

First Little Chicken

Where did the first little chicken come from?
An egg's gotta come from somewhere
Who had the first liltte mummy tum-tum?
She musta had a mum yeah
Well I guess your guess is just as good as mine

A hummingbird once flapped its wings
In sunny Catalina
Causing a whole house to tumble down
In Argentina
But I guess your guess is just as good as mine

When something seems amiss to me
Well I much prefer a mystery
The sun can sink into the sea
And I guess your guess is just as good as mine

Where did the first little chicken come from?
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Who had the first liltte mummy tum-tum?
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Well I much prefer a mystery
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Better to be Stationary Than to be Paper

Standing here in a field, so stationary
But it's better to be stationary than to be paper

Some say life as a tree is ordinary
But it's better to be stationary than to be paper

And I can see so much from this vantage point you know
And I can hear all your conversations down below

Standing here in a field, my heart a-flutter
As the woodcutter and his axe just pass me by
Some say life as a tree is ordinary
But it's better to be stationary than to be paper

And I can see so much from this vantage point you know
And I can hear all your conversations down below
Just standing here in a field

Hills of Assisi

I was riding my bike through the hills of Assisi
When I lost all my bearings and took a wrong turn
I went past a one-legged violin maker
And I went past a church and a big butter churn

Past-a-this, past-a-that
Soon my tummy was rumbling
Past-a-this, past-a-that
I was in the mood for Italian food

I went past a bridge and I went past a belfry
I went past a shepherd with all of his flock
I went past a farm and I went past a factory
I went past an orchard, I went past a clock

Past-a-this, past-a-that
Soon my tummy was rumbling
Past-a-this, past-a-that

I was in the mood for Italian food

I went past a man who was gazing at poppies
With petals resembling butterfly wings
I went past a statue of somebody famous
Oh I went past a lot of Italian things

Past-a-this, past-a-that
Soon my tummy was rumbling
Past-a-this, past-a-that
I was in the mood
I was in the mood
I was in the mood for Italian Food

Handball

Faster, slower, higher, lower
One bounce your side, one bounce my side
As my turn is drawing nearer
You can hear my heart beat faster

Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody
Everybody should play it
Let's go ahead and say it
"We love handball"

GIve a little, gIve a little, gIve a little, gIve a little
Give a little time and effort
Then soon you too can laugh at
Your mistakes y'all

Who can beat the six-time winner?
Trick him with a crafty spinner?
As my turn is drawing nearer

You can hear my heart beat faster

Everybody, everybody, everybody, everybody
Everybody should play it
Let's go ahead and say it
"We love handball"

GIve a little, gIve a little, gIve a little, gIve a little
Give a little time and effort
Then soon you too can laugh at
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Baby Tiger Slug

Baby tiger slug
Your poor cousin
Doth carry his house around

Gliding this-a-way
Sliding that-a-way
One foot on the ground

Some might say, he's always safe at home
But come what may, you're the one who's free to roam

SOLO

Some might say, he's always safe at home
But come what may, you're the one who's free to roam

Baby tiger slug
Your poor cousin
Doth carry his house around

Gliding this-a-way

Sliding that-a-way
One foot on the ground

Mr Poe's Garden

All my chickens have escaped
There they go in Mr Poe's garden
He's gonna find their presence a burden

They might end up on his plate
If I do not send out a rescue
Mr Poe, I don't wanna pesk you

But where the Dickens are those chickens?
Well I'm sick of stickin' up for their bad behaviour
Now the plot it thickens
And I must
Become their saviour

repeat

Akin to a Walnut (The ocarina song)

I met a girl called Corrina
She introduced me to the o-o-o-o-ocarina

Oh what a beautiful instrument
With a shape that's akin to a walnut

She had a lovely demeanour
But I'm afraid my gaze was locked upon her ocarina

Oh what a beautiful instrument
With a shape that's akin to a walnut

I feel bad for Corrina
'Cause when I touched that thing, it's just as if I'd never seen
her

Oh what a beautiful instrument
With a shape that's akin to a ...
With a shape that's akin to a walnut

The Day of Opposites

I woke up late last night as a light shone through my window
The sky had turned to white and the stars were black as coal
The astronauts I thought would all have to wear sunglasses
As they rocketed through space to their unfamiliar goal

But I was ready, I was ready, I was ready
For the day of opposites

The wild beasts all came and they played beneath my window
I gave them all a name and invited them for tea
The children read the books aloud, the grown ups looked and
listened
We had dinner on the ceiling, went to school at half past three

And I was ready, I was ready, I was ready
For the day of opposites
But I was ready, I was ready, I was ready
For the day of opposites

Favourites in the Natural World

The flight of the swallow
Always leaves me in awe
It might be the finest sight that I ever ever saw

I'm fond of the poplar
The birch and the fern
Show me a cypress and just watch my spirits turn

It's great to have favourites
In the natural world
And that is the gift I wish
On every boy and girl

The mighty hydrangea
Blue purple and white
I hope I can dream about those lovely blooms tonight

The flight of the swallow
Always leaves me in awe
It might be the finest sight that I ever ever saw

It's great to have favourites
In the natural world
And that is the gift I wish
On every boy and girl

repeat chorus

Unique

Unique is a wonderful word
Meaning one of a kind
One of a kind
One of a kind

Everything under the sun
Every beast every bird
One of a kind

One of a kind

Sunflowers, snowflakes and clouds
All of them stand out in crowds

Unique is a wonderful word
Meaning one of a kind
One of a kind
One of a kind

Everything under the sun
Every beast every bird
One of a kind
One of a kind

Scurvy

I ain't gonna get scurvy baby, oh no
Just as certain as the earth is curvy
'Cause I've got lemons on board

When you're counting every hour
Till you can bury the loot
You take the sweet with the sour
And you suck that yellow fruit

I ain't gonna get scurvy baby, oh no
So hit me honey with the super citrus
'Cause I've got lemons on board

When you're counting every hour
Till you can bury the loot
You take the sweet with the sour
And you suck that yellow fruit
Yes you suck that yellow fruit

Yes you pluck and you suck that yellow fruit

More Questions

What does a Scotsman keep in a sporran?
What does a man from Mexico hide beneath his hat?
Things that are foreign keep me a guessin'
First I wonder this and then I wonder that

And all the books in the world
Can't cure my curiosity
Because you see, there will always be
More questions

Like why did the dodo end up a no-show?
Was it just a slowcoach or too lazy to escape?
And if there's a Bigfoot, might there be a Smallfoot?
The hunt would be enthralling but I know I'll have to wait

And all the books in the world
Can't cure my curiosity
Because you see, there will always be
More questions

Tiptoeing Past the Bull

Tiptoeing past the bull
Is his tummy full?
Or is he feeling angry 'cause his belly's empty?

We're gonna go for gold
We know that bull is old
And even if he tries to chase, he'll never catch us

Head for the hills x 3
Before he gets you
Get to the gate x 3
That's if he lets you

Is this a good idea?
I think we're far too near
It looks as if he's just about to ...

Head for the hills x 3
Before he gets you
Get to the gate x 3
That's if he lets you

Sleepwalker (Waylaid in my PJs)

I was heading for the bathroom
Look at where I ended up
I went down a different path
And look at where I ended up

Yes I've been waylaid in my PJs
Poor sleepwalker, I am far from home
Yes I've been waylaid in my PJs
The moon is up and the night is still
Waylaid in my PJs

repeat verse

The moon is up
And the night is still
And the park is dark
And the owl it hoots
And the squirrel scoots
Waylaid in my PJs

