

The Lobster Quadrille

Franz Ferdinand

"Will you walk a little faster?", said a whiting to a snail
"There's a porpoise close behind us, treading on my tail"
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance
They are waiting on the shingle
Will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you
Won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you
Won't you, won't you join the dance?
You can really have notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us with the lobsters out to sea
But the snail replied, "Too far, too far", and gave a look askance
Said he thanked the whiting kindly but he would not join the dance
Would not, could not, would not
Could not, would not join the dance
Would not, could not, would not
Could not, could not join the dance
"What matters it how far we go?", his scaly friend replied
"There is another shore you know upon the other side"
The further off from England, the nearer is to France
Then turn not pale, beloved snail but come and join the dance
Will you, won't you, will you
Won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, won't you
Will you, won't you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you
Won't you, won't you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you
Won't you, won't you join the dance?

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