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Mad Dogs And Englishmen

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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 the rules that the greatest fools obey,
Because the sun is much too sultry,
And one must avoid its ultry-vi'let ray.

Papalaka, Papalaka, Papalaka boo!
Papalaka, Papalaka, Papalaka boo!
Digariga, Digariga, Digariga doo!
Digariga, Digariga, Digariga doo!

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

REFRAIN

Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun,
The Japanese don't care to,
The Chinese wouldn't dare to.
The 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, they have hats like plates
Which the Britishers won't wear.
At twelve noon the natives swoon,
And no further work is done;
But mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun.

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 every native hides in glee,
Because the simple creatures hope he
Will impale his Solar Topee on a tree.

Bolyboly, Bolyboly, Bolyboly baa!
Bolyboly, Bolyboly, Bolyboly baa!
Habaninny, Habaninny, Habaninny haa!
Habaninny, Habaninny, Habaninny haa!

It seems such a shame when the English claim the earth,
They give rise to such hilarity and mirth.

REFRAIN

Mad dogs and Englishmen go out in the midday sun,
The toughest Burmese bandit
Can never understand it.
In Rangoon, the heat of noon
Is just what the natives shun;
They put their Scotch or Rye down and lie down.
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 foolish habit.
In Hong Kong, they strike a gong
And fire off a noonday gun,
To reprimand each inmate who's in late.
In the mangrove swamps,
where the pythons romp,
There is peace from twelve till 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 sun.