

## The Wurzels

### "The Charlton Mackrell Jug Band"

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Now I always planned to make this band the very finest  
in the land,  
So we had to hold auditions, for to find the best  
musicians,  
Some who played, they made the grade, some they  
played like 'ell,  
I picked the best in all the West, and yere's the  
personnel:  
There's Bernard Mace on his old string bass made  
from a girt big packing-case,  
Along with 'e goes Amos Draper, wizard of the comb  
and paper  
Arnold Slugg loves the jug, barred from all the locals  
And I'm a star on my guitar, harmonical and vocals!

What was worse, and made us curse, was findin'  
somewhere to rehearse  
Neither of the pubs would wear us, 'cos it seemed they  
couldn't bear us!  
Folks all laughed, and called the staff, we took it on the  
chin -  
We was always fond of the old duck pond, till they  
threw us in!  
There was Bernard Mace, he sailed through space,  
followed by his old string bass,  
Amos Draper he did try to keep 'is roll of paper dry,  
Arnold Slugg went "Glug, glug, glug" and very quickly  
sank,  
And my gumboots were full o' newts when I reached  
the other bank!

Now we haven't been barred from the old churchyard;  
there one night we practised hard,  
Every man was full of cider, doin' his best with "C C  
Rider"  
Figure in white then come in sight, I thought we'd  
waked the dead,  
But parson Skurt, in his nightshirt, said we'd waked 'e  
instead!  
Then Bernard Mace, with his old string bass, said we  
better 'ad leave this place,

Off he blew with Amos Draper, trailin' yards of toilet  
paper,  
Arnold Slugg, with his two-gallon jug, for speed was  
not designed,  
I ran like a fox, but the parson's boxer followed I close  
behind!

Then one day, old farmer Grey, come to me and this  
did say  
All 'is beasts like music playin', and would we kindly  
serenade 'em?  
Off we sped to the old cowshed, the cows they did  
adore us  
They wagged their tails and banged their pails, and  
joined in every chorus!  
Then Bernard Mace and the old string bass, a girt big  
jersey licked his face,  
'Nother got attached to Amos Draper, chewed up 'alf  
his roll of paper,  
Filled the jug of Arnold Slugg, 'is kindness to  
acknowledge,  
And I got a kiss from a pretty young miss in the  
Agricultural College!

So, in one week we quite uniquely topped the charts in  
the farmer's weekly,  
Play your cows our rhythm and blues, you'll get three  
times more milk than usual,  
We got plans, and lots of fans, no rivals do we fear -  
'Cos every cow knows Mumma don't allow no jug band  
music in here!  
Now Bernard Mace has a shirt of lace, and 'is hair  
completely 'ides his face,  
So does that of Amos Draper, gets between 'is comb  
and paper,  
Arnold Slugg 'as an empty jug, broke our mothers'  
hearts,  
We look so queer in all this gear, since we 'it the  
charts!

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