

Doreen

Half Man Half Biscuit

In the room with the sloping roof in your director's
chair
You talk with your hands about what you will do next
year
But no-one gives a toss and we all go to Europe
Watch Alwin Schockemohle where'er he competes

Doreen, Doreen
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The recreation ground by us don't seem to have many
facilities for the kids and the dogs
I submitted a poem to the council chambers
But they just looked surprised like the front of an
Anglia
There are no dark corners of cool relief
It's a tragedy with few interludes

Doreen, Doreen
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The five-day breaks and the long weekends
Give me plenty of time to see the everyday things
I was faintly amused to see Dutch veterans Alquin
Fooling around on pleasure craft at Chester
Walking up Scafell swinging a chain
Along came a hosteller I asked him his name
When he said he was Malcolm of Arimathea
My rejoinder was "Die, you off-beat cabaret type"

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