

Richard Burton "Camelot"

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It's true! It's true! The crown has made it clear
The climate must be perfect all the year

A law was made a distant moon ago here
July and August cannot be too hot
And there's a legal limit to the snow here
In Camelot

The winter is forbidden till December
And exits March the second on the dot
By order, summer lingers through September
In Camelot

Camelot! Camelot!
I know it sounds a bit bizarre
But in Camelot, Camelot
That's how conditions are

The rain may never fall till after sundown
By eight, the morning fog must disappear
In short, there's simply not
A more congenial spot
For happily-ever-aftering than here
In Camelot

Camelot! Camelot!
I know it gives a person pause
But in Camelot, Camelot
Those are the legal laws

The snow may never slush upon the hillside.
By nine p.m. the moonlight must appear
In short, there's simply not
A more congenial spot
For happily-ever-aftering than here
In Camelot

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