

## Sitting In My Tree

Electric Light Orchestra

I often sit alone up in a tree  
Waving to the ones that wave at me  
I think well just how stupid can they be  
Waving to a man up in a tree

What they don't know is I am counting them  
I even count the ladies and the men  
I put the numbers in my little book  
And only me can ever have a look

All I ask is a piece of mind  
Which I lost somewhere down amongst the mess  
All I want is for people to be kind  
And walk slower to be counted when they pass

I think well just how stupid can they be  
Waving to a man up in a tree

I know that I will have to stop my fun  
When I meet a girl who I can not count on  
Maybe marry her and happy we would be  
Not counting but a-sitting up a tree  
I put the numbers in my little book  
And only me can ever have a look  
I think well just how stupid can they be  
Waving to a man up in a tree