

In tropical climes there are certain times of day  
When all the citizens retire  
To tear their clothes off and perspire.  
It's one of those rules that the greatest fools obey,  
Because the sun is much too sultry  
And one must avoid its ultry-violet ray.  
The native grieve when the white men leave their huts,  
Because they're obviously definitely nuts!  
Mad dogs and Englishmen  
Go out in the midday sun,  
The Japanese don't care to.  
The Chinese wouldn't dare to,  
Hindus and Argentines sleep firmly from twelve to one.  
But Englishmen detest a siesta.  
In the Philippines  
There are lovely screens  
To protect you from the glare.  
In the Malay States  
There are hats like plates  
Which the Britishers won't wear.  
At twelve noon  
The natives swoon  
And no further work is done.  
But mad dogs and Englishmen  
Go out in the midday sun.  
It's such a surprise for the Eastern eyes to see  
That though the English are effete,  
They're quite impervious to heat,  
When the white man rides every native hides in glee,  
Because the simple creatures hope he  
Will impale his sola topi on a tree.  
It seems such a shame  
When the English claim  
The earth  
That they give rise to such hilarity and mirth.  
Mad dogs and Englishmen  
Go out in the midday sun.  
The toughest Burmese bandit  
Can never understand it.  
In Rangoon the heat of noon  
Is just what the natives shun.

They put their Scotch or Rye down  
And lie down.

In a jungle town  
Where the sun beats down  
To the rage of man and beast  
The English garb  
Of the English sahib  
Merely gets a bit more creased.

In Bangkok  
At twelve o'clock  
They foam at the mouth and run,  
But mad dogs and Englishmen  
Go out in the midday sun.  
Mad dogs and Englishmen  
Go out in the midday sun.  
The smallest Malay rabbit  
Deplores this foolish habit.

In Hong Kong  
They strike a gong  
And fire off a noonday gun  
To reprimand each inmate  
Who's in late.

In the mangrove swamps  
Where the python romps  
There is peace from twelve till two.  
Even caribous  
Lie around and snooze;  
For there's nothing else to do.

In Bengal  
To move at all  
Is seldom, if ever done.  
But mad dogs and Englishmen  
Go out in the midday  
Out in the midday  
Out in the midday  
Out in the midday  
Out in the midday  
Out in the midday sun.