## Of Men and Buses

for soprano and harp

by

F L Dunkin Wedd

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All my life I have wanted someone to love And someone who wanted me And like buses I've waited years for a man And suddenly I've got three.

One is pretty, one is wealthy, one makes a great cup of tea If it's her birthday shouldn't a girl be happy?

Though it may seem like bliss my girlfriends say this Is something that can't go on If I follow these voices I must make choices How can I just pick one?

One is handsome, one is loaded, one brings me morning tea My friends are jealous of my three fellahs aren't they?

Looking searching everywhere for someone to love me Wait for ages then along comes not just one but three.

So I don't plan to change things even if that brings Trouble from everyone. If I'm truthful the fact is, I like the practice Three is three times the fun.

One can escort me, one can afford me, one stays the night and makes tea If it's my birthday, why shouldn't I be happy?

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