

Tyrolean Knockabout

Half Man Half Biscuit

I've been strolling down my favourite lane
And I've been bowling my left-arm occasionals again
Life gets sweeter the more that I understand
The flora and the fauna and the hedgerows abound in this
land

Monday morning the field paths are calling my name
No storm warning is going to stop me setting out again
You could join me, my flask is full to the brim
And let's face it it beats skulking round the seven-inch
import section with him

I'm keeping my feet above the mulch of the barton with
song
A drink and a four-handed reel as I ramble along
Let's hear it for the brakeman, without him I'd have to
find more words
Yodelay-ee-hoo

I've been goading D-list Paul Ross for a laugh
By unloading outside what he'd call his "gaff"
Old fridge-freezers, doors all removed like we're told
His face at the window on waking a sight to behold

I'm keeping my feet above the mulch of the barton with
song
A drink and a four-handed reel as I ramble along
Let's hear it for the brakeman, without him I'd have to
find more words
Yodelay-ee-hoo