

# Liverpool Lyrics



a booklet in adobe pdf format published by

**Gerry Jones**  
LIVERPOOL MUSICIAN

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# Liverpool Lyrics

## Introduction

On the pages that follow are the lyrics of some Liverpool folk-songs as known by Gerry Jones of Broad Green, who was a young man during the folk-song boom of the early 1960s.

By collating the Lyrics into this PDF format, I hope that it will make it easier for those who wish to have a printout of a particular song, if you wish to print out for instance "A Double Thick Marmalade Butty", when you click on print, and your print window opens, you choose from "Print Range" Pages: 9-10 and that's all that will be printed, saving paper and the planet.

Please feel free to contact me with more information about any of the songs, and especially if you can offer some more lyrics or answer any questions that may arise.

I will be posting questions and comments from you at the end of the Lyrics section.

## Disclaimer

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# Liverpool Lyrics

## Back Buchanan Street (Original)

Here are the original lyrics, written by Harry & Gordon Dison back in the 1960s

*A fella' from the Council, Just out of Planning School  
Has told us that we're being moved right out of Liverpool  
They're sending us to Kirkby, or Skelmersdale or Speke  
Don't want to go from all we know in Back Buchanan Street*

*We'll miss a lot of little things like putting out the cat  
For there's no back door on the fourteenth floor of a Unit-Camus flat  
Don't want to go to Kirkby, or Skelmersdale or Speke  
Don't want to go from all we know in Back Buchanan Street*

*We'll miss the fog horns on the river and we'll miss the ole' Pierhead  
An' short cuts through the jiggers when we're rolling home to bed  
Don't want to go to Kirkby, or Skelmersdale or Speke  
Don't want to leave. We'll only grieve for Back Buchanan Street*

*We'll miss the pub around the corner, with the parlour painted red  
Just like we miss the Green Goddesses and the Overhead  
Don't want to go to Kirkby, or Skelmersdale or Speke  
Just want to stay where we used to play in Back Buchanan Street*

*We'll miss the Mary Ellens, an' me Dad'll miss the Docks  
An' Gran'll miss the washhouse, where she washed me Grandad's socks  
Don't want to go to Kirkby, etc...*

*They've closed down Paddy's Market, where me Ma once had a stall  
And soon their picks and shovels, will be through our back yard wall  
Don't want to go to Kirkby, etc...*

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## Back Buchanan Street continued

*From Walton to the Dingle, you'll hear the same old cry  
Stop messin' round with Liverpool at least until we die  
Don't want to go to Kirkby, or Skelmersdale or Speke  
Don't want to go from all we know in Back Buchanan Street*

Harry Dison is still alive and well, (2005) but no longer song writing. Sadly, Gordon died on Thursday, the 1st September, at the age of 73. Not long after the publication of the song, Harry's son John became a town planner!

Harry says; "The song was originally written for a BBC folk song competition in which it was sung by Robin Hall and Jimmy McGregor. It fortunately was one of the final 10 which were recorded and published, out of 3000 sent in. We sent the last two verses in later, but they were too late to be included."

"Jackie and Bridie took it up after this and changed the odd word here and there, commencing it with ? A fella from the Corpy??. "They also sang 'Of a Corporation flat', in place of 'Of a Unit-Camus flat', but we didn't mind so long as they sang it. 'Unit', was a large construction company based in Speke, and 'Camus' a French system, I think, that they used for the pre-cast construction. Their recording was played on Radio 4 in Feb 2005, so the song is still alive and kicking."

# Liverpool Lyrics

## Back Buchanan Street (Version)

*Here is the version I heard and sang, probably after trying to recall the words as sung by Jackie and Bridie (giving my age away.)*

*A feller from the Corpy, just out of planning school,  
Has told us that we've got to move right out of Liverpool.  
They're moving us to Kirkby, to Skelmersdale and Speke,  
But we want to stay where we used to play in Back Buchanan Street.*

*CHORUS; Don't want to go to Kirkby, don't want to go to Speke,  
Don't want to go from all I know in Back Buchanan Street.*

*(I'll miss the) pub around the corner, with the parlour painted red,  
Likewise the green goddesses, likewise the Overhead.  
And lots of other little things, like putting out the cat,  
'Cause there's no back door on the 14th floor of a corpy Tower-block flat.*

*I'll miss the Mary Ellens, Me Dad'll miss the docks.  
Me Gran'll miss the wash-house where she washed me grandad's socks  
They've pulled down Paddy's Market, where me Ma once had a stall,  
And soon their picks & shovels will be through our backyard wall.*

*From Bootle to the Dingle, you can hear the same old cry,  
"Stop mucking round with Liverpool, at least until I die".*

This is a very good example of how folk songs change, even songs which were actually composed by living musicians, written down and printed.

Folk-songs are normally learned by listening, not from printed publications, and even songs written in the folk song style are liable to the same fate - to be learned by hearing, probably not exactly right,

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with alterations, both accidental and deliberate, creeping in, and singers believing that the version they heard is the "authentic" version.

Harry Dison himself says, "There are some small variations in the wording of odd choruses which can be used or not, as desired, and it may be of advantage to reduce the number of choruses by pairing some verses together". Exactly what has happened.

# Liverpool Lyrics

## A Double Thick Marmalade Butty

*by Frank Lewis, who also wrote 'The Wellie Song' .Thanks to Frank's daughter Sarah for providing the words for this song Billy Maher sang some of Frank's songs, on BBC Radio Merseyside.*

*I live in a slum, with me dad and me mum,  
Theyre always out gamblin' an boozin',  
Drinkin' their beer, with bingo cards near,  
And horses invariably losin'.  
They tell me I'm rude, when I ask for good food,  
an' tell me I'm acting quite smutty,  
If you're older or younger, to stave off your hunger,  
have a double thick marmalade butty.*

*Chorus:  
A double thick marmalade butty  
A double thick marmalade butty  
If you're older or younger  
to stave off your hunger  
have a double thick marmalade butty.*

*One year for our hols', we went to the falls,  
the weather was shocking by gosho,  
the gamblin was lousy, they played 'housey housey',  
An' the food it was terribly posho.  
Me dad said that he wouldn't pay them for food,  
'cos to him it all tasted like putty,  
so we went down to Youngers, to stave off our hunger,  
for a double thick marmalade butty  
Chorus:*

