

Mrs Maylie

Ocean Colour Scene

It's so nice in Mrs Maylie's house
I'd spend my life in Mrs Maylie's house
Count my time counting the moon
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Well good morning Mrs Maylie
It's so nice to wake in sunshine
Spent my short life in prison
Was my birth that was my first crime

I'd like to pick some flowers
And arrange them around your room
And I love to spend the hours
'Fore they're snatched away too soon

Well I love it in the country
And loath the London mire
And there's no one who's been kinder
In my wretched little life

Oh good morning Mrs Maylie
And your daughter seems so nice
An open heart's my saviour
And my trusting is my vice