

Crickets Sing for Anamaria

Marcos Valle

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 The crickets sing a
happy song But they didn't do their repertoire for
long Suddenly the Papa came And then the Mama
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came And then the uncle came And then the cousin
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