

Josephine

John Otway

Get ready for the festival,
For the festival is only once a year.
Raise your glasses in the air,
And fill the barrels full of beer.

Mother nature, wave a wand,
Over this lady's hand.
May her reign mean a good year on our land.

And the legend Josephine,
A blonde blue-eyed May-Queen,
Spent the night in the arms of her lover,
The day before the crown.

Gifts of flowers by her bed,
Tired eyes and sleepy head.
Stay warm 'til the morning calls you in.

And the crowd screams Josephine,
Our May-day eyes are on you.
And the people sing and drown in wine,
To crown the queen of spring-time.

And at only 17,
We've given you our blessings.
And as you sleep tonight,
Your heart is in safe keeping.

And nature's girl today,
Should wipe her tears away,
Her time to shine has nearly come.

In the church they pray for harvest,
You hear the church bells ring.
Your friends are in the park tonight to see the May-day end.

But you, you are the queen,
Life isn't quite as easy.
God bless the liberty that lies within our Josephine.

And the crowd screams Josephine,
Our May-day eyes are on you.
And the people sing and drown in wine,
To crown the queen of spring-time.

Hold on to your lover's hand,
He will give you all the strength you need tonight.

And somewhere in the promised land (somewhere)
Is the love for one you lie beside.

When it gets dark and cold (Ooh)
You've got warm arms to hold (In the morning)
In the morning you'll be the angel of them all.

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Lyrics submitted by Kate Lawrence.

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