Are You Receiving Me?
by Ralph McTell

I stopped a man the other night
Said isn't a beautiful sky,
And although he agreed it was just to please me
I could tell it by the look in his eye,
And his look got colder, looking over his shoulder
At me, as he quickened his step.
So I didn't take his hand as I had planned
I threw a stone instead.

La, la, la, la, la, la,

There's a house I know where roses grow
I was there the other day,
And I seen this chick coming down the road
She was coming my way,
So I picked a rose and stuck it under her nose,
She said, "What about my hay fever?"
Then this man came out and he started to shout,
He wasn't very happy either.

La, la, la, la, la, la,

A little while ago one Saturday night
I was happy and drunk as could be.
A policewoman come up and she said
That a night in the cells would sober me
I said I ain't been in bars I got drunk on the stars
You can't pin nothing on me
Then she smiled and I said "Oh, kiss me instead",
She said "I can't I'm on duty".

La, la, la, la, la, la,

I was in the park, it was just before dark
And there grows a tree of mine,
And I see this chick she was walking her dog
Around the football pitch line.
I said "You see this tree well it belongs to me
I'd like to give it to you",
And then she said, "Cheers although it's been mine for years
It was a very nice thing to do".

La, la, la, la, la, la.