Rubber Band

Charlie Worsham

Rubber band
There's a rubber band that plays tunes out of tune
In the library garden Sunday afternoon
While a little chappie waves a golden wand
Rubber band
In 1910 I was so handsome and so strong
My mustache was stiffly waxed and one foot long
And I loved a girl while you played teatime tunes
Dear rubber band, you're playing my tune out of tune
Oh
Rubber band
Won't you play a haunting theme again to me?
While I eat my scones and drink my cup of tea
The sun is warm but it's a lonely afternoon
Oh, play that theme
Rubber band
How I wish that I could join your rubber band
We could play in lively parks throughout the land
And one Sunday afternoon, I'd find my love
Rubber band
In the '14-'18 war I went to sea
Thought my Sunday love was waiting home for me
And now she's married to the leader of your band, oh
Oh, yeah, I hope you break your baton

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