# Liverpool Lyrics

## **A Double Thick Marmalade Butty continued**

*When out with me ma, we ate caviar,  
it cost us a pretty penny,  
when I asked him for chips, he said through his lips,  
I'm afraid, sir, that we have not any'.  
Me ma said that " this isn't cricket, you know,  
for us you're not doing your utty!"  
So we came out that hotel, and went to the motel,  
for a double thick marmalade butty.  
Chorus:*

*Me young brother Mort, was a hell of a sport,  
he never would eat before playin',  
he said that his hunger made him feel younger,  
but didnt realise what he was sayin'.  
He loses his 'ead, and pinches some bread,  
before he goes out to play footy,  
and while gettin a beatin, he's standin there eatin'  
a double thick marmalade butty.  
Final Chorus:*

A long-term fan of Frank's, Gary du Rose, writes; " Around 1982 -85, Frank Lewis was my teacher in Primary School,. He was from Liverpool,and he would get his guitar out and sing it to us. The last I heard of him he was living in Birkenhead. He also wrote a song called "I'm a Great Man" all about himself running for the bus as a teenager on his way to work." Last I heard, from his daughter, Sarah, Frank was still a teacher, living in Birkenhead, singing with the kids in school." 'I'm a great man' was a song about cursing a bus driver, driving an Atlantean. He has also written songs about "Arrowe Park", and "A Penny Return."

# Liverpool Lyrics

## If You Aint Got No Dough Rey Me

*This song from Pete McGovern is a send up of the Woodie Guthrie song 'If you ain't got the do ray me'*

*Folks are leaving Speke, they say,  
going on the transfer list each day  
Heading down Booker Avenue way  
where the neighbourhood is class.  
Over that Garston bridge they roll  
leaving, they say. a corpy hole  
Into debt, body and soul, so the furniture will pass  
But the conductor on the 86 will say ("yeh yeh")  
you can't live down there on your dockers' pay*

*So if you 'ain't got the doh rey me, Boys  
If you 'ain't got the doh rey me  
you'd better go back to beautiful GARSTON,  
BOOTLE OR WAVERTREE  
Mossley hill may be a garden of Eden  
On the lampposts the dogs will never pee  
You won't find it so hot;  
in that neighbourhood you're a clot  
If you 'ain't got the doh re me.*

*You can't go just as you are  
better get yourself a Jaguar  
the kids will shout what a bag you are  
As your riding into town  
When you hear the rates, you'll weep  
you'll be losing lots of sleep  
to the social security you will creep  
But the man down there will frown  
Well, he'll raise his glasses high and he will say  
"you can't live down there on your dockers pay"*

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# Liverpool Lyrics

## **If You Aint Got No Dough Re Me continued**

*Same chorus*

*if you 'ain't got the doh re me Boys*

*only difference is - they've never heard the letters HP.*

# Liverpool Lyrics

## If You Ever Take a Four Penny Bus to Garston

*A version of "If you ever go across the sea to Liverpool" from John Leadbetter.*

*If you ever take a four penny bus to Garston  
It may be at the closing of the day  
You can smell the lovely odour from the gas works  
Or watch the sun go down o'er scouseland bay.*

*Oh the wind that blows across the sea from Stanlow  
The perfume on the jetty as it blows  
And the kiddies in the back streets playing conkers  
Speak a language that the strangers do not know.*

*But things are not so bad in dear old Garston  
No fag ends in the gutter do we see,  
And if I'm to live a life in next year after  
I shall live in dear old scouseland by the sea.*

John says "I am working in India and visited your web site to refresh my memory on some Liverpool songs. I thought you might like to add this one to your collection. My Dad used to sing it to me as a lullaby, and goes to the tune of Galloway Bay."

# Liverpool Lyrics

## Going Down to London

*Gonna Lun-dun, gunna have some fun.  
Gunna grab all the tarts,  
In my own little pad in Chelsea,  
I'm gunna break all their hearts.  
Gunna gerra job as a bouncer,  
in the big West End.  
When they hear my Liverpool accent,  
it'll send them round the bend."*

*Going down to London, on the night express,  
with my khaki kecks and my gansey on,  
I'm looking at me best.*

*Now I'm down in London,  
I'm walking round Hyde Park  
Looking for a place to live,  
it's quickly getting dark,  
I went for a drink in a hale-house,  
while I thought about what to do.  
I said; "Gizza brown-mixed and put a 'ead on it,  
or I'll put a 'ead on you."*

This is from the 1970s, and the group who performed it appeared on "New Faces."

# Liverpool Lyrics

## Googi the Liverpool Duck

*Lyrics: Thanks to Patti Page herself, and Steve McLaughlin's mum*

*I'm just an ordiNARY duck, you'll see me in the street,  
Wandering round Liverpool, with wellies on me feet.  
I live just up by Scotty Road, I think that you'll agree,  
There's not much there to look at but its home sweet home to me.  
Googi; Googi; I never had much luck,  
I don't care, I'm happy, I'm..... Googi the Liverpool Duck*

*My old man is a docker, and he's up to every trick,  
When he isn't out on strike, he's always on the sick.  
Me old girl is a cleaner in the alehouse down our street.  
It helps pay for her bingo, and she's there six nights a week.  
CHORUS.*

*Half our house supports the Reds, the other half the Blues.,  
There's murder on a Saturday night if either of them lose.  
The Liver Birds are mates of mine, they went to our old school.  
So when you see them, think of me, when you're in Liverpool  
CHORUS.*

Sheila Droniak asked about this song she once heard in the film 'Priest' in the scene where the choirboys are singing in the church.

Googi the Liverpool Duck, by Penny Page and David Alexander certainly had its heyday, and is available on CD still.

Mark Jones writes; "I had trouble convincing anyone outside of Liverpool (plus many from Liverpool!) that it actually existed. It took years to find this but finally I have some proof that I am not mad!"

