

Maccabees, The "Good Old Bill"

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Spearmint Rhino was taking our money when Gran was
robbed of her own life honey.
The driver-less hornet last post on the trumpet.
His blind, crippled crumpet don't like it but lump it.
The engine won't start without him.
The engine won't start without.

So I went down to Sherry's mod suits and Paul Weller.
All pork pies and drainpipes to wear in all weather.
All of us shed a tear thinking of yesteryear.
Raise whiskey, raise beer, the old boy is not here.
The engine won't start without him.
The engine won't start without.

So he's left us done to the nines with satin for lining
And a coating of pine and the engine is broke I can't fix
and I've lost all the coals and we're running quite low
And the engine is broke I can't fix and I've lost all the
coals and we're running quite low.

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