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Mad Dogs And Englishmen

Reference number PT0213

ARTIST U

In tropical climes, there are certain times of day
When all the citizens retire
To tear their clothes off and perspire.
It's one of those rules that the greatest fools obey,
Because the sun is much too sultry
And one must avoid its ultra violet ray.

ARTISTS X & Y

Papalaka papalaka papalaka boo!
Papalaka papalaka papalaka boo!

ARTIST U

Digariga digariga digariga doo?

X (spoken)

Native drums

ARTIST U

The natives grieve
When the white men leave their huts,
Because they're obviously definitely nuts!

Mad dogs and Englishmen
Go out in the midday sun.
The Japanese don't care to,
The Chinese wouldn't dare to.
Hindus and Argentines sleep firmly from twelve to one,
But Englishmen detest a Siesta.
In the Philippines
There are lovely screens
To protect you from the glare.
In the Malay States
There are hats like plates
Which the Britishers won't wear.

ARTISTS X & Z

At twelve noon the natives swoon
And no further work is done,
But mad dogs and Englishmen
Go out in the midday sun.

ARTIST U

It's such a surprise for the Eastern eyes to see
That though the English are effete
They're quite impervious to heat.
When the White man rides, ev'ry native hides in glee,
Because the simple creature hopes he
Will impale his solar topee
On a tree.

ARTISTS X & Z

Bolyboly, bolyboly, bolyboly, baa!
Bolyboly, bolyboly, bolyboly, baa!

ARTIST U

Habaninny, habaninny, habaninny, haa!

ARTIST Z (spoken)

No!

Bolyboly, bolyboly, bolyboly, baa!

ARTIST U

It seems a shame,
When the English claim the earth
That they give rise to such hilarity and mirth.

ARTIST X

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

ARTIST Z

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

ARTIST U

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!

ARTIST U

Mad dogs and Englishmen
Go out in the midday sun.
The toughest Burmese bandit
Can never understand it,

ARTISTS X & Z

In Rangoon the heat of noon
Is just what the natives shun,
They put their Scotch or Rye down,
And lie down.

ARTIST U

In a jungle town
Where the sun beats down

To the rage of man and beast,
The English garb
Of the English Sahib
Merely gets a bit more creased.
In Bangkok,
At twelve o'clock,
They foam at the mouth and run,
But mad dogs and Englishmen
Go out in the midday sun.

Mad dogs and Englishmen
Go out in the midday sun.
The smallest Malay rabbit
Deplores this stupid habit.
In Hong Kong
They strike a gong
And fire off a noonday gun,
To reprimand each inmate,
Who's in late.
In the mango swamps
Where the python romps
There is peace from twelve to two.
Even caribous
Lie around and snooze
For there's nothing else to do.
In Bengal
To move at all,
Is seldom, if ever done,
But mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday,
out in the midday,
out in the midday,
out in the midday,
out in the midday sun.