

Genesis

"The Battle Of Epping Forest"

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Taken from a news story concerning two rival gangs fighting over east-end protection rights.

Along the forest road, there's hundreds of cars - luxury cars.

Each has got it's load of convertible bars, cutlery cars - superscars!

For today is the day when they sort it out, sort it out,
Cos they disagree on a gangland boundary.

They disagree on a gangland boundary.

There's willy wright and his boys -

One helluva noise, that's billys boys!

With fully-fashioned mugs, that's little johns thugs,

The barking slugs - supersmugs!

For today is the day when they sort it out, sort it out,

Yes these christian soldiers fight to protect the poor.

East end heroes got to score in...

The battle of epping forest,

Yes it's the battle of epping forest,

Right outside your door.

You aint seen nothing like it.

No, you aint seen nothing like it,

Not since the civil war.

Coming over the hill are the boys of bill,

And johnnys lads stand very still.

With the thumpires shout, they all start to clout

- there's no guns in this gentlemans bout.

Georgie moves in on the outside left

With a chain flying round his head;

And harold demure, from art literature,

Nips up the nearest tree.

(here come the cavalry!)

Amidst the battle roar,

Accountants keep the score: 10-4.

They've never been alone, after getting a radiophone.

The bluebells are ringing for sweetmeal sam, real ham,

Handing out bread and jam just like any picnic.

Its 5-4 on william wright; he made his pile on derby
night.
When billy was a kid, walking the streets,
The other kids hid - so they did!
And now, after working hard in security trade, he's got
it made.
The shops that need aid are those that haven't paid.

I do my double-show quick! said mick the prick, fresh
out the nick.
I sell cheap holiday. the minute they leave,
Then a visit I pay - and does it pay!
And his friend, liquid len by name,
Of wine, women and wandsworth fame,
Said Im breaking the legs of the bastard that got me
framed!

They called me the reverend when I entered the church
unstained;
My employers have changed but the name has
remained.
It all began when I went on a tour,
Hoping to find some furniture.
I followed a sign - it said beautiful chest.
It led to a lady who showed me her best.
She was taken by surprise when I quickly closed my
eyes.
So she rang the bell, and quick as hell
Bob the nob came out on his job
To see what the trouble was.
Louise, is the reverend hard to please?
Youre telling me!
Perhaps, sir, if it's not too late.
We could interest you in our old-fashioned
staffordshire plate?
Oh no, not me, Im a man of repute.
But the devil caught hold of my soul and a voice called
out shoot!

To save my steeple, I visited people;
For this I'd gone when I met little john.
His name came, I understood,
When the judge said you're a robbing hood.
He told me of his strange foundation,
Conceived on sight of the woodstock nation;
Hed had to hide his reputation.
When poor, twas salvation from door to door.
But now, with a pin-up guru every week,
Its love, peace & truth incorporated for all who seek.

He employed me as a karma-ma-mechanic, with

overall charms.
His hands were then fit to receive, receive alms.
That's why were in

The battle of epping forest,
Yes it's the battle of epping forest,
Right outside your door.
We guard your souls for peanuts,
And we guard your shops and houses
For just a little more.

In with a left hook is the bethnal green butcher,
But he's countered on the right by micks chain-gang
fight,
And liquid len, with his smashed bottle men,
Is lobbing bob the nob across the gob.
With his kisser in a mess, bob seems under stress,
But jones the jug hits len right in the mug;
And harold demure, whos still not quite sure,
Fires acorns from out of his sling.
(here come the cavalry!)

Up, up above the crowd,
Inside their silver cloud, done proud,
The bold and brazen brass, seen darkly through the
glass.
The butlers got jam on his rolls; roy doles out the lot,
With tea from a silver pot just like any picnic.

Along the forest road, it's the end of the day
And the clouds roll away.
Each has got it's load - they'll come out for the count
At the break-in of day.
When the limos return for their final review, it's all thru
- all they can see is the morning goo.
There's no-one left alive - must be draw.
So the blackcap barons toss a coin to settle the score.

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