

Harry Jr. Connick "Lazy Bones"

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"Lazy Bones"

Lazy bones
Sleeping, sleeping in a noon day sun
Tell me, how you spect to get your days work done
Days work done
You'll never get your days work done

Sleeping, lazy bones
Sleeping in a noon day sun
When day's dusk means praying
I bet you keep praying
That all the bugs fall off the vine

And when you go fishing
I bet you keep wishing
That the fish would never never grab your line
You old lazy bones
Loafin, loafin all through the day
Tell me how you spect to make a dime that way
Dime that way
You'll never make a dime that way

Well look at him, lazy bones
Never hear a word I say
Lazy bones

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