

ODD SOX

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Red sox, white sox, stripy or gold,
Sometimes I find them covered in mould
When I buy them they're a pair
But I've been wearing odd sox all year
Where do my other sox go? They disappear

Sox with holes and sox with spots
Ankle sox, well I've got lots
Out of the packet two sox come
But before too long there's only one
Where does my other sock go? It disappears

CHORUS

I've been thinking lately
There must be an odd sock meeting spot
But where on earth that spot might be?
I haven't got a clue. HAVE YOU?

Sparkly sox and sox with cars
Lightning bolts or yellow stars
Both in the wash those sox of mine
But only one comes off the line
Where does my other sock go? It disappears

BRIDGE

Odd sox, at home or in the playground
Odd sox, it's a common phenomenon

When I finally decide to throw

Those odd sox out, well whadiyaknow

The very next day, without a doubt

I'll look down on the floor and shout

“Oh no, not another odd sock!” (“Where did THAT come from??”)

It just appeared!

CHORUS X2 , HAVE YOU? WELL, HAVE YOU?