# Liverpool Lyrics

## If You Ever Go Across the Sea to Liverpool

(Tune; "If you ever go across the sea to Ireland/Galway Bay")

*If you ever go across the sea to Liverpool  
then maybe at the closing of your day,  
you can see the moon rise over Garston Gasworks  
and watch the sun go down on Dingle Bay.*

*Just to see again the Ferries on the Mersey;  
the cars on William Brown Street in a jam  
and to sit beside your Judy in the Scala,  
and get her bevved in the "Legs of Man."*

*There's a man who stands just opposite the Adelphi;  
He stands there all day long, he's in his prime,  
But I think he'll have to go and get some clothes on  
before they'll let him in at opening time.*

*Oh I watch the Orange Lodge parade to Southport,  
that one day in the year, they think it's grand  
And I see the kids who sit outside the boozer,  
with a conny-onny butty full of sand.*

*Oh the winds that blow across the streets of Great Homer,  
are perfumed by the pigs cheeks as they blow,  
and the women selling papers on the corner  
speak a language that the clergy do not know.*

Anon: Via an old lady in a care home

# Liverpool Lyrics

## In My Liverpool Home

*Originally by Peter McGovern*

*Everyone has their own set of verses; here are my current favourites.*

*I was born in Liverpool, down by the docks.  
My religion was Catholic; occupation - hard knocks.  
At stealing from lorries, I was adept, and  
underneath overcoats each night I slept.*

*Chorus: "In my Liverpool home, D.A.D.D.  
In my Liverpool Home, G.G.D.D.  
We speak with an accent exceedingly rare, G.G.D.D.  
(We) meet under a statue exceedingly bare. G.G.D.D.  
If you want a cathedral, we've got one to spare, G.G.D.D.  
in my Liverpool home." A.A.D.D.*

*Back in the Forties the world it went mad,  
and Hitler he threw at us all that he had.  
When the smoke and the dust had all cleared from the air,  
"Thank God," said my old man, "the Pier Head's still there."*

*Over at Anfield\* the shirts they are red. \*LIVERPOOL.  
And the players play football as though they were dead.  
While over at Goodison\* the shirts they are blue, \*EVERTON.  
and the football they play is fantastic to view.*

*If it's football you're wanting, the team at the top,  
is the team that they're singing about in the Kop;  
this city has got two great teams it deserves;  
Liverpool ... First Team, and Liverpool Reserves.*

# Liverpool Lyrics

## In My Liverpool Home continued

*I took a walk along Lime Street one day,  
I saw a "Young Lady" a-heading my way;  
"Have you got the right time, love", says I to the lass,  
She said, "I've got the time, Jack, if you've got the brass."*

*When I grew up, I met Bridget Mc Cann;  
she said, "You're not much, but I'm needing a man;  
I want sixteen kids, and a house out in Speke;  
well, the flesh it was willing, but the spirit was weak."*

*Walton Gaol is the place for a quiet week-end.  
Climb over the wall, and you'll meet all your friends.  
You can sit and watch telly, drink whisky and beer  
and chalk on the prison walls; "Kilroy was here".*

*We've got wide open spaces like the Wavertree Park,  
where it's unsafe by daylight and more so by dark  
We've got places of culture like Dingle and Speke,  
where they play "tick" with hatchets, and fight with their feet.*

*We've got romantic places like the Cast-Iron Shore,  
where you can find someone else's back door,  
We had John, we had George, Ringo and Paul,  
the Liverpool Spinners, and the St George's Hall.*

*Oh, the Green and the Orange they battled for years.  
They gave us some laughs and they gave us some tears.  
But the Wacker don't want no spiritual rewards;  
all he wants is a Green Card to get into Ford's*

*Our LIVERpool Ladies will HUG and kiss Men,  
but a TRUE virgin Lady you'll FIND now and then  
Our eighteen-foot Lyver Birds perched up on high,  
will FLAP their great wings every time one goes by.*

# Liverpool Lyrics

## **In My Liverpool Home continued**

*Way out in Kirkby, the kids they wear clogs,  
there's eight million kids and there's ten million dogs.  
They play "tick" with hatchets, I tell you no lie,  
and they call you a "cissy" if you've more than one eye.*

*When my last whistle blows & the "Ref Up There" says;  
"You've supped your last Guinness,lad, it's the end of your days,"  
Take my ashes to Old Trafford( dramatic pause!) and spread them  
around,  
and they won't win a match while I'm haunting the ground.*

# Liverpool Lyrics

## I Wish I Was Back in Liverpool

*Stan Kelly writes; "The werds you give for I WISH differ un peu from what I wrote but no big deal. I'll send you an extra verse anon. I sing I WISH on Ewan MacColl's REVIVAL IN BRITAIN (Folkways)"*

*CHORUS: I wish I was back in Liverpool.  
Liverpool town where I was born  
Where there isn't no trees, no scented breeze  
no fields of waving corn.  
But there's lots of girls with peroxide curls  
And the "black & tan" flows free,  
With six in a bed by the old Pier head  
And its Liverpool Town for me.*

*Its seven long years since I wandered away,  
To sail the wide world o'er,  
My very first trip in an old tramp ship  
that was bound for Baltimore.  
I was seven days sick, and I just couldn't stick  
All that bobbing up and down,  
So I told them, Jack, to turn right back  
To dear old Liverpool Town.*

*We dug the Mersey Tunnel , boys, way back in '33  
Dug a hole in the ground until we found  
a 'ole called Wallasey.  
The foreman cried, "Get on outside;  
the roof is falling down!"  
And I'm telling you, Jack, we all SWAM back  
To dear old Liverpool Town .*

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# Liverpool Lyrics

## **I Wish I Was Back in Liverpool continued**

*There's every race and colour of face  
And every kind of name,  
But the pigeons\* there in Clayton Square  
they treat there all the same  
If you walk up Upper Parliament Street,  
You'll see faces black & brown,  
And I've even seen them orange & green  
In dear old Liverpool town.*

\* the pigeons sometimes make a mess "there in Clayton Square," and sometimes "at the old Pier Head." That's the way it is with folksong.

# Liverpool Lyrics

## Johnny Todd

*The tune of this song was used as the theme for the "Z-cars" TV series, which is still played when Everton F.C football team go out onto the pitch, but the song was sung long before Everton FC was invented. There is a pub in Kirkby (the "Newtown" of Z-cars) called the "Johnny Todd".*

*JOHNNY TODD he took a notion for to cross the ocean wide,  
and he left.....his true love behind him, waiting on the Liverpool side.  
For a week she wept full sorely, . . . tore her hair and wrung her hands,  
Till she met ..... with another sailor, . . . walking on the Liverpool sands.  
Why, fair maid, are you a-weeping, . . . for your Johnny gone to sea?  
If you will ..... marry me tomorrow, . . . I will kind and constant be.  
I will buy you sheets and blankets, . . . I'll buy you a wedding ring,  
and I'll buy .... you a silver cradle, . . . for to rock your babies in.  
Johnny Todd came home from sailing, . . . sailing o'er the ocean wide,  
just to find ... that his fair and false one . . . was another sailor's bride.  
So you young men who go sailing, . . . off to fight the foreign foe,  
do not leave your love behind like Johnny; . . . marry her before you go.*

Jean Frankland recalls her Nanna singing along to the first Z-cars, using a variant verse four, "I will BUILD you a GILDed cradle..." with that nice internal rhyme. This might be traditional, or it may be Nanna's invention. With folk songs, who can tell?

