

Baby Sings Folk Songs

The Astronauts

Beautiful schemer came in through the door
Took off her necklace and crouched on the floor
Says she wants peace but don't know why for sure
Tell me your plan beautiful schemer
'Cos I've been out working my hands on the farm
Curse at my bosses that don't do them no harm
I'm waiting for action 'cos I can't stand the calm
Then I come home, baby sings folk songs.

Here I lie waiting for me true love to see me
His heart of the white rose and mines of the red
Northern romance in the inn of good plenty
Lord make him kind when he goes to my bed

Beautiful schemer came in through the night
Smiled with her left eye but glared with her right
Said shall we go out and worship the night
Tell me the prayer, beautiful schemer
'Cos I've been out working my hands on the grime
Working at Turner's on the assembly line
And I heard of the good life, but I know it ain't mine
Then I come home, baby takes downers

Here is a nice little bottle of sleepers
They'll help me to stay in me little dream world
There's moggies and mandies and nice little white ones
I'll dream that me true love is stroking me curls

Am I out of this race is that a smile on your face
Am I sorry for this misdemeanour
On the Icelandic coast with some hot buttered toast
Would an artist have made it much cleaner
Now you sit on the floor when he calls out for more
Did you feel the effects of the acid
With his lunatic air and face so debonair
He made Liszt and Lord Byron look placid

Beautiful schemer she wanders through the yard
Trying to make her good love look so hard
You think she's the answer but you hold the cards
Deal me in quick beautiful schemer
I've been out working to buy you a meal
My protest is shrink-wrapped, got a factory seal
And you say shall we go out and try to make it real
I need you to help that baby's got pen friends

Beautiful schemer with the never-ending smile
Invites you inside to her head for a while
Minx of the North lake, mad bitch of the Nile
Go back to Troy, beautiful schemer.
'Cos I come from Fulham where fables aren't made
Where night-life is ruled by DMs and blade
Sometimes I just get to feel quite afraid
I need you to help but baby plays hockey

Swish goes the stick when the ball hits the netting
I play with the girls on the old village green

And later we go to the fair and eat liquorice
Soon it will be Mayday and I'll be your queen

Beautiful schemer she lives far away
Never did listen to much that I'd say
Lives in a parallel world in a way
That I just can't come in, no no no.
And I'm going to go, don't want to see you no more
Going back to the ghetto with an uncultured roar
We never got much further than your door
Beautiful schemer, why are you crying

My body boys left me for a far away haven
My ribbon is wasted, my maidenhood black
He says that he's going and he won't be returning
Oh speed little glove and bring my Johnny back