

Rings Around Rosa

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Your little sister's very pretty
And your dad works up the city
And it's not the first time
That a boy like me has rhymed those words
So I thought I'd run it past you
There's a Beatles song about this...
You know what I mean?
Oh I think that you know what I mean

So maybe around the breakfast table
While dad and daughter are rosy and bright
Paint me in a favourable light
Tell her I love
Tell him I fight

And later on at the bus shelter
Turn up and pretend you forgot your pass
Then I shall escort her to class
Do this dear friend that's all I ask

Because you owe me one
And I know the one that I want

Your little sister's very pretty
And your dad works up the city
And it's not the first time
That a boy like me has rhymed those words

And you owe me one
And I know the one that I want

The gloves are off
A pound for a pound
The cubs are lost
Release the hounds
Push has come to shove
And I know it's shite
Tell her I love
Tell him I fight