

Mad Dogs And Englishmen

Noel Coward, Gertrude Lawrence

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 those rules that the greatest fools obey
Because the sun is much too sultry
And one must avoid its ultra violet ray

Papalaka papalaka papalaka boo
Papalaka papalaka papalaka boo
Digariga digariga digariga doo
Digariga digariga digariga doo

The native grieve when the white
Men leave their huts, because
They're obviously definitely nuts!

Mad dogs and Englishmen
Go out in the midday sun
The Japanese don't care to
The Chinese wouldn't dare to
Hindoos 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
There are 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 that they give rise to
Such hilarity and mirth

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
Slut 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 stupid habit in Hongkong
They strike a gong and
Fire off a noonday gun
To reprimand each inmate
Who's in late

In the mangrove swamps
Where the python romps
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

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