

## Unknown

### "Diana"

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Diana  
(Ian Robb, 1981)

Our monarch's son, the Prince of Wales, a lovely boy  
they say  
Got wed last week in London Town, all on a summer's  
day  
With processions and with fanfares, a regular to-do  
With all the royals from 'round the world, dukes and  
earls too.  
And as their carriage passed along, amidst the shouts  
and cheers  
With "Oohs" and "Aahs" and "ain't she lovely?" ringing  
in their ears  
Our Queen she turned to Philip, with a tear all in her eye  
And to her loving consort she reflected with a sigh,

She might have been a Catholic,  
A Moslem or a Jew,  
Red or black or yellow,  
Or some other dreadful hue;  
But she's Protestant, she's English,  
And her blood is royal blue  
She's a lady, she's perfection,  
She's Diana  
Ya-de-da-de, Ya-de-da-de, Ya-de-daah-de

Now, they say when Charlie brought her home one  
afternoon for tea,  
His mum and dad were somewhat cool; well, quite  
predictably  
For she weren't the first young debutante to try and  
trap his troth  
And most had been unsuitable, or Catholic, or both.  
But when they'd looked her in the mouth and she'd  
cantered round the yard  
They soon began to think again; perhaps they'd been  
too hard?  
So they had her checked for scandal, impropriety and  
sin:  
They found her neat, sweet and complete, both outside

and within.

Now, Lady Di, as she was known, soon played to rave reviews  
The darling of the press was she; the nation's hottest news  
There was pictures in the paper of her riding on her bike  
They even showed some pictures that her daddy didn't like.  
When Princess Anne got wind of this, she took Di by the hand;  
Said "Darling, don't put up with this: - your privacy demand.  
Be patient and be tactful, in the manner of a toff,  
But when the bastards take no heed, just tell them 'Bugger off!' "  
So, although she's scared of horses, thus a less-than-perfect mate  
At Thirty-two Charles had to woo, before it got too late.  
So the royal quack examined her and found her well equipped;  
"For bearing royal offspring, she is adequately hipped."  
She's beautiful, demure, she's graceful and refined,  
With teeth that shine like pearls, and a face that's hardly lined.  
She's intelligent, well spoken and extremely upper-class;  
Yes, there's rather more to Lady Di than just a pretty . . . face.

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Red or black or yellow,  
Or some other dreadful hue;  
But she's protestant, she's English,  
And her blood is royal blue  
She's a lady, she's a mummy,  
She's Diana  
Ya-de-da-de, Ya-de-da-de, Ya-de-daah-de  
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