

Uffington Wassail

Half Man Half Biscuit

Oh say I'm not the only one to fill with trepidation
Walking across the forecourt of the fire station
My wariness consumes me, and still protects me from
The dimmer switch, and membership of Britannia Music
Club

I adventured for a fortnight in the valley of the Rhone
Defied capricious mistrals on which tragedies are blown
Dismounting at the roadside to lubricate my chain
I heard the hounds of retribution barking their
refrain:
Let's go the Met Bar, and cause an altercation
Let's go the Groucho, and snap at rakish heels

For a month I went all floppy just to see where I'd end
up
The morgue was my considered guess, or maybe Martinique
The stern grind of reality however took its course
I stayed exactly where I was and suffered endless Feltz

Because you had a daughter, and chose to call her Raine
Because you didn't indicate to go down Woodchurch Lane
Your Am-Dram class has been postponed indefinitely
Because the root of Jesse's just turned up in glorious
majesty

Singing Sealed Knot Society, let's see you try and do
this one:
Luton Town - Millwall, nineteen eighty-five

Hand me down my silver trumpets
Sound the revolution bell
There's a Cher impersonator
Rising up in Israel

Late Lunch audience, they've got all your addresses!
Lazy greedy farmers, pick your own strawberries!
Is that our phone ringing, or is it on the telly?
Let's do the bongo-laced twenty-second album

Vreni Schneider - you're my downhill lady!
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