

## **Idle Race, The**

### **"Here We Go 'Round 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 trees

Here we go 'round the lemon tree  
Mister can you hear me?  
Here we go 'round the lemon tree  
Mister don't come near me

But 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

Here we go 'round the lemon tree  
Mister can you hear me?  
Here we go 'round the lemon tree  
Mister don't come near me

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 her window, in the hope that I might see  
her  
But the deadly shade of night still lingered there

Here we go 'round the lemon tree  
Mister don't come near me

Morning came and into action went my plan  
Ran to meet her dressed in bright green underpants  
I crept in and sang discretely  
Seemed to change her mind completely  
Dance together singing sweetly

Here we go 'round the lemon tree  
Mister can you hear me?  
Here we go 'round the lemon tree

Mister don't come near me

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