

I'm walking with my iguana.

I'm walking with my iguana.

When the temperature rises to above eighty-five, my iguana is looking like he's coming alive.

So we make it to the beach, my iguana and me, then he sits on my shoulder as we stroll by the sea . . .

and I'm walking with my iguana. I'm walking with my iguana.

Well if anyone sees us we're a big surprise, my iguana and me on our daily exercise,

till somebody phones the local police and says I have an alligator tied to a leash. When I'm walking with my iguana.

I'm walking with my iguana.

It's the spines on his back that make him look grim, but he just loves to be tickled under his chin.

And I know that my iguana is ready for bed when he puts on his pyjamas and lays down his sleepy head.

And I'm walking with my iguana.

Still walking with my iguana.