

Peter Combe

"Jeffrey Hill"

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Jeffrey Hill liked to cook in the kitchen
When his mother was asleep in bed
But when she awoke and saw what he was doing
Her face was filled with dread

He had eggs on his legs, milk on the chair
Sugar on his nose, flour in his hair

Mrs Hill said I know you like cooking
But please do it when I'm awake
I'd like to be around to help with your creating
And avoid some of the mess you make

Things like eggs on his legs, milk on the chair
Sugar on his nose, flour in his hair

Jeffrey cooked a cake for his mother on Mother's Day
It was to be a big surprise
He tried not to slop things all over the kitchen
But it's hard when you're only five

He still got eggs on his legs, milk on the chair
Sugar on his nose, flour in his hair
Eggs on his legs, milk on the chair
Sugar on his nose, flour in his hair

He got beans on his jeans, goo on his shoe
Peas on his knees, jelly on his belly
Sauce on the horse, fat on the cat
Toast on the post, spaghetti on the jetty
Prunes on the moon, buns on the sun
Onions on his bunions, stickers on his knickers
Eggs on his legs, milk on the chair
Sugar on his nose, flour in his hair
Eggs on his legs, milk on the chair
Sugar on his nose, flour in his hair [fade]

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