

## The Wurzels

### "The Shepton Mallet Matador"

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Now Jacko was so happy, just workin' on the farm,  
With the cows and the chickens, he couldn't do no  
harm.  
For years and years he worked and he scraped and he  
saved,  
To take one day the holiday he craved.  
But now he'll never be the same again,  
Since he took that holiday in Spain....

Chorus: Oh Ho, make way for that Timsbury torero,  
OÍ© for that Somerset senior!  
He's a real West Country Caballero,  
The Shepton Mallet Matador!

Now the boys in the village all think it's very queer,  
The way that Jacko drinks wine instead of beer;  
And they say he swapped his favourite cider jar  
For a bottle of sherry and a thirty-bob guitar!

Repeat Chorus

Now the pigs and chickens are diggin' up the dirt,  
When Jacko comes wavin' his old red flannel shirt;  
And he's always chasin' round the old red cow,  
'Cos he thinks that he's a real bullfighter now!

Repeat Chorus

Now on the farm when you hear hoots and howls,  
It's Jacko playin' Flamenco with the fowls  
And every time he clicks those castanets,  
Instead of eggs, the hens lay omelettes!

Repeat Chorus (twice)

Now the farmer's missus went wild with delight  
When Jacko serenaded her last night,  
And the farmer stopped him singin' Ceilito Lindo  
With a bucket of summat he threw from a bedroom  
window!

Repeat Chorus

La la la la la la la, Viva Chew Magna!

La la la la la la la, the Shepton Mallet Matador!

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