# Liverpool Lyrics

## The Leaving of Liverpool

*There really was a sailing ship called the "Davy Crockett" and a painting of her can be seen in some books about Liverpool.*

*Fare thee well, to you, my own true love, I am sailing far away.  
I am bound for California, and I hope that I'll return some day.*

**CHORUS:**

*So fare thee well, my own true love, and when I return, united we will be;  
It's not the leaving of Liverpool that grieves me, but, my darling, when I think of thee.*

*I have signed on a Yankee clipper ship, "DAVY CROCKETT" is her name  
and Burgess is the Captain of her, and they say she is a floating shame;*

**CHORUS:**

*I have sailed with Burgess once before, and I think I know him well  
If a man's a sailor then he might get along, but if not, why then he's sure in hell.*

**CHORUS:**

*Fare thee well to Lower Frederick Street, Anson Terrace & old Park Lane.  
for I know it will be a long, long time, before I see you again*

**CHORUS:**

*I am bound for California, by way of the stormy Cape Horn.  
I will write to you a letter, love, when I am home-ward bound.*

**CHORUS:**

*Oh, the sun is shining on the harbour wall, & I wish I could remain.  
for I know it will be a long, long time, before I see you again.*

**CHORUS:**

# Liverpool Lyrics

## The Liverpool Barrer Boy\*

*The lyrics are by Mollie Armstrong of Wallasey. Tony Davis recalls that she was inspired by the actual sight of a barrow boy being "done" by a policewoman in Clayton Square back in the early fifties! (He had to keep pushing his barrow, because every time he stopped to sell something, a policeman [scuffer] would charge him with obstructing the road or pavement.. "Judy-cop" = W.P.C.)*

*Tune: Rakes of Mallow.*

*Shoves me barrer round and round, ripe tomatoes firm and sound!  
Only half-a-crown a pound! Buy some from me barrer!*

*CHORUS; Pushing and shoving all the day, soon as I find a place to stay,  
up comes a scuff saying; "On yer way! Move your blinking barrer!"*

*Just as I start to make me sales, fingers all handy for the scales.  
Up come a scuffer - never fails - says I've got to shift me barrer.*

*Casey, Leece, Cable Street, there's always a scuffer on his beat.  
I can't seem to rest me aching feet, I've just got to shift me barrer.*

*Hawking in London Road one day, when a judy-cop come and took me away.  
Fined in Dale Street Court next day. So now I've go to SELL me barrer!*

\* = Liverpool Barrow Boy

# Liverpool Lyrics

## The Liverpool Blues

*Vipers Skiffle group??*

*Around the seven seas I have roamed,  
and there's many, many a place I call home,  
When at last I quit the sea, I know where I want to be;  
I want to be down where old Maggie roams.  
I'VE GOT THEM LIVERPOOL BLUES:  
I've got the high-down low-down mean old Liverpool Blues.  
Don't want to go down the coast of Spain,  
I like Liverpool in the rain.  
Don't want to go where there's castanets ringing;  
Give me Sunday morning in the old pub singing.  
I'VE GOT THEM LIVERPOOL BLUES: Blues I hope I never lose  
Ham & Eggs is a Yankee dish  
Give me Sunday morning with the old salt fish 'cos.  
I'VE GOT THEM LIVERPOOL BLUES:*

*I'VE GOT THEM LIVERPOOL BLUES  
I got the "Hey Joe, Waddy you know," mean old Liverpool Blues.  
Don't want to go down to Tennessee,  
Scotty Road is good enough for me,  
Don't want to go where there's banjos strumming  
Give me Paddy's Market with the "Two a penny, lemons."  
I'VE GOT THEM LIVERPOOL BLUES: Blues I hope I never lose  
Ham & Eggs is a Yankee dish  
Give me Sunday morning with the old salt fish 'cos.  
I'VE GOT THEM LIVERPOOL BLUES*

# Liverpool Lyrics

## Liverpool Ladies

by Joe Orford

*How I love the Marsh Lane girls;  
mascara'd eyes and peroxide curls  
I love to kiss those greasy lips,  
Just to get the flavour of the curry and chips.*

*Chorus:  
Liverpool Ladies, Liverpool Ladies,  
Liverpool Ladies, you're loved the whole world over.*

*Mary lived in Brasenose Road,  
Hundreds of pounds to the catalogue owed  
Couldn't stop her getting "tick",  
The Guinness she drank'd make a docker sick.*

*Chorus:*

*Once I courted a Bootle girl,  
She had my poor heart in a whirl;  
Fish-net tights and ankle socks,  
Couldn't keep her out of the Betting Shops*

*Chorus:*

*I once knew a girl from Toxteth Town;  
She was big and round and brown.  
She said she'd kiss and wouldn't tell;  
But don't believe a Dingle Belle.*

*Chorus:*

*Glenys was of Welsh descent,  
Owed the council lots of rent;  
She played "Bingo" every night,  
A jackpot win would put things right.*

*Chorus:*

# Liverpool Lyrics

## Liverpool Ladies continued

*Nellie worked for thirty years,  
In Tetley's pubs selling wines and beers;  
Thirty years in a Lime Street bar;  
You'd think she'd know what sailors are!  
Chorus:*

# Liverpool Lyrics

## Liverpool Lullaby

by Stan Kelly © (This REALLY should be sung un-accompanied.)

*OH YOU ARE A MUCKY KID, dirty as a dustbin lid.  
When he hears the things you did, You'll get a belt off your Dad.  
Oh you have your father's nose, so crimson in the dark it glows  
If you're not asleep when the boozers close,  
You'll get a belt from your Dad.*

*You look so scruffy lying there, strawberry jam-tats in your hair,  
Though in the world you haven't a care while I have got so many.  
It's such a struggle every day, living on your father's pay.  
The beggar drinks it all away and leaves me hardly any.*

*Though we have no silver spoon, better days are coming soon  
Now Nelly's working at the LUNE, & she gets paid on Fridays.  
Perhaps one day we'll have a splash,  
when Littlewoods provides the cash.  
We'll get a house in Knotty Ash, & buy yer dad a brewery.*

*Oh your are mucky kid; dirty as a dustbin lid.  
When he hears the things you did, you'll get a belt off your dad  
Oh you have your father's face, you're growing up real hard case  
There's no-one can take your place,  
go fast asleep for your Mammy.*

