

## Raindrops keep fallin' on my head

Raindrops keep fallin' on my head,  
and just like the guy whose feet are too big for his bed,  
nothin' seems to fit.  
Those raindrops are fallin' on my head.  
They keep fallin'

So I just did me some talkin' to the sun.  
And I said I didn't like the way he got things done.  
Sleepin' on the job.  
Those raindrops are fallin' on my head.  
They keep fallin'!

But there's one thing I know:  
the blues they send to meet me won't defeat me.  
It won't be long till happiness steps up to greet me.  
Raindrops keep fallin' on my head,  
but that doesn't mean my eyes will soon be turnin' red.

Cryin's not for me  
'cause I'm never gonna stop the rain by complainin'.  
Because I'm free, nothin's worryin' me.

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## Ye Banks and Braes

Ye Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary fu' o' care?  
Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling birds,  
That wanton through the flowery thorn,  
Ye mind me o' departed joys,  
Departed never to return.

Oft hae I roved by bonnie Doon  
By morning and by evening shine  
To hear the birds sing o' their loves,  
As fondly once I sang o' mine;  
Wi' lightsome heart I stretched my hand  
And pu'd a rosebud from the tree.  
But my fause lover stole the rose  
And left and left the thorn wi' me.

## **Blue Spanish Eyes**

Blue Spanish eyes

Teardrops are falling from your Spanish eyes

Please please don't cry, this is just adios and not good-bye

Soon I'll return, bringing you all the love your heart can hold

Please say "Si Si" say you and your Spanish eyes will wait for me

Blue Spanish eyes

Prettiest eyes in all of Mexico

True Spanish eyes, Please smile for me once more before I go

Soon I'll return, bringing you all the love your heart can hold

Please say "Si Si" say you and your Spanish eyes will wait for me

Say you and your Spanish eyes will wait for me

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## **Food, glorious food**

Is it worth the waiting for? If we live 'til eighty-four,

All we'll ever get is gruel!

Ev'ry day we say a pray'r: "Will they change the bill of fare?"

Still we get the same old gruel!

There's not a crust; not a crumb can we find, can we beg, can we borrow or cadge.

But there's nothing to stop us from getting a thrill when we close our eyes and imagine:

Food, glorious food! Hot sausage and mustard!

While we're in the mood, cold jelly and custard!

Pease pudding and saveloys, "What next?" is the question.

Rich gentlemen have, it, boys: indigestion!

Food, glorious food! We're anxious to try it.

Three banquets a day; our favourite diet!

Just picture a great big steak; fried, roasted or stewed!

Oh food, wonderful food, marvellous food, glorious food!

(6 bars rest)

Food, glorious food! Don't care what it looks like.

Burned, underdone, crude; don't care what the cook's like!

Just thinking of growing fat, our senses reeling.

One moment of knowing that full-up feeling!

Food, glorious food! What wouldn't we give for

That extra bit more? That's all that we live for.

Why should we be fatted to do nothing but brood

On food, Magical food, wonderful food, marvellous food,

Heavenly food, beautiful food, Glorious food!