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## The Tennis Song

Reference number PT0892

STONE:

You seem at home on the court.

ALAUURA:

Let's say that I've played around.

STONE:

Well you don't look like the sort.

ALAUURA:

My hidden talents abound.  
A competitor hasn't been found to defeat me.

STONE:

I'll bet you're a real good sport.

ALAUURA:

Shall we say the ball is in your court.

STONE:

I'll bet you like to play rough.

ALAUURA:

I like to work up a sweat.

STONE:

And you just can't get enough.

ALAUURA:

I play it close to the vest.  
But I promise I'll show no regret  
If you beat me.

STONE:

My backhand is clearly my forte.

BOTH:  
Shall we say the ball is in your court.

ALAUURA:  
No one ever plays with me.

STONE:  
I thought your next of kin did.

ALAUURA:  
My husband never plays with me.  
He's too easily winded.

STONE:  
You leave me breathless too.

ALAUURA:  
Wait till our match is through.

STONE:  
I may lack form and finesse but I warm up in a jiff.

ALAUURA:  
It's not exciting unless the competition is stiff.

STONE:  
I think I understand your racket.  
I'm not in your league.

ALAUURA:  
But you can hack it.

STONE:  
This game commences with love.

ALAUURA:  
Well I think love is a bore.

STONE:  
Let's give the tempo a shove.

ALAURA:  
And raise the stakes a bit more.

BOTH:  
One thing I'm positive of, it's time for someone to score.

STONE:  
Tell me how you like to play.

ALAURA:  
On grass or clay and ev'ry day.

BOTH:  
They're both o.k. and time is running short.

ALAURA:  
Darling, let's don't dilly dally

STONE:  
Ready for a rousing rally.

ALAURA:  
Shall we say the ball is in your court.

BOTH:  
Shall we say the ball is in your court