George And The Dragon

Herman's Hermits

We met at the Inn called The George and Dragon
Lest you forget my dear
We drank a toast at The George and Dragon
With the dragon breathing fire in me, dear...

Yea, verily I did thee beseech thee
To tarry with me ah, but there
You said a knight of the old round table
Could be short of nothing but a square...

Could a square be there to the rescue?
Drive yon knave away?
Was it fate or love now I ask you
Only you can say...

Sadly I stand with me heart heavy laden
Oh what a knight in shining armor, I
To win the hand of this fair young maiden
I would gladly lay me down and die...

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