

The Wurzels

"Champion Dung Spreader"

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Now some folks like to boast of their father's
occupation,
Dustmen and the likes, and other situations.
That's so, our old man, working was 'is pride,
In 'obnailed boots and gaiters, and a dung fork at 'is
side.

Chorus: Hi Ho, fiddle - iddle- o, Chesterfield to
Cheddar,
Hi Ho, the folks all know, he's a champion dung-
spreader!

Now many years ago, when Dad was in 'is power,
With a mighty two-hand swipe he hit the old church
tower!
"Lord help us," cried the vicar, "Tis the judgement
come!"
"Not so," said the verger, "Tis a hundredweight of
dung!"

Repeat chorus

Now his aim was straight and true, when 'is arms start
flailin'
We'd all look out the way, when they girt brown lumps
go sailin'.
Just leave our old man where the dung lies piled up
thick,
And he'll make it fly for miles with 'is girt big blackthorn
stick!

Repeat chorus

Now as you all can see, father was quite contented
He had the finest job, since work it was invented!
And when our old man laid him down to die,
In a forty acre field, with the dung piled six foot high!
Repeat chorus (twice)

