

## Down from London

Caravan

Some way in the distance, I could hear a bell  
Calling out for anyone, anyone who could help  
Small gang of locals, gathered around  
What the hell had gone wrong

Said with a certain smile, it was such a hoot  
Some stupid DFL' had shot himself in the foot  
Forgot his safety, playing with his gun  
They were sure to have fun

Looked up and down and said, he could be a toff  
He could be far much worse, likely as not  
Dressed like a country squire, all tweedy and brogued  
They said they'd never seen the like, the like before

Called out for the doctor, but he couldn't come  
Said that he was tied up with a nun  
Hard to imagine  
The story goes  
Dine out on this for years to come

I may be a cynical I may be a clown  
Can't help but be amused, the way things had turned  
Poor guy was sat there, egg on his face  
This was some big mistake

Some say it's a blessing and some say it's a curse  
You know I could be wrong but  
Could have been a lot worse  
He clearly had money, but he hadn't a clue  
Country life's, not for you

Ambulance crew arrived, put on a show  
Said he's just one lucky boy, it was just a toe  
Soon be as right as rain, no time at all  
If he wants to try again, give us a call