

Crickets Sing for Anamaria

Emma Bunton

Hey Maria Papa said
You better go to bed
Maria Mama said
You better go to bed
And little sister said
You better go to bed
The older brother said
You heard what Papa said
You better say goodnight
You better shut the light
And Papa told you no
You can't go out tonight
But Papa didn't know
Maria had a date
And couldn't let him wait

So in a little while
She waited till the lights were low
She went out the window to her beau, and so

There's a lot of huggin' then
A lot of kissin' then
A lot of huggin' him
A lot of kissin' him
A lot of happy talk
A lot of moon above
But very little time
But very little time
To make a lot of love
To make a lot of love
Which is a normal thing
To make a lot of love
For it was summertime
When all the crickets sing
And in the summertime

When anyone's in love
The crickets sing a happy song
But they didn't do their repertoire for long

Suddenly the Papa came
And then the Mama came
And then the sister came
And then the brother came
And then the uncle came
And then the cousin came
An even dozen came
And I can tell you this
It was a dirty shame
Because the Papa came
And then the Mama came
And then the sister came
And then the brother came
And then the cousin came
And even dozen came
And I can tell you this
Do-do-do-do

When anyone's in love
The crickets sing a happy song
But they didn't do their repetoire for long

Suddenly the Papa came
And then the Mama came
And then the sister came
And then the brother came
And then the uncle came
And then the cousin came
An even dozen came
And I can tell you this
It was a dirty shame
Because the Papa came
And then the Mama came
And then the sister came
And then the brother came
And then the cousin came
An even dozen came
And I can tell you

Suddenly the Papa came
And then the Mama came
And then the sister came
And then the brother came
And then the uncle came
And then the cousin came
An even dozen came
And I can tell you this
It was a dirty shame
Because the Papa came
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