

The Surrey With the Fringe On Top

Doris Day

When I take you out, tonight, with me,
Honey, here's the way it's goin' to be:
You will set behind a team of snow white horses,
 In the slickest gig you ever see!
Chicks and ducks and geese better scurry
 When I take you out in the surrey,
When I take you out in the surrey with the fringe on top!
 Watch that fringe and see how it flutters
 When I drive them high steppin' strutters.
Nosey pokes'll peek thru' their shutters and their eyes will pop!
 The wheels are yeller, the upholstery's brown,
 The dashboard's genuine leather,
 With isinglass curtains y' can roll right down,
 In case there's a change in the weather.
 Two bright sidelight's winkin' and blinkin',
 Ain't no finer rig I'm a-thinkin'
 You c'n keep your rig if you're thinkin' 'at I'd keer to swap
Fer that shiny, little surrey with the fringe on the top! Did you say
 the fringe was made of silk
 Wouldn't have no other kind but silk
 Does it really have a team of snow white horses
 One's like snow, the other's more like milk
 All the world'll fly in a flurry
 When I take you out in the surrey,
When I take you out in the surrey with the fringe on top!
 When we hit that road, hell fer leather,
 Cats and dogs'll dance in the heather,
 Birds and frogs'll sing all together and the toads will hop!
 The wind'll whistle as we rattle along,
 The cows'll moo in the clover,
 The river will ripple out a whispered song,
 And whisper it over and over:
 Don't you wisht y'd go on forever?
 Don't you wisht y'd go on forever?
 Don't you wisht y'd go on forever and ud never stop
 In that shiny, little surrey with the fringe on the top!
 I can see the stars gettin' blurry,
 When we drive back home in the surrey,
 Drivin' slowly home in the surrey with the fringe on top!

I can feel the day gettin' older,
Feel a sleepy head on my shoulder,
Noddin', droopin' close to my shoulder, till it falls kerplop!
The sun is swimmin' on the rim of a hill;
The moon is takin' a header,
And jist as I'm thinkin' all the earth is still,
A lark'll wake up in the medder.
Hush, you bird, my baby's a-sleepin'!
Maybe got a dream worth a-keepin'
Whoa! you team, and jist keep a-creepin' at a slow clip clop.
Don't you hurry with the surrey with the fringe on the top!

Songwriters

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