

**M.O.P. & Snowgoons****"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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