

Long John Baldry

"Everything Stops For Tea"

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(spoken)

Yes, hello, hello?

No, Iâ€™m sorry, Iâ€™m frightfully busy to-day.

Oh, Mr. Baldry, can I have your autograph?

Oh, god, I canâ€™t write!

But Iâ€™ve come a long way.

Oh, shit!

Oh, but itâ€™s an equally long way to go back, isnâ€™t it?

Oh, Mr. Baldry,

Can I play your song for you?

Oh, must you?

Uh, yes, I really must.

Oh, go on, then.

Yes, itâ€™s awfully good, Mr. Lemon.

Oh, well use it on your new album!

Uh, I donâ€™t know, Iâ€™ll have to call you

Iâ€™m sorry, hello, hello, I canâ€™t

I just canâ€™t cope, Iâ€™m sorry!

Hereâ€™s your tea, Mr. Baldry

Ohh, bless your heart.

(singing)

Every nation in creation has its favourite drink

France is famous for its wine, it's beer in Germany

Turkey has its coffee and they serve it blacker than ink

Russians go for vodka and England loves its tea

Oh, the factory may be roaring

With a boom-a-lacka, zoom-a-lacka, wee

But there isn't any roar when the clock strikes four

Everything stops for tea

Oh, a lawyer in the courtroom

In the middle of an alimony plea

Has to stop and help 'em pour when the clock strikes

four

Everything stops for tea

It's a very good English custom

Though the weather be cold or hot
When you need a little pick-up, you'll find a little tea
cup
Will always hit the spot

You remember Cleopatra
She had a date to meet Mark Anthony at three
When he came an hour late she said "You'll have to
wait"
Â 'Cause everything stops for tea

Now, they may be playing football
And the crowd is yelling "Kill the referee!"
But no matter what the score, when the clock strikes
four
Everything stops for tea

Now, the golfer may be golfing
And is just about to make a hole-in-three
It always gets them sore when the clock yells "four!"
Â 'Cause everything stops for tea

It's a very good English custom
And a stimulant for the brain
When you feel a little weary, a cup'll make you cheery
And it's cheaper than champagne

Now I know just why Franz Schubert
Didn't finish his unfinished symphony
He would have written more but the clock struck four
And everything stops for tea

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