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The Good, The Bad And The Queen "The Bunting Song"

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Pull out the bunting She made then one by one Hang'em in the trees Until a breeze it comes

Move to the country The town has told its tale When the sutumn leaves They fall

And the whole place didn't look the same that night They put a party on and waited for the sunlight to recall All the days a ticking gone

Bye baby bunting All England wants you home Away in the hills Where the wild things They roam

So I'll never know why She made then one by one Hanging in the trees 'Till a breeze its comes

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