

Good, The Bad & The Queen, The "The Bunting Song"

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Pull out the bunting
She made then one by one
Hang'em in the trees
Until a breeze it comes

Move to the country
The town has told its tale
When the sutumn leaves
They fall

And the whole place didn't look the same that night
They put a party on and waited for the sunlight to recall

All the days a ticking gone

Bye baby bunting
All England wants you home
Away in the hills
Where the wild things
They roam

So I'll never know why
She made then one by one
Hanging in the trees
'Till a breeze its comes

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