

The Day The Baron Died

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First time I saw the Baron's claw
Heads poking round the terrace door
Made of silver and gold and bits of iron ore
Well, we all said "Cor"

They had just installed the first phone
In the office of the Baron's home
And silhouetted, by the fire we saw
The phone in the claw

And all the children cried with joy
And they'd run alongside
When his big old car sped by
Steered by the Baron's claw

Next time I saw the Baron's claw
Slashing it's way through the grocers door
He saved the family from the fire's roar
Staggered into the street

Skin peeled off on the street
The Baron stayed on his feet
Holding aloft his claw
Awaiting the villagers applause

The day the Baron died
Children ran alongside
The big black car went by
Carrying the Baron's claw

And as we grow old
Don't we forget what we're told
So we forget what we know
About the Baron's claw

And as we grow old
We all forget what we're told
We all forget what we know
About the Baron's claw

Remembering the Baron's claw
He had it made after the first great war
Gold and silver and bits of iron ore
The Baron's claw