

Little Dancing Flea

Dingle dingle dingle dingle dingle dingle dee
Ukulele music and a little dancing flea.

Jo just got his power bill, it made him hopping mad
So he picked up his ukulele and didn't feel so bad.
Played a merry little tune, his feet began to tap
Sang a song and before too long Jo was a happy chap.

Jane came home from work and her poor head was pounding
The room was spinning round, she really needed grounding.
She reached for her ukulele and played her favourite tune
Soon our ukulele lady was shining like the moon.

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The market place was very quiet and void of atmosphere
Until a little girl cried out, "The Yamba Ukes are here!"
And twenty-one ukulele plonkers plucked out a song
Everyone at the market stood up and sang along.

When the mighty Clarence rose and left some isolated
Some were sitting high and dry and some evacuated.
We didn't let our spirits sink or dampen in the rain
We plucked our ukuleles and made it shine again!

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