

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Fall Dee Ray

Fall Dee Ray

He's a man who takes a liberated view,
If you ask him he will fix a rendezvous,
If you'd like to spend a night of unparalleled delight.
Then he'll see you right, he is the village pimp,
The village pimp, The village Pimp,
The village P_I_M_P, pimples on the pimp.

La dee dah and Fall dee rall dee ray

There are rusty cars and worn out beds and tins,
And there are piles of rubbish thrown from peoples bins,
And there are dirty magazines and a tatty pair of jeans.
That's the eyesore of the village that's the dump.
The village dump, the village dump,
The village D_U_M_P, dump the rubbish dump.

Well there's a slumicking great mother that we know,
As she walks along she wobbles to and fro,
Like a bus she's been designed and there's another one behind.
She is what the village boys call the village rump,
The village rump, the village rump,
The village R_U_M_P, blimey what a rump.

When he hobble through the village with a stick,
He's bent almost double, He can't move to quick.
In the belfry there he dwells where he swings among the bells,
He's the village Quasimodo with a hump.
The village hump, the village hump,
The village H_U_M_P, shoulders with a hump.

If the ministry of agriculture calls,
Requesting paperwork that drives you up the walls.
Don't get tied up like spaghetti just call for the Olivetti.
Of the girl who'll help you out the village temp.
The village temp, The village temp,
The village T_E_M_P temporary temp.

Well every Christmas time we book a bar and a band,
With a woman and a pint in either hand.
Well we must look a real sensation in our improper formation,
As we danced the light fantastic at the romp.
The village romp, the village romp,

The village R_O_M_P, stomping at the romp.

Well in the back room of the pub they whisper low,
'Bout something that our boobies like to know,
If he knew just what they got, then he'd confiscate the lot.
There's a new supply arrived the village hemp.
The village hemp, the village hemp,
The village H_E_M_P, the ducks have got some hemp.

The other day we met a certain VIP,
Who represents us on the EEC,
He drove a limousine such as we had never seen,
And impressed us with his circumstance and pomp.
The village pomp, the village pomp,
The village Euro MP, Pomp, pomp, pomp.
JY