

Iveys

"MRS. JONES"

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Your baby's growing up, Mrs. Jones, and what is more,
Mrs. Jones

She's not the little tom-boy that once she used to be

Oh no no no no no

Funny, but I've seen her nearly every day for years

Didn't see her changing, but suddenly, she's
everything to me

Everything that any girl could be

Didn't care with who or where she went at any time

Didn't really notice then, but now I only want her to be
mine

Right until the very end of time

Of ti-i-i-i-i-me

Your baby's growing up, Mrs. Jones, and what is more,
Mrs. Jones

She's not the little tom-boy that once she used to be

Oh no no no no no

Feel like dancing in the fountain at Trafalgar Square

Though it's cold, I won't be told, but then I really
haven't got a care

Just as long as she is standing there

I hope you like me, Mrs. Jones, and Mr. Jones as well

'Cause maybe we'll be relatives, maybe, in the future,
who can tell?

And I promise that I'll always treat her well

We-e-e-e-e-ell, we-e-e-e-e-ell

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Your baby's growing up, Mrs. Jones

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