

Black Beetle Pies

Bellowhead

Come all you fine ladies
Listen to my tale
A curious story
To you I will tell
Such a strange little tale
Such a nasty surprise
There's a lady who feeds the poor on her
Black beetle pies

All you that are hungry
Do not despair
At Raglan House Brixton
Quickly repair
She is so benevolent
To all who go there
And you'll get a nice supper
I vow and declare

You can fill your hungry bellies
Before you depart
She'll hand out to Tom, Dick and Nellie
A stinking slice of her black beetle tart

The gardener next door
Was a very nice man
She gave him such a pie
As nobody can
When he took off the crust of it
He found after a pause
That the inside was stuffed with this fine lady's drawers

Black beetle pies, black beetle pies
Black beetle pies, black beetle pies
Black beetle pies, black beetle pies

Well she laughed in his face then
Her breath made him close both his eyes
She said, "I'm longing to feed you up on my
Nice hearty black beetle pies"
And this is the treatment
She gives to the poor
Who happen to find their way to her
Lodging house door

And if I had my way
She'd get a surprise
I'd stuff her cram full of those
Nasty, stinking black beetle pies

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