

Duet

He stood on the roof with a saxophone,
said *From here I can see three counties.*
The saxophone looked him in the eyes,
said *Ooblioba, ooblioba, bap shooah.*

He stood on the roof with a saxophone,
said *Lancashire, Lanarkshire and Meath.*
The saxophone looked him in the eyes,
said *Allrooty, allreety, hit me on a be-bop.*

He stood on the roof with a saxophone,
said *But I can't see Orange County.*
The saxophone looked him in the eyes,
said *A kloogle-mop, a kloogle-mop, toodie-oodie.*

He stood on the roof with a saxophone,
said *Not even when the sun shines.*
The saxophone looked him in the eyes,
said *Rada-rada, rada-rada, cement-mixer.*

He stood on the roof with a saxophone,
said *Ee-me-me, apolyachi, oom bop sh'bam.*
The saxophone looked him in the eyes,
said *Now you're talking.*