

Move

"The Lemon Tree"

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There's a girl next door to me who's round the bend
But she wonders why she can't make any friends
From her garden she could see me
In her silver-clad bikini
Singing, dancing round her fruit tree
*Here we go round the lemon tree
Mister, can't you hear me
Here we go round the lemon tree
Mister, don't come near me
Could I calm her down by throwing stones at her
If only I could make the right approach to her
Think I'd rather tame a tiger
Turn those lemons into cider
Still I'd like to get beside her
(*repeat)
Three o'clock in the morning
I could hear her toneless singing
I could smell her lemon perfume in the air
I walked up to the window
In the hope that I might see her
Could the deadly shade of night still bring her there
(*repeat)
Morning came and into action went my plans
Went to meet her dressed in bright green underpants
I crept in and sang discreetly
Seemed to change your mind discreetly
Danced together singing sweetly
(*repeat)
(*repeat and fade)

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