

Radio Bungalow Town-1936

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Regal Zonophone MR2033 Gifford/Cliffe

I've got a high class house on the by-pass road
Porch and veranda, oh what a grand abode.
Every inconvenience, enjoy myself I will
My front garden's round at the back at the scullery window sill.

In that Radio Rodeo Hi-de-o Ho-de-o on the old bungalow town.
You, ought to try living there, it's nowhere near anywhere.
You walk for miles, it's right out in the wilds,
And when you see the rain pelting own,
Your house is afloat, you sink under the road
And don't rise again till the gasworks explode,
In that Radio Rodeo Hi-de-o Ho-de-o on the old bungalow town.

In that Radio Rodeo Hi-de-o Ho-de-o on the old bungalow town.
You ought to try living there, it's nowhere near anywhere.
On the Q. T. loving couples you'll see, on their honeymoon settling down
But the gushing young wives seem to be a bit hot
For every week-end different husbands they've got
In that Radio Rodeo Hi-de-o Ho-de-o on the old bungalow town.

In that Radio Rodeo Hi-de-o Ho-de-o on the old bungalow town.
You, ought to try living there, it's nowhere near anywhere.
In a bedroom next door a girl lays on the floor doing physical jerks up and down.
Through a hole in the wall, I take a sly peep end and when she starts bending I walk in my
sleep
In that Radio Rodeo Hi-de-o Ho-de-o on the old bungalow town