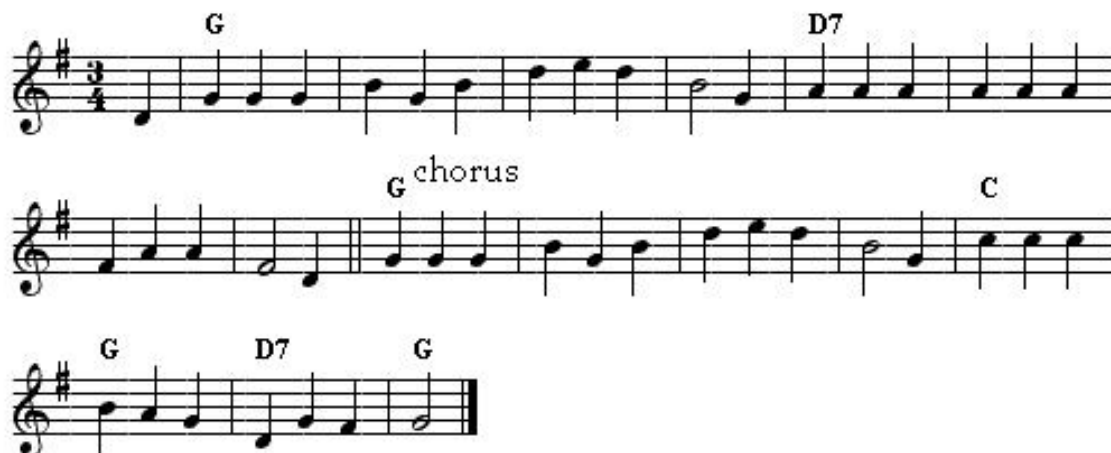


Roll Your Leg Over



If all the young ladies was up for improvement
I'd give them some help with a ball-bearing
movement.

Chorus:

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

or

roll your leg over the man in the moon.

If all the young ladies were fish in the ocean,
I'd be a shark and I'd show them the motion.

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

If all the young ladies were statues of Venus,
I'd be a Greek with a petrified penis.

If all the young ladies were diamonds and rubies,
I'd be a jeweler and polish their boobies.

If all the young ladies were little brown moles,
I'd be a gardner and plug up their holes.

If all the young ladies were bats in the steeple,
And I was a bat there'd be more bats than people.

If all the young ladies were bells in the tower,
I'd be a clapper and bang by the hour.

If all the young ladies were little white rabbits,
I'd be a hare and I'd teach 'em bad habits.

If all the young ladies were sweet fruits and berries,
I'd handle their melons and nibble their cherries.

If all the young ladies were cows in the pasture,
I'd be a bull and fill them with rapture.

If all the young ladies were mares in the stable,
I'd be the groom mounting all I was able.

If all the young ladies were locks on a gate,
I'd be a key and insert and rotate.

If all the young ladies were little red foxes,
And I were a hunter I'd shoot up their boxes.

If all the young ladies were trees in the forest,
And I were a woodsman, I'd split their clitoris.

If all the young ladies were like telephone poles,
I'd be a squirrel, stuff my nuts in their holes.

If all the young ladies were little white kittens,
And I was the tom cat, I'd give them new fittin's.

If all the young ladies were rushes a-growing,
I'd take out my scythe and set out a-mowing.

If all the young ladies were winds of the sea,
I'd be a sail and I'd let them blow me.

If all the young ladies were sheep in the clover,
I'd be a ram and I'm ram them all over.

If all the young ladies were bullets of lead,
I'd be a rifle and I'd bang til they're dead.

If all the young lasses were sick with infections
I'd be the doctor and give them injections.

This is a collection of verses from various sources. There is no particular order to these and depending on the rate of alcoholic consumption by the singer(s), the verses can be sung in any order or, more probably, some will be omitted.

This is similar to Hares On the Mountain in this section. You can see similarities to Sally My Dear in the Songs section.