

The Idle Race, Mr. Crow And Sir Norman

Ventrilloquist was he, little boy sat on his knee
The people knew that the show was but the best one in the land
Until the night before the act
The dummy's clothes had all been packed away - he'd gone
And he'd left poor Mr. Crow right in the lurch

You know he's gone far away
I hear his voice go laughing
What of all the years we shared?

Hello Mr. Crow has your little boy left home - did he run away
Well I hope he'll soon be back to do the show
I'm sorry you must feel quite sad when your dummy runs away without a word
That is all old Mr. Crow had heard

You know he's gone far away
I hear his voice go laughing
What of all the years we shared?

Now come on Mr. Crow my dear
We'd better have this gottle o' geer

Then one fateful night into the dressing room so bright
Walked our friend tabledoll
Mr. Crow cried tears of joy all in his tea
The bad doll said kindly address me as Sir Norman little man I am a star
And if you weren't so old maybe I'd let you be my doll

You know I've been far away
I've heard the people laugh
Now I'm a great big star