

On the Chilterns' edge, by the sweet river Thames  
There stands Kangaroo Hill  
An Iron Age fort where the rabbits now sport  
And the larks are rising still

*From its windy height there's the clearest sight  
Of the distant Berkshire Downs  
I'll spend my days where the alpacas graze  
And never miss the town*

Where its name came from nobody knows  
Since no kangaroos are there  
Though a wallaby once was seen in a field  
Or it could have been a very large hare

*Chorus*

On its friendly gales a red kite sails  
Quartering the fields below  
And a buzzard is buzzed by two local rooks  
However high he goes

*Chorus*

When winter's clouds lend the hills white shrouds  
We take our toboggans there  
Fly down the slope, hold tight to the rope  
As close to the hedge as we dare

*Chorus*

Those long-necked sheep with their doe-eyes deep  
On Kangaroo Hill they graze  
And every sweet brown face of this alien race  
Calmly returns your gaze

*And the curly locks of these peaceful flocks  
Are black and blond and brown  
I'll spend my days where the alpacas graze  
And never miss the town*

*From its windy height there's the clearest sight  
Of the distant Berkshire Downs  
I'll spend my days where the alpacas graze  
And never will come down*