

Merry Old Land of Oz

Harry Connick, Jr.

There's a garden spot, I'm told, where it's never too hot and it's never too cold;

Where you're never too young and you're never too old,
Where you're never too thin or tall.

And you're never, never, never too, too, too anything at all, Oh!

You're not too mad and you're not too sane
And you don't compare and you don't complain,
All you do is just sit tight, 'cause it's all so, so, so, so down-right, right.

Ha-ha-ha! Ho-ho-ho and a couple of tra-la-las,
That's how we laugh the day away,
In The Merry Old Land Of Oz.

'Bzz-'bzz-'bzz Chirp, chirp, chirp, and a couple of la-de-das.
That's how the crickets crick all day
In The Merry Old Land Of Oz.

We get up at twelve and start work at one,
Take an hour for lunch and then at two we're done, Jolly good run

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