

Miss Jones

Lawrence Greenwood

Miss Jones knows, what the dogs like
And the dogs know, what they like about her
In the fields of grass where the young boys run
Away from, away from, away from Hey, hey Mrs Jones, when you get down there will you let us know?
Father John is worried
Hey, hey Mrs Jones, when you get down there will you let us know?
Flames of war are b-b-burning The hills wish they were mountains
And the weeds, to be trees
In the years to come, when we all run
Away from, away from, away from Hey, hey Mrs Jones, when you get down there will you let us know?
Father John is worried
Hey, hey Mrs Jones, when you get down there, will you let us know?
Flames of war are b-b-burning Hey, hey Mrs Jones, when you get down there will you let us know?
Father John is worried
Hey, hey Mrs Jones, when you get down there will you let us know?
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