Capers

Kele

I know I'm punching, but my, you're a sort
We could get in to some real fun
A true gentleman would never name names
What kind of brute do you take me for?

No, I'm not in love
And I don't claim to be
But are you free on Sunday?

Do you hear that siren call?
It calls out to me
Like the brapa-pum-pum of the marching drum
My heart skips a beat

No, I'm not in love
And I don't claim to be
But are you free on Sunday?

For I'm planning on a caper, such a deed of derring-do
And I was hoping I could spend some time with you
As the cartoon anvil above our head appears
Before they ask us kindly to pay the bill

I know I'm pitching way out of my league
But we could get into some big fun
Forget those interest rates, they get in the way
Spend your days courting with me

No, I'm not in love
And I don't claim to be
But are you free again on Tuesday?

For I'm planning on a caper, such a deed of derring-do
And I was hoping I could spend some time with you
As the cartoon anvil above our head appears
Before they ask us kindly to pay the bill

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