# Liverpool Lyrics

## Maggie May

*Oh, Maggie, Maggie May, they have taken her away,  
and she'll never walk down Lime Street any more.  
Oh, she robbed those lime-juice sailors,  
and the captains of the whalers,  
That dirty robbing no-good Maggie May.*

*O gather round, you sailor boys, and listen to my plea,  
And when you've heard my tale you'll pity me;  
For I was a goddamn fool, in the port of Liverpool  
the first time that I came home from sea.  
I was paid off at the Home, from the port of Sierra Leone,  
The three pounds ten a month that was me pay.  
With a pocket full of tin, I was very soon taken in  
By a girl with the name of Maggie May,. CHORUS.*

*Oh the first time I saw Maggie, she took my breath away,  
she was cruising up and down old Canning Place.  
She'd a figure so divine, like a frigate of the line,  
so me, being a sailor, I gave chase, CHORUS;*

*In the morning I awoke, I was flat & stony broke.  
No jacket, waistcoat, trousers could I find,  
And when I asked her where; she said, " My very good sir,  
they're down in Kelly's pawnshop, number 9."*

*To the pawnshop I did go, no clothes there did I find,  
And the police they took that girl from me away,  
And the judge he guilty found her,  
of robbing the homeward-bounder,  
And paid her passage out to Botany Bay. CHORUS.*

# Liverpool Lyrics

## Maggie May continued

There are many variants to this song. I have heard various amounts given as "the ££££ a month that was me pay" and after her "figure so divine", I first heard it as ..."and her voice was so refined." I have used "frigate of the line" as it sounds more nautical, even though Liverpool sailors were much more likely to be Merchant Navy than RN. and I have seen/heard " the judge he guilty found her, of robbing the homeward-bounder, " used as the middle lines of the chorus.

The song has quite a modern feel about it, and there's not much antique about the words, and I thought its "tradition" started about 1960. However, Herb Hughes (RN) heard it sung by Liverpool matelots around Plymouth as early as 1947.

Roger French, ex-pat scouser and mariner from Texas, writes; "I first heard the song in 1958, sung by Stan Hugill when he was bo'sun at the Outward Bound Sea School in Aberdovey. A reasonable provenance, I'd think! He said, and I remember this very clearly, that Maggie May was originally a London lady and song, who got adopted by Liverpool. sailors. Canning Town became Canning Place, for example, Limehouse became Lime Street. Interestingly enough, when Stan sang the song back then, she cruised in Paradise Street, not Lime Street. His version was considerably more "raunchy" than most, with reference to Maggie's "old red flannel drawers" and other unmentionables.

Stan's chorus was:

*"Oh Maggie, Maggie May, they have take her away,  
for a slave upon that cruel devil's shore.  
Oh she robbed many a whaler, and many a drunken sailor,  
but she'll never cruise down Paradise Street no more."*

The version you have is indeed, I think, a product of the early 60s and arose from the popularisation of Liverpool, both nationally and internationally". Many thanks for all that Roger

Gerry Jones - Liverpool Musician

# Liverpool Lyrics

## The Mersey Tunnel Song

*A query from Jim McKeown on 17 Nov 05, asking for the rest of song about The Mersey Tunnel song, of which he offered two verses, below.*

*The Mersey Tunnel is three miles long  
and the roof is made of glass,  
so that as you are driving through  
you can watch the ships sail past,  
there's a plughole every five yards  
thats opened every night,  
it lets in lots of water  
and it washes away the..da da da diddly da da da.*

### *NEXT VERSE*

*The tunnel it runs from Liverpool  
right through to Birkenhead ,  
three miles of engineering  
beneath the Mersey bed,  
it was built by the Romans  
when the ferries were on strike,  
and Caesar led his army through  
upon his motorbike  
da da da dar dar dar diddly dar dar dar.....*

Joanna Oldham writes; "I think it was written specifically for the first performance on the stage of Willy Russell's *Our Day Out* at the *Everyman* in 1983. As far as I know, the lyrics and certainly the music were written by Chris Mellor (who whose name was misspelt as Mellors by Samuel French publishers)".

MAL tells me (Dec 2010) that this was written (words and Music) by

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# **Liverpool Lyrics**

Willy Russell in the 60s as one of his 'comedy' songs when he was doing the folk scene with the "Kirkby Town Three".

As regards the tune, I have no solid information, but I feel strongly that it has to be based on something simple and well-known, and it can indeed be sung to the "Off in a Motorcar" tune, or possibly a 6/8 version of Lonnie Donegan's "My old man's a dustman". (Gerry)

# Liverpool Lyrics

## My Liverpool

by Dr Brian Jacques, D.Let. H.C.

*The drizzle on the cobbles in the early mornin', that's my Liverpool.  
With a half eaten butty an' yer lace undone, y'gonna be late for school.  
There's a ship with a cargo of containers coming in through the locks  
an' a bus with a cargo of hangovers headin' down to the docks.  
My Liverpool's a town of dogs an' kids all kickin' up in the street  
Won't you give that dog a bone, Ma. Give that kid a sweet  
an' the people know how to treat a stranger See that open door.....  
If YOU've never had a plate of my Ma's scouse, then YOU've never lived before  
It's roarin' bustlin' open wide the northwest gate to Merseyside.*

*My Liverpool's a town of two religions they've both got floodlights  
a hundred smells, a million faces an' a thousand different sights.  
why, I knew the house where the beatles lived 'til they called in the pest control  
there's a ferry that goes across the Mersey where they learned to rock an' roll  
In the Kirkdale Market Saturday mornin' you can get most anything  
from a new bedstead to a pound of salt-fish or a green-gold weddin' ring  
There's a feller made of brass, with a big bare (elbow) where the girls all stand an wait  
Have a Chinese Indian Italian meal in good .....ould Liverpool Eight.  
It's roarin' bustlin' open wide the northwest gate to Merseyside.*

*My Liverpool's a town where the cats never sleep, they sing the whole night long  
an' the sparrows cough on the window-sill in lieu of a mornin' song  
an' the buskers in the subway sound as good as the fellers on teevee  
an' I'm not bad when I've had a few pints you wanna have a listen to me.  
Hear the sound of a tugboat on the river has a music of its own  
the Goodison choir an' the Anfield army who never walk alone  
then the sun comes out an' the Liver Bird stands up to stretch his wings  
an' the music starts in a million hearts and that's ..... when Liverpool sings  
It's roarin' bustlin' open wide the northwest gate to Merseyside.*

Brian has kindly given permission for these verses to appear here, and - remember - he wrote the music as well. You can hear him singing it in

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# **Liverpool Lyrics**

his "JacquesTown" programme on BBC Radio Merseyside on Sunday evenings.

