

Tyre Fitter

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The first system of musical notation consists of a treble clef staff in 4/4 time, a vocal line with notes and rests, and a guitar accompaniment line with fret numbers. The guitar line starts with a 4/4 time signature and contains the following fret numbers: 5, 5-5, 2 5 0 5 2, 0 5 5 5 5, 5 5 2 5 5 3 3, 2 5 0 4 5 3.

The second system of musical notation consists of a treble clef staff in 4/4 time, a vocal line with notes and rests, and a guitar accompaniment line with fret numbers. The guitar line contains the following fret numbers: 3 3 3 0 3 3 3 3, 5 2 0 5 2 0 0 5 5 2 5 5 5 5 5.

The third system of musical notation consists of a treble clef staff in 4/4 time, a vocal line with notes and rests, and a guitar accompaniment line with fret numbers. The guitar line contains the following fret numbers: 5 2 5 0 5 2, 0 5 5 0 2 5 2 5 5 3 3, 2 5 0 4 5 5.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of a treble clef staff in 4/4 time, a vocal line with notes and rests, and a guitar accompaniment line with fret numbers. The guitar line contains the following fret numbers: 3 3 3 0 3 3 3 3, 5 2 0 5 2 0 0 5 5 2 5 5 2 5 0 0 5 5 0 2.

They called him Tiny Ne
 No higher than a lamppost not so broad as he was tall.
 His job was fitting motor tyres he did it with his hands,
 And he took some home when his mother made jam to use for elastic bands.

Chorus:
 Where's Tiny Ne
 Where's Tiny Ne
 Turn left at number fifteen gate and that's where Tiny stands,
 With the motor tyres all round him and he's fitting them with his hands.

One day there was a powewr cut coal supply was low;
 The presses all dropped idle and the line went creeping slow.
 So Tiny turned it with his hands and he sent it whirling fast
 Till a copper ran him in for driving two hundred cars too fast.

Tiny was a peaceful man, his fights were short and few
But a mate of his in an argument once stood on a different view.
He held him out of the top of a 'bus between the road and sky
When he dragged him in that mate and him saw exactly eye to eye.

Now astronomers from all the world are gathering in their crowds
To see why flying saucers now come whistling through the clouds.
They'll tell you they're phenomena only science understands
But they're Tiny Ne

And if your little daughter points a finger at the sky
And asks why there are stars up there, so sparkling and so high
You can tell her Tiny Ne
Since the night he took up welding, things have never been the same.

Well, no one knew what he should do day that Patsy died
The tyres of the hearse they sagged and burst with the weight that lay inside;
Then an off back door swung open and a voice behind a hand
Says, "I'll fit them fur and then no more till I check on at the Promised Land.