

Stan Freberg

"The World Is Waiting For The Sunrisesf"

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Narrator: The legend you are about to hear is true. Only the needle should be changed to protect the record.

St. George: This is the countryside. My name is St. George. I'm a knight. Saturday, July 10th. 8:05 pm. I was working out of the castle on the night watch when a call came in from the Chief. A dragon had been devouring maidens. Homicide. My job: slay him.

You call me, Chief?

Chief: Yes, the dragon again, devouring maidens. The King's daughter may be next.

St. George: Mmm-hmm. You got a lead?

Chief: Oh, nothing much to go on. Say, did you take that .45 automatic into the lab to have them check on it?

St. George: Yeah. You were right.

Chief: I was right?

St. George: Yeah. It was a gun.

8:22 pm. I talked to one of the maidens who had almost been devoured.

Could I talk to you, Ma'am?

Maiden: Who are you?

St. George: I'm St. George, Ma'am. Homicide, Ma'am. Want to ask you a few questions, Ma'am. I understand you were almost

devoured by the Ma'am. Is that right, dragon?

Maiden: It was terrible. He breathed fire on me! He burned me already!

St. George: How can I be sure of that, Ma'am?

Maiden: Believe me, I got it straight from the dragon's mouth.

St. George: 11:45 pm. I rode over the King's Highway. I saw a man. Stopped to talk to him.

Pardon me, Sir. Could I talk to you for just a minute, Sir?

Knave: Sure, I don't mind.

St. George: What do you do for a living?

Knave: I'm a knave.

St. George: Didn't I pick you up on a 903 last year for stealing tarts?

Knave: Yeah. So what? Do you wanna make a federal case out of it??

St. George: No, Sir. We heard there was a dragon operating in this neighborhood. We just to know if you've seen him.

Knave: Sure, I seen him.

St. George: Mmm-hmm. Could you describe him for me?

Knave: What's to describe? You see one dragon, you seen 'em all.

St. George: Would you try to remember, Sir? Just for the record. We just want to get the facts, Sir!

Knave: Well, he was, you know, he had orange polka dots . . .

St. George: Yes, Sir.

Knave: Purple feet, breathing fire and smoke . . .

St. George: Mmm-hmm.

Knave: And one big bloodshot eye right in the middle of his forehead and, uh, like that.

St. George: Notice anything unusual about him?

Knave: No, he's just your run-of-the-mill dragon, you know.

St. George: Mmm-hmm. Yes, Sir. You can go now.

Knave: Hey, by the way, how you gonna catch him?

St. George: I thought you'd never ask. A Dragonet.

3:05 pm. I was riding back into the courtyard to make my report to the lab. Then it happened. It was the dragon.

Dragon: Hey! I'm the fire-breathin' Dragon! You must be St. George, right?

St. George: Yes, Sir.

Dragon: I can see you got one of them new .45 caliber swords.

St. George: That's about the size of it.

Dragon: Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!!! You slay me!!

St. George: That's what I wanted to talk to you about.

Dragon: What do you mean?

St. George: I'm taking you in on a 502. You figure it out.

Dragon: What's the charge?

St. George: Devouring maidens out of season.

Dragon: Out of season?!? You'll never pin that rap on me!! Do you hear me, cop?!?!?

St. George: Yeah, I hear you. I got you on a 412 too.

Dragon: A 412!!! What's a 412?!?!?!

St. George: Over-acting. Let's go.

Narrator: On September the 5th, the Dragon was tried and convicted. His fire was put out and his maiden-devouring license revoked. Maiden devouring out of season is punishable by a term of not less than 50 or more than 300 years.

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