# Liverpool Lyrics

## Rent Collecting in Speke

*An adventurous young man was young Willie Moran,  
of yellow he'd never a streak;  
Hunted shark, fished for whale, and he never turned tail,  
Till he tried rent-collecting in Speke, in Speke.  
Till he tried rent-collecting in Speke.*

*He knocked on this flat with his rata-tat-tat.  
"Are you paying me any this week?"  
The neighbours just shrugged as poor Willie got slugged,  
When he tried rent-collecting in Speke, in Speke  
when he tried rent-collecting in Speke.*

*So Will tried again, sloping up Mackett's Lane,  
a back road through Hunts Cross to seek.  
In a camouflage mac., a flame-thrower on his back,  
To try rent-collecting in Speke, in Speke,  
To try rent-collecting in Speke.*

*So Will hired a tank, and armed guards from the Bank,  
and policemen of manly physique.  
Down the Boulevard did go, shouting; "The Corpy needs dough,  
and you must pay your rent up in Speke, in Speke,  
and you must pay your rent up in Speke.*

*This appeal, Willie found, fell on to stony ground,  
and he soon found himself up the creek,  
The staff-nurse she did grin, as they wheeled Willie in,  
"He's been rent -collecting in Speke, in Speke."  
"He's been rent -collecting in Speke"*

# Liverpool Lyrics

## Song of the Liverpool Lyver Birds

*To the tune of "In my Liverpool Home." by Gerry Jones. (2002) to assist his bid to get a third Liver Bird built for 2008.*

*We're eighteen foot tall, over twenty foot wide,  
From three hundred feet we survey Merseyside  
There's two of here, facing eastward and west,  
One sees the river and one sees the rest.*

*In 1911 we first found this perch,  
with a good view of dear old St Nicholas' Church.  
With Donnelly's ship standing proud and aloof,  
and our little white chick up on Mersey Court roof.*

*In 1207 when John was the king,  
We were ON the Town Seal when they signed anything  
We started as Eagles - the bird of St John -  
Till they found our original image had gone.*

*An artist who'd never seen an eagle before,  
had seen many cormorants along our sea-shore,  
He tried drawing eagles, he tried it for weeks,  
But we ended up like cormorants with weed in our beaks.*

*We've BOTH got some Laver; that's "sea-weed" to you.  
It's quite rich in iodine, but a bit tough to chew.  
But over in Clwyd, they bake it instead,  
As a vital ingredient of Welsh "Laver bread."*

*Our LIVERpool Ladies will HUG and kiss Men,  
but a true virgin Lady you'll find now and then  
We know who is who from our perch up on high,  
and we FLAP our great WINGS every time she goes by.*

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# Liverpool Lyrics

## **Song of the Liverpool Lyver Birds continued**

*CHORUS;*

*Liver Birds are the best. tra-la-la Liver Birds are the best; tra-la-la  
Venice has pigeons , that's all that they've got.  
London has sparrows, that cough quite a lot,  
We've got the best that the others have not,  
our Liver Birds are they best.*

# Liverpool Lyrics

## Seth Davy

by Glyn Hughes.

*He sat on the corner of Bevington Bush,  
astride an old packing case,  
And the dolls on the end of the plank went dancing,  
as he crooned with a smile on his face.  
CHORUS: "Come day, go day. Wishing me heart for Sunday.  
Drinking buttermilk all the week; whisky on a Sunday."*

*His tired old hands drummed the wooden plank,  
and the puppet dolls they danced the gear.  
A far better show then you ever would see,  
at the Pivvy or new Brighton Pier.  
CHORUS; Come day go day.....*

*But in 1905, old Seth Davy died,  
and his song was heard no more.  
And the three dancing dolls ended up in a bin,  
and the plank went to mend a back-door.  
CHORUS: "Come day, go day*

*But on some stormy nights, down Scotty Road way,  
when the wind blows up from the sea,  
You can still hear the song of old Seth Davy,  
that he sang to his dancing dolls three;  
CHORUS; "Come day, go day...*

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# Liverpool Lyrics

## Sloop John B Parody

*by Lol Rowbottom and "The Wallasey Wreckers"*

*We sailed on the River Mersey, my Grandpappy and me.  
From Liverpool to Seacombe we used to roam.  
We'd do it each day; it cost nine-pence each way.  
Oh, please dig the tunnel; I want to go home.  
Chorus; Hoist up the anchor chain, etc."*

*The Captain said, "Now hear this; I'm going down for a pint,  
Down to the bar to get myself a jar,  
Of Guinness's stout, just to keep the cold out,  
But hoist up the storm cones - there'll be strong winds about."  
Chorus; Hoist up the anchor chain, etc."*

*My Grandpappy he said "Son, Here's what must be done,  
Eat jam butties when you're leaving Liverpool town",  
And when I asked "Why?" He said with a sigh,  
"They taste as nice coming up boy, as they did going down".  
ChorusS:*

The full original version of this song and "The Wallasey Wreckers, courtesy of the composers, Lol Rowbottom and the Wallasey Wreckers folk group from Liscard.

Lol has come up trumps. Thanks, Red Dog Leader!

# Liverpool Lyrics

## The Orange and The Green

*Written by Tony Murphy a habitu  of the Wash-House folk club. This song does not in fact mention Liverpool, but Liverpool has had long, strong traditions of Catholic parishes and of Orange Lodges, and relations between them have never been as light-hearted as this song suggests.*

*Oh my father was an Ulsterman, proud Protestant was he,  
My mother was a Catholic girl; from county Cork was she.  
They were married in two churches and live happily enough,  
until the day that I was born when things got rather rough.*

*CHORUS; Oh it is the greatest mix-up that you have ever seen,  
my father he was Orange and my mother she was Green.*

*Baptised by Father Reilly I was rushed away by car,  
to become a little Orangeman, my father's shining star.  
I was christened David Anthony, but still, in spite of that,  
to my father I was "William" while my mother called me "Pat"*

*With Ma to church on Sundays, to Mass I'd proudly stroll,  
while later on the Orange Lodge would try to save my soul.  
Both sides tried to claim me, but I was smart because,  
I'd play my flute or I'd play my harp depending where I was.*

