

Maccabees

"Good Old Bill"

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Spearmint Rhino was taking our money
when Gran was robbed of her own life honey.
The driverless hornet las post on the trumpet.
His blind, crippled crumpet don't like it but lump it.

The engine won't start without him.
The engine it won't start without

So I went down to Sherry's mod suits and Paul Weller.
All pork pies and drainpipes to wear in all weather.
All of us shed a tear thinking of yesteryear.
Raise whiskey, raise beer, the old boy is not here.

The engine won't start without him.
The engine it won't start without
The engine it won't start without him
The engine it won't start without him

And so he's left us done to the nines
with satin for lining and a coating of pine
and the engine is broke I can't fix and I've lost all the
coals and we're running quite low...

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