

We talk about life's quirky moments  
We walk dogs and horses with care  
Our clothes include wellies and jumpers  
And there's hedge clippings in our hair (yes there are)  
We live a happy existence  
Off the Stubton boulevard  
Where a friend keeps all his old records  
Safely stored in his yard (and in his house)

But where do you go to my lovelies  
When wood pigeons nest in your shed  
Tell me thoughts that surround you  
When you'd rather have pheasants instead (yes you would)

The village hall hosts many occasions  
This lunch has been quite supreme  
There's pilates and council meetings and suppers  
And sport on the big screen (with a beer - give a cheer)  
There's the art group, good neighbours and jam nights  
Sometimes a fund raising fayre  
And a rumour of an infamous gin tasting  
Which involved putting your legs in the air (as you do, they say it's true)

But where do you go to my lovelies  
When wood pigeons nest in your shed  
Tell me thoughts that surround you  
When you'd rather have a peacock instead (yes you would)

Now listen very carefully  
I shall say thees only vonce  
Here at the Café Rene  
We have great affection for France (yes we do)  
There are those who can "parlez en Francais"  
Ask in French for the dish of the day  
The rest of us parlez in Franglais  
Coz' it's absolument easier to say (fish and chips si-vous-plate)

But where do you go to my lovelies  
When wood pigeons nest in your shed  
Tell me thoughts that surround you  
When you'd rather have an ostrich instead (yes you would)

Remember the village lanes of Stubton  
A tractor, the cyclists, a car  
And a Waitrose delivery driver  
Who has no idea where we are (he's got lost - things will defrost)  
So look into my face mes amies  
And remember just where we are  
Then plan your summer vacation  
As the pigeons fly in from afar (just to nest and be a pest)

I know where you go to my lovelies  
When wood pigeons nest in your shed  
I know the thought that surrounds you  
Put pigeon pie on the menu instead.

Words by Fiona Libby  
Music by Peter Sarstedt  
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