

The Idle Race, Sitting In My Tree

I often sit alone up in a tree
Waving to the ones that wave at me
I think well just how stupid can they be
Waving to a man up in a tree

What they don't know is I am counting them
I even count the ladies and the men
I put the numbers in my little book
And only me can ever have a look

All I ask is a piece of mind
Which I lost somewhere down amongst the mess
All I want is for people to be kind

And walk slower to be counted when they pass

I think well just how stupid can they be
Waving to a man up in a tree

I know that I will have to stop my fun
When I meet a girl who I can not count on
Maybe marry her and happy we would be
Not counting but a-sitting up a tree
I put the numbers in my little book
And only me can ever have a look
I think well just how stupid can they be
Waving to a man up in a tree