

A Country Practice

Half Man Half Biscuit

I feel like a beggar accepting alms
Then being pelted with figs
I study my steadily declining chart placings
They greet me with freezing cold inhospitality
Hey, where did that bloke go who said I was vital?

I possess the mild air of a retail tobacconist
That's because I'm a retail tobacconist
But the mayflies on a Berkshire trout river
Would probably tell you a different story
About ham-fisted diadems and momentary daydreams
Of mythical dividends and illusory boardroom seats

In the room festooned with fat beef certificates
From county shows
Duff Leg Bryn had drank too much again
Most of Wem was steering clear of him
I've got no time for this twelfth consecutive Rose Bowl

'Cos at Sunday next at ten to four
I've got an invitation for
A trip around Katharine Hamnett's warehouse
Followed by dinner with David Emmanuel
Who I can't wait to tell about my dream
In which the almost illegal Elton Welsby
Is dressed as a french maid on a moonless byway
Licking his lips as he creeps ever closer
Fast falls the eventide
Fast falls the eventide

The public appearance of bitter ex-soap stars
Who thought they could go on and do other things beside
The Centre Court amusement at the ballboy's mishap
That bobbing up and down thing that they do at the
Proms
Opinionated weather forecasters telling me it's going
to be a miserable day
Miserable to who? I quite like a bit of drizzle, so
stick to the facts

Channel Four presents "Blowjob"
Introduced by Adrian and Sophie Horn
Who is of course one bloke with a pierced dick
Who's just had the nod from Planet 24
Hear him say "surreal", "bizarre", "sad git"
"Yes indeedy", "completely and utterly", "footy",
"anorak" and "respect"
Before whipping the audience up into doing the Time
Warp

Watch him take us live to The Queen's Arse and Firkin
Where Joseph Bloggs and his amazing Technicolor
shellsuit
Are about to abort their Steely Dan routine
And instead embark upon fifteen minutes of mantra-
filled oompah
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Adrian-stroke-Sophie wants us, the viewers, to ring in
And say how we think the punters will react

These are a few of my favourite things..

I'm incredibly bored with the word "millennium"
I'm with the Jehovah's Witnesses
Millions now earmarked will later be wasted
Her Majesty, marvellous, mother the musical
The fireworks lighting up the Houses of Parliament
Death in Trafalgar Square, death in the armchair
Of cliched old spinsters who've never been loved
Every day is Australia day
"Sons and Daughters" and "Home and Away"
And then the news comes on and the sound goes down
'Cos she can't be bothered with all them politicians
They're all just a bunch of flaming drongos

She died with her telly on, eighty-seven and confused
With not enough hospital beds 'cos all the money's been
used
On the end of the century party preparations
And they reckon that the last thing she saw in her life
was
Sting, singing on the roof of the Barbican
Sting, singing on the roof of the Barbican

T for Toxteth, T for Tennessee
T for Toxteth, T for Tennessee
T for Thatcher, that girl that made a wreck out of me

Oh the lady labelled me an idle
Oh the lady labelled me an idle
Oh the lady labelled me an idle layabout
Layabout
Layabout