

Title : House Of Lim Chin Boon

Composer : Dick Lee

Lyricist : Anthony Drewe

Oh so sedate so refined
Seeming to the world that there's
Nothing on our mind
Not a hair out of place
As we sip from the cup
All is style and grace
With our little pinkies up
Is it all a facade?
Are we tense?
Are we trying too hard?
It's the effort we make
For appearance's sake
But this scene cannot last
If you're versed in such things
You will know it will end
When the door bell rings

Still we sit, still we wait
Have another cup,
doesn't matter if she's late
Are we all we appear?
Does it show? Can you tell?

This is a veneer
That we polish rather well
But then to our dismay
Came the note
She's arriving today

With the deepest regret
She is bound to upset
Our domestic affairs
With the news that she brings
But we'll know pretty soon
When the door bell rings

Maybe it's a hoax
One of Richard's jokes
Why would she come searching now?

If a joke then I don't see the humour
Must we all be tormented by a rumour?
I trust the truth will soon unfold
It's just some girl
who comes to dig for gold.

A pleasant afternoon
The house of Lim Chin Boon
A house that seems at home with intrigue,
Feuds and tragedy

A normal afternoon
The house of Lim Chin Boon
The surface seems unruffled but beneath
the torrents run
And no-one deals with this as well as
The Peranakan

So sedate so refined
Seeming to the world that there's
Nothing on our mind
Not a hair out of place
As we sip from the cup
All is style and grace
With our little pinkies up
Is it all a fag'8dade?
Are we tense?
Are we trying too hard?
It's the effort we make
For appearance's sake
But this scene cannot last
If you're versed in such things
You will know it will end
When the door bell rings

If we are correct
What will she expect?
Surely Boon will not allow her here
Not now
If she is who we think, can she prove it?
If a problem we'll have to remove it
She can go back to England from whence
She came
With her foolish story
A pleasant afternoon
The house of Lim Chin Boon