

# The Loo Song

The Corries

I was born in Arkansas, me mammy was a squaw, pappy  
hailed from Timbuktu  
There's one thing I recall that I hated most of all  
Was that little green shed, our Loo

It had a Cedar shingle roof, I swear that was the truth  
Hinges all rusting and corroding, 'twas a ghastly shade  
of green  
The worst you've ever seen, it stood there at the  
bottom of the garden

Well one day when I was six, I was chopping at some  
sticks  
When a nasty little gleam came to my eye  
I ran down to the John and shoved it off the lawn  
In to the river flowing gently by

Soon my Pappy called my name ,he yelled "Hey, what's ya  
game ?"  
Why did you shove our privy in the drink  
Well then I shook with fear and shed a little tear  
I said it wasn't me I didn't think

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Hinges all rusting and corroding, 'twas a ghastly shade  
of green  
The worst you've ever seen, it stood there at the  
bottom of the garden

Then my Pappy told to me, how George Washington, felled  
the tree  
Then he went and owned up straight away  
And he because he told the truth, that honest youth  
foresooth  
His Pappy didn't punish him that day

Well, me being a little green, I thought I'd best come  
clean  
So I told my Pappy how I sank that shack  
Well, with a rebel cry of glee he hauled me o'er his  
knee  
Proceeded to wop me blue and black

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Since I hadn't told a lie, I asked my Pappy why  
He sat there and he answered with a frown  
Well, George Washington's pappy, he, wasn't sitting in  
the tree  
When that little bastard went and chopped it down