superca, superca

Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious, yes, well done, you  
said it  
And popping through pictures have little use, fulfill no  
basic need  
They've got to learn the honest truth  
Despite their youth they must learn about the life you  
lead

Exactly, they must feel the thrill of totting up a  
balanced book  
A thousand ciphers neatly in a row  
When gazing at a graph that shows the profits up  
Their little cup of joy should overflow, precisely!

It's time they learned to walk in your footsteps  
My footsteps  
To tread your straight and narrow path with pride  
With pride

Tomorrow, just as you suggest  
Pressed and dressed  
Jane and Michael will be at your side

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