

THE QUEENS DREAM SONG

Let's mix a nightmare for the queen
As bad as dreams can be
And when her Majesty falls asleep
This is what she'll see...

There are giants snatching kids from their beds
Chomping and chewing their poor little heads
In England, Sweden, Baghdad, too
Ooh - what shall we do?

Now let's take this dream to London!

THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP
THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP
Through deserts and jungles and oceans of fizz
We is travelling to London, England
Here we is!

It's past the royal bedtime now
The queen must catch some Z's
And her Majesty falls asleep
We wonder what she sees...

There are giants snatching kids from their beds
Chomping and chewing their poor little heads
In England, Sweden, Baghdad, too
Ooh - what shall we do?

This horrid dream has caused the queen
To wriggle in her bed!
So is it best to let her rest
Or wake her up instead?
We must act fast or she won't last-
This dream will strike her dead!
We'd love to know what kind of show
Is playing in her head!

There are giants snatching kids from their beds
Chomping and chewing their poor little heads
In England, Sweden, Baghdad, too
Ooh - what shall we do?

Call the doctor call, the nurse
Call the lad with the alligator purse
The queen has got a royal curse
And things have gone from bad to worse!!

There are giants snatching kids from their beds
Chomping and chewing their poor little heads
In England, Sweden, Baghdad, too

Ooh - what shall we do?
Call the army and the navy and the airforce, too

What shall we do?