

## Roland Orzabal

### "Someone's Pinched Me Winkles"

Visit "[Someone's Pinched Me Winkles](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The Cockney tribes in Britain were meeting for the  
games  
Held annually, once a year, along the River Thames,  
The scene was quiet and peaceful, the snow lay on the  
ground  
The Cockneys by their cooking pots were huddled all  
around.  
The chief was in his tepee his face all lined with  
wrinkles  
When up the river came the cry  
"someone's pinched me winkles!"  
Me winkles have been pinched (oobie dooby) me  
winkles have been pinched,  
Now some people say it's a load of old nonsense but a  
winkle's got a lot of vitamin contents  
Never win that race tomorrow I'll be a big disgrace  
tomorrow  
I'll search the blinking place tomorrow, but tomorrow is  
too late  
Some rotter's pinched me winkles off me plate.  
(I turned round and wheeet, they were gone)

The tears of sheer frustration started trickling down his  
face, well  
He'd set his heart on winning in the gruelling barrow  
race,  
Without his final winkle feed his training scheme was  
shot  
He staggered round the camp ground shouting  
"someone's pinched the lot"

Me winkles have been pinched (oobie dooby) me  
winkles have been pinched  
Beef or carrots or a dash of cucumber  
As far as I'm concerned that's a load of old lumber  
I'll never win the race tomorrow, he's got me in  
disgrace tomorrow  
He'd better not show his face tomorrow, he'll end up in  
a fight  
But me I need them winkles here tonight.  
(now I want 'em, now, not tomorrow or the next day)

They called the wise old medicine man who shuffled up  
and said  
"I'm levying a winkle tax one winkle each per head"  
They made a grand collection from every tucker pot  
Then stood around, the shells and all, they made me  
eat the lot

I've got me winkles back (oobie dooby) I've got me  
winkles back  
Now I know I've been grumping and grouching  
But I never thought I'd get two or three thousand  
I'll never win that race tomorrow, I can't go in that race  
tomorrow  
I couldn't stand the pace tomorrow, I'm much to  
blinking fat  
I'll never face a winkle after that.  
Phew - I think I'll go and try out something new, you  
know, just to see how it feels  
I think I'll have a dash at some jellied eels.

(Excuse me a minute while I just get this newspaper off  
this bit of jellied eel here).  
Mmm - that's lovely;  
Here, you with the winkle barrow, "hello"  
as far as I'm concerned you can stick your perishing  
winkles right... back in the sea  
- it's jellied eels for me.

Visit [Roland Orzabal](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.