

Jolly Executioner

The Rumjacks

It said his blade weighed half a tonne
O' Spanish steel, Christ how it shone
With a whistle and thump yer dash were done
And the axe cared not for who you were

He kept a cell below the tower
Where he signed the cross every half an hour
With a calf skin drum and a rattle tat taa
The Jolly Executioner

He had a son, a drunken sailor
Coulda been a Tinker, Tyke, or tailor
Sailed away to far Australia
To be the executioner

His rope were short, his knots were tight
He'd plait the hemp by candle light
With a crack and twang ye bade goodnight
To the Jolly Executioner

String em high and stretch em well
Burn a candle, strike a bell
Pipe their rotten souls to hell
For the Jolly Executioner

Then some bloke with a kite and key
Invented electricity
And the job were handed down to me
So fortunate you wish you were

I've cooked em all, the crooks and crumbs
The vagabonds and hapless bums
With a crackle and pop, 'Ol' Sparky' sung
For the Jolly Executioner

String em high and stretch em well
Burn a candle, strike a bell
Pipe their rotten souls to hell
For the Jolly Executioner

String em high and stretch em well
Burn a candle, strike a bell
Pipe their rotten souls to hell
For the Jolly Executioner

I had a son, near broke me heart
A stand alone, a breed apart
Brought death unto a dying art
A general Practitioner

All white lab coats and PHD's
And 10cc's of anti-freeze
A noble art brought to its knees
Farewell to the Executioner

String em high and stretch em well
Burn a candle, strike a bell

Pipe their rotten souls to hell
For the Jolly Executioner

String em high and stretch em well
Burn a candle, strike a bell
Pipe their rotten souls to hell
For the Jolly Executioner