

## 12 Rods

### "Mr. Johnson Take A Bow"

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Mr. Johnson take a bow Most humble and sedate Tired  
and weary lost were we The things that make you great  
Cold and beaten and beyond And shot right through  
with hate Smiled and lit our broken souls These things  
that make you great And old were we And born unfree  
And ripped at all the seams And fraught with all That  
we had learnt The knight of all our dreams Oooh Mr.  
Johnson one last bow And then leave us to fate Saved  
our bones and sucked our toes The things that make  
you great The things that make you great These things  
that make you great

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