

Crickets Sing For Anamaria

Emma Bunton

Hey Maria Papa said, you better go to bed
Maria Mama said, you better go to bed
And little sister said, you better go to bed
The older brother said, you heard what Papa said
You better say goodnight, you better shut the light
And Papa told you no, you can't go out tonight
But Papa didn't know, Maria had a date
And couldn't let him wait
So in a little while
She waited till the lights were low
She went out the window to her beau, and so
There's a lot of huggin' then, a lot of kissin' then
A lot of huggin' him, a lot of kissin' him
A lot of happy talk, a lot of moon above
But very little time, but very little time
To make a lot of love, to make a lot of love
Which is a normal thing to make a lot of love
For it was summertime when all the crickets sing
And in the summertime
When anyone's in love
The crickets sing a happy song
But they didn't do their repertoire for long
Suddenly the Papa came and then the Mama came
And then the sister came and then the brother came
And then the uncle came and then the cousin came
An even dozen came and I can tell you this
It was a dirty shame because the Papa came
And then the Mama came and then the sister came
And then the brother came and then the cousin came
And even dozen came and I can tell you this
Do do do do
When anyone's in love
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