

# **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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