*One day my Ma's relations came round to visit me,  
just as my father's kinfolk were all sitting down to tea.  
We tried to smooth things over but they soon began to fight,  
..and me being strictly neutral, I bashed everyone in sight.*

*My parents never could agree about my type of school.  
My learning was all done at home, that's why I'm such a fool.  
They've both passed on, God bless 'em, and I'm left caught between  
this awful colour problem of the Orange and the Green.*

# Liverpool Lyrics

## I Stand Making Wellies All Day

*one of many songs by Frank Lewis of Birkenhead*

*I've worked down at Dunlops for three years or more  
And by now I tell ya, me feet are quite sore  
And the reason for this is the hard concrete floor  
Where I stand making wellies all day*

*Chorus: (but with fellow singer(s) joining in where stated)  
I stand makin wellies all day ((all day)).  
I stand making wellies all day ((all day!))  
I haven't got time to rest or play Cos I stand makin wellies all day*

*Now a girlfriend once asked of me 'Wir dya werk? '\*\*  
And when I told her Dunlops, she gave me a shirk  
'And wat dya make there?' she said with a smirk  
'Dyust\*\*\* stand makin wellies all day'  
Chorus:*

*Now of air pollution, I've heard on the tele,  
Is making our cities and towns smell smelly  
But theres NOTHING as smelly as a stinkin' ot wellie  
When you stand making wellies all day  
Chorus:*

This song is about the former Dunlop factory in Walton, where they made wellies and other footwear. not to be confused with Dunlops in Speke, where they made tyres. Thanks to Angela Bishop of Western Australia for these words. She writes; " \*\*the girlfriends lines must be spoken in a most gloriously scouse accent! I have tried to write the words (werds!) as they are pronounced in the song. \*\*\*'Dyust' is actually 'just', but it is said \*long, sighingly, drawn out\* and this is the best transcription I could think of." Thanks also to Frank's daughter Sarah for providing corrections and improvements to my knowledge.

# Liverpool Lyrics

## The Wallasey Wreckers

*by Lol Rowbottom and the "Wallasey Wreckers"*

*The lamps they are ready, the beacons are laid,  
The donkeys are harnessed, our plans they are made.  
And when the night's blackest with no moon in sight  
We'll go a 'wreckin' at Leasowe tonight!  
Chorus: And its men to your oilskins and women your shawls,  
There'll be brandy and whiskey and rum for us all!*

*The last time we went there The plunder was grand  
Five barrels of whiskey Were cast on the sand.  
And what did we care if we killed two or three?  
We'll still go a 'wreckin' down at Wallasey!  
Chorus:*

*The judge sits so solemn When he hears of a wreck.  
The parson shouts "hell-fire" to save his own neck.  
When the tide's at the flood and the tawny owls screech,  
They'll both be a 'wreckin' down on Moreton Beach  
Chorus:*

*We take all our plunder Out to Bidston Moss,  
Where old Samuel Walker he trades it with us.  
Of wines and of spirits his inn never lacks,  
and we return laden with hams on our backs.  
Chorus:*

*When the spoils they are shared, we will swill us some ale  
At Old Mother Redcap's we'll tell all the tale.  
If of brandy or tea or of silks you are light  
Why not come a-wreckin' with us some dark night?  
Final Chorus: And its men to your oilskins and women your shawls,  
There'll be brandy and whiskey and rum for us all!*

# Liverpool Lyrics

## The Weller

*I'd wait outside the ale-house when I was just a lad,  
Eating bags of salty crisps being passed out by my Dad  
I'd hear pi-anno music, and hear the boozers sing,  
But above them all I'd hear my old man Shouting just one thing;....*

*Chorus: He'd shout WELL!" while they were singing,  
WELL! Just that one word .....  
His mighty WELL! had my ears ringing.  
His shout of WELL! was always heard.*

*On Saturday night back AT our house, we always had a Do.  
There was ale and scoff for anybody that me Old Man knew,  
Me Nan would play the squeeze-box and We'd all sing along.  
But me Dad just shouted OUT one word no matter what the song.  
Chorus):*

*One Christmas Eve at Midnight Mass I sat down in a pew.  
Me Old Man staggered into church, I could see he'd had a few.  
(Then the) Organ started playing and the choir sang a hymn,  
Before they got through half a vers eMy Old Man had joined in.  
Chorus:*

*But now they've changed the style of pub, It gets me old man down.  
With juke-box and with discos in every pub in town.  
Although they now play records, And there's no need for a Weller,  
Above the blaring of the noise, You can still hear my old feller.  
Chorus:*

JOHN DILLON wrote in (Feb 06) to say; I wrote "THE WELLER"  
(originally THE "WELL" SONG) as sung by Billy Maher, for Billy's old

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# **Liverpool Lyrics**

group, The Jacksons. I'm happy that Billy is still performing the song, and hope that people enjoy hearing it sung, word for word as it was written. I am telling you this is for historical accuracy; I am very proud of being a Liverpudlian and if, in future years, some young scouser hears this song and asks "Who wrote this?" I'd like someone to answer, "A fellah called John Dillon"!

Gerry Jones - Liverpool Musician

# Liverpool Lyrics

## Where the River Mersey Flows

*Roger Letsom from USA asked about it, these words were supplied via "The Lurker" via Scousers Abroad forum.*

*When the Moon is hangin low....  
On the top of Richmond Row....  
An the smell of St Johns Market fills the air...  
A game of Pitch an Toss we'll play....  
With the lads from Hackins Hey.....  
Where the double headed penny made a play  
Wirr'all it's Mansions in the air.....  
An the 'Coach an Horses was a lovely sight....  
I only hope that I'll be spared....  
Just ter see that Liver Bird.....  
Oh my heart is where the Mersey flows tonight....*

This song reminds me of the following:

*"Where the River Mersey flows,  
everyone talks through their nose,  
and the Cavern's never closed - that's my home town"*

Anyone remember this at all? Is it more of the same song? Please!

# Liverpool Lyrics

## We're Off in A Motor Car

*"We're off; we're off; we're off in a motor car.  
Sixty coppers are after us and we don't know where we are.  
Going round the corner, eating apple pie;  
I asked him for a skinny bit and he hit me in the eye"  
He went and told me mother - me mother wouldn't come  
I went and bought a lollie pop and stuck it up 'is (BEEP BEEP)  
Chorus:*

*Oh me father was a hero, his bravery made me blush  
They were givin free beer in the alehouse  
and me dad got killed in the rush  
Oh I wish he was a caterpillar ' life would be a farce  
He could climb up all the trees and slide down on his hands and knees  
Chorus*

*The night was dark and stormy and the rain had wet me socks.  
The tram was on its journey from the Dingle to the Docks.  
A dog ran in the tramlines - the driver rang the bell.  
The dog never heard the signal, now he's on 'is way to (BEEP BEEP)*

Angela from West Oz believes there is yet another verse, something about driving with his mother and smelly socks!

