

Incrave

"Smoke Shovelling Song"

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Last winter blew so cold no lies,
And my fire smoke would not rise;
Soon as the smoke tried to depart,
It'd be froze up harder than a landlord's heart.

I called up the police and they came around
Three days later and very brought down.
The sergeant he gave me this hysterical croak.
Says, "What do you think you have going here, some
kind of joke?"
(of course I wasn't laughing)

He says, "You're causing us officers so much grief,
Why don't you give us some relief?
Why don't you call the fire brigade?
Or maybe why don't you try shovelling the smoke up
the chimney with a spade."

I borrowed a spade from the woman next door,
And I broke up the smoke that remained on the floor,
I was shovelling away, 'till the closing day singing a
smoke-shovelling song.

After working so hard I went out to my yard,
And I looked up to my chimney so long, (there was
nothing to see there)
Just a thousand foot high, way into the sky,
Was a pillar of smoke full of song.

There was an airplane stuck in it,
But I didn't notice at first it was so cunningly disguised
as a dragon.

Came the summer at last, though it was rainy and fast,
The pillar it melted away,
The airplane fell with a big smoky smell,
And echoing around all over the town,
Was the words of the smoke shovelling song.

Any anyone telling a bigger story would have to be
telling a lie,

And anyone think a bigger one up,
Have to be very high.

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