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I Sit In The Sun

Reference number PT0342

JANE

Timothy's late!
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Never mind!
I'm happy to wait.
I've nothing to do,
On a fine summer day
It's easy to while the time away.
I ought to do as my mother said
And think of the men I might have wed,
But now I'm happy, now I'm free
And the summer sun's enough for me.

I sit in the sun
And one by one
I collect my thoughts and think them over,
Say to myself
Sit tight on the shelf
As long as you feel that you're in clover.
Why be in haste?
You've nothing to waste,
The best things come without rhyme or reason.
Sit in the sun,
The sun, the sun,
And you might be in love by the end of the season.

There's Viscount A, and gay Lord B,
And of course the Hon'able Mister C.
Whom have I missed from this glittering list?
Surely there must be one for me?
Why not do as other girls do,
And search for a man the summer through?
Call me a fool, but I'll follow the rule.
"Wait and your love will come to you."

I sit in the sun
And one by one
I forget the gentlemen I'm refusing.
One happy day
The summer may
Provide an Adonis of my choosing.
Maybe I'll wait
Till I'm too late,
But I shall have waited for one good reason.
Here in the sun,
The sun, the sun,
I might be in love by the end of the season.