

## **Lucksmiths, The**

### **"The Tichborne Claimant"**

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Big and fat, here he comes  
All his fingers look like thumbs  
Mother dearest, look who's here  
It's your long-lost loving son

Brush aside your fears  
Look: he's got his uncle's ears  
So he's a little fatter - it doesn't matter  
A lot can happen in eleven years

And inside every fat man  
Is another man who's thin  
Even his own mother wouldn't recognise him

Why the dickens should I believe him  
Has he given me one good reason?  
Of course he hasn't  
If he's the heir apparent  
Appearances can be deceiving

Names are not important  
Sir Roger Tichborne or Arthur Orton  
From stealing cattle to an aristocrat  
He'll sell his soul to claim his fortune

And outside every thin man  
Is another man who's fat  
Only a mother could love a face like that

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