**Songs by Billy Maher** - Billy has written an enormous amount of songs, in a folky-pub style, he has popularised many songs written by other people, and still earns his bread and drippin' by selling CDs of them, so I have no intention of doing him out of a crust. But a few of his songs have passed into general consciousness, and are so widely

# Liverpool Lyrics

almost known round Merseyside as to qualify as Liverpool folk-songs. They include "I Stand Making Wellies All Day", and "The Mighty Well !" written by John Dillon. Billy is also responsible for what may prove to be a definitive version of "We're off, we're off in a motor-car", of which there seem to be so many versions (world-wide). Here is Billy's version, but although it is well-known all over Liverpool, I know it is not sung just in Liverpool, or if it is originally a Liverpool song.

# Liverpool Lyrics

## Whip Jamboree

*Well, now me lads be of good cheer  
for the Irish Coast will soon draw near  
we'll set a course for the old Cape Clear.*

*Oh, Jenny, get your oat-cakes done.*

*Chorus: WHIP JAMBOREE, WHIP JAMBOREE,  
with your pig-tail, sailor, hanging down behind,  
Whip Jamboree, Whip Jamboree,  
Oh, Jenny get your oatcakes done.*

*Well now Cape Clear it is in sight,  
we'll be off Holyhead by tomorrow night,  
we'll set a course for the old Rock Light,  
Oh, Jenny, get your oat-cakes done.*

*Chorus: WHIP JAMBOREE, WHIP JAMBOREE,....*

*Well, now we're passing Holyhead,  
no more salt-beef or weevilly bread,  
one man in the chains for to swing the lead.*

*Oh, Jenny, get your oat-cakes done.*

*Chorus: WHIP JAMBOREE, WHIP JAMBOREE,....*

*And now we're passing Fort Perch Rock  
all hammocks lashed & sea chests locked,  
we'll warp her in to the Waterloo Dock,  
Oh, Jenny, get your oat-cakes done.*

*Chorus: WHIP JAMBOREE, WHIP JAMBOREE,....*

*And now my lads we are in Dock,  
we'll be off to Dan Lowry's on the spot,  
and there we'll sink a big pint pot.*

*Oh, Jenny, get your oat-cakes done.*

*Chorus: WHIP JAMBOREE, WHIP JAMBOREE,....*

# Liverpool Lyrics

## **Whip Jamboree continued**

I don't know anything about the origins of this song, and hope the Usual Suspects will enlighten me. If it is genuinely "traditional" then it will not have a known or named author. The "original" words of a "traditional" song is rather a contradiction in terms; people tend to think that the first version they heard sung is the "correct" one. "Traditional songs" are passed on a bit like Chinese Whispers, and they alter and vary as they are sung. Some people who record things will deliberately make some alterations, to claim that version as their "own work".

# Liverpool Lyrics

## William Brown

### "Keep that wheel a-turning"

*Thanks to Jim "The Digger" Irvine for the complete version.*

*Oh, a nice young man was William Brown,  
who worked for a wage in Liverpool Town,  
he worked from six till (eight? late?) at night,  
turning a wheel from left to right..*

*Chorus: Keep that wheel a-turning (x 3 )  
and do a little more each day.*

*The Boss one day to William came, and said,  
"look 'ere young... what's-your-name"  
I'm not content with what you do;  
work a little harder or it's "Out" with you.  
Chorus:*

*So William turned and made her run  
Three times round in the time of one,  
He turned so hard he soon was made  
The Lord High Turner of his trade.  
Chorus:*

*William turned with the same sweet smile;  
the goods he made grew to such a pile,  
they filled the room and the room next door,  
and overflowed to the basement floor.  
Chorus:*

# Liverpool Lyrics

## William Brown continued

*The nation heard of the wondrous tale,  
His picture appeared in the Sun and the Mail;  
The railways ran excursions down,  
And all to look at William Brown.  
Chorus:*

*But sad the sequel is to tell;  
He turned out more than the boss could sell;  
The market slumped and the price went down,  
Seven more days and they sacked young Brown.  
Chorus:*

*The moral of the tale is plain to tell:  
If you wanna lose your job, just work like Hell  
(I'm tempted to add another local aphorism here;  
"You play the game, you do your best;  
you're "down the road" with all the rest. Gerry)  
And keep that wheel a-turning, keep that wheel a-turning  
Keep that wheel a-turning and do a little more each day.*

I think this song is older than Jim thinks; I feel sure it was in the "Sketch" - a pre-Sun paper. Gerry

# Liverpool Lyrics

## The "World in One City."

*by Pete McGovern, (the original composer of "Liverpool Home") as printed in the Liverpool "Echo" on 16 Oct 2002, Some verses on the "World in One City" theme connected with Liverpool's bid for Capital of Culture, to the tune of In My Liverpool Home.*

*So many colours and so many creeds,  
all of them people, all with the same needs,  
We MUST work together, and understand, please,  
- to play the piano needs the black and white keys.*

*West AFRican ballet, Jamaican steel bands,  
Irish step-dancing, and choirs from all lands.  
Fierce Chinese dragons crawl over the ground,  
a riot of colour of music and sound.*

*Senior CITIZens are marching throughout Liverpool;  
they're starting all over to go back to school,  
to study computers and using the mouse,  
and taking "A" Levels in "Classical Scouse."*

*Let's TALK to the the children, their fears and their hopes.  
We've GOT the experience to show them the ropes.  
and working together, then we can be sure,  
their future is bright, and it's also secure.*

... and still more verses come. Here are some from Ruth Raisman of King David Kindergarten who penned a couple of verses for "Liverpool 08" as one of the school themes.

*Capital of Culture for Two-oh-oh-eight  
Everyone's happy and everything's great.  
We've Concerts and shows that you'll want to see.  
So Come down to Liverpool and you will be... ...  
In my Liverpool home, etc*

**Gerry Jones - Liverpool Musician**

# **Liverpool Lyrics**

## **The "World in One City." continued**

*Our City of Liverpool's having a ball  
Museums and concerts and ships that are tall.  
We Welcome all tourists from over the sea.  
This is the only place I wanna be... ...  
In my Liverpool home....etc*