

Roll Your Leg Over

CHORUS:

Roll your leg over and roll your leg over,  
roll your leg over, it's better that way.

If all the young laddies were fish in the ocean  
I'd be the waves and I'd show them the motion

If all the young laddies were keys to a gate,  
I'd be the lock, to insert and rotate

If all the young laddies were ships on the tide,  
I'd be the waves and give them quite a ride!

If all the young laddies were pies on a shelf  
I'd be the baker and eat them meself

If all the young laddies were flames in a fire  
I'd be the bellows and blow them up higher

If all the young laddies were sharks in the sea  
I'd be a minnow and let them eat me

If all the young laddies were bricks in a pile,  
I'd be the mason and lay them in style

If all the young laddies were steeds in a stable  
I'd be the groom and mount all I was able

If all the young laddies were grapes in the sun  
I'd grab a big bunch, squeeze their juice one by one

If all the young laddies were bakers of pies  
I'd be the bread yeast and make them all rise

If all the young laddies were potters of clay  
I'd sit on their wheels and rotate all day

If all the young laddies were grapes on the vine  
I'd be the vintner and make them all wine

If all the young laddies were barrels of whiskey  
I'd turn on their spigots and drink 'til I'm frisky

If all the young laddies were butchers so sweet  
I'd hang on their hooks and then pound on their meat

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If all the young lads were clouds, puffy and gray  
I'd be the wind and I'd blow them all day

If all the young laddies were lost on the sea  
I'd be the light-house and guide them to me

If all the young laddies were milk in a cup  
I'd be a kitten and lick them all up

If all the young laddies were singing this song  
It would be twice as dirty and three times as long.

And if all the young lads were as good as they say,  
We wouldn't be here singin', we'd be rollin' in the hay!