London 1930 – 4 p.m.

Everything Stops For Tea 8x32S3

Ron Mackey (2005)



Everything Stops For Tea

Oh, the factories may be roaring With a boom-a-lacka, zoom-a-lacka, wee But there isn't any roar when the clock strikes four Everything stops for tea

Oh, a lawyer in the courtroom In the middle of an alimony plea Has to stop and help 'em pour when the clock strikes four Everything stops for tea

It's a very good English custom
Though the weather be cold or hot
When you need a little pick—up, you'll find a little tea cup
Will always hit the spot

Oh, the soldiers may be fighting In the trenches or a battleship at sea But there isn't any war when the clock strikes four For everything stops for tea

More verses found online:

Every nation in creation has its favourite drink France is famous for its wine, it's beer in Germany Turkey has its coffee and they serve it blacker than ink Russians go for vodka and England loves its tea

You remember Cleopatra Had a date to meet Mark Anthony at three When he came an hour late she said "You'll have to wait" For everything stops for tea

Oh, they may be playing football And the crowd is yelling "Kill the referee!" But no matter what the score, when the clock strikes four Everything stops for tea

Oh, the golfer may be golfing
And is just about to make a hole—in—three
But it always gets them sore when the clock yells "four!"
Everything stops for tea

It's a very good English custom And a stimulant for the brain When you feel a little weary, a cup'll make you cheery And it's cheaper than champagne

Now I know just why Franz Schubert Didn't finish his unfinished symphony He might have written more but the clock struck four And everything stops for tea