

Mad Dogs And Englishmen

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In Tropical climes there are certain times of day
When all the citizens retire to take their clothes off and perspire
It's one of those rules the greatest fools obey
Because the Sun is far too sultry and one must avoid its ultry-violet
rays

The natives grieve when the White Men leave their huts
Because they're obviously, definitely, nuts!

Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun
The Japanese don't care to, the Chinese wouldn't dare to
Hindus and Argentines sleep firmly from twelve till one
But Englishmen detest a siesta

In the Philippines they have lovely screens to protect you from the
glare
In the Malay States there are hats like plates which the Britishers
won't wear
At twelve noon the natives swoon and no further work is done
But mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun

It's such a surprise for the Eastern eyes to see
That though the English are effete, they're quite impervious to heat
When the White Man rides, every native hides in glee
Because the simple creatures hope he will impale his solar topi on a
tree

It seems such a shame when the English claim the Earth
That they give rise to such hilarity and mirth
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha
Ho=ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho
He-he-he-he-he-he-he
Hm-hm-hm-hm-hm

Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun
The toughest Burmese bandit can never understand it
In Rangoon the heat of noon is just what the natives shun
They put their Scotch or Rye down and lie down

In a jungle town where the Sun beats down to the rage of man and beast
The English garb of the English Sahib merely gets a bit more creased
In Bangkok at twelve o'clock they foam at the mouth and run
But mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun

Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun
The smallest Malay rabbit deplores this foolish habit
In Hong Kong they strike a gong and fire off a noonday gun
To reprimand each inmate, who's in late

In the mangrove swamps where the python romps there is peace from
twelve till two
Even caribous lie around and snooze for there's nothing else to do
In Bengal to move at all is seldom if ever done
But mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday
Out in the midday
Out in the midday
Out in the midday

Out in the midday
Out in the midday
Out in the midday sun