

# The Idle Race, Mr. Crow And Sir Norman

Ventrilloquist was he, little boy sat on his knee  
The people knew that the show was but the best one in the land  
Until the night before the act  
The dummy's clothes had all been packed away - he'd gone  
And he'd left poor Mr. Crow right in the lurch

You know he's gone far away  
I hear his voice go laughing  
What of all the years we shared?

Hello Mr. Crow has your little boy left home - did he run away  
Well I hope he'll soon be back to do the show  
I'm sorry you must feel quite sad when your dummy runs away without a word  
That is all old Mr. Crow had heard

You know he's gone far away  
I hear his voice go laughing  
What of all the years we shared?

Now come on Mr. Crow my dear  
We'd better have this gottle o' geer

Then one fateful night into the dressing room so bright  
Walked our friend tabledoll  
Mr. Crow cried tears of joy all in his tea  
The bad doll said kindly address me as Sir Norman little man I am a star  
And if you weren't so old maybe I'd let you be my doll

You know I've been far away  
I've heard the people laugh  
Now I'm a great big star