

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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They Don't Write Them Like that Any More

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(Betts)

Chorus:

And oh, how we could sing, what fun those nights would bring

Singing for hours on end

Once we found the key - oh what harmony

Those drunken voices could blend

Heart of My Heart, just for a start

Walkin' My Baby Back Home

When it comes to an end let's sing it again

They don't write them like that any more

Da's drunk again and he's brought lots of men

And their wives back home from the club

They've got no beer but you need have no fear

Tam's gone round the back door of the pub

Someone's playing a piano as if using a sledgehammer

Murdering There Goes My Heart

There's a knock at the door, it's Tam in once more

Brought the beer, so we're ready to start

Ma's in the kitchen tryin' to make up a snack

From the chicken we had this afternoon

Jack says, Where's the toilet, Ma says, Roon' the back

By his look - not a minute too soon

Then a laugh round the whole house: Jack's fell in the coalhouse

Man, he's as drunk as a neut

With his face covered black he's not taken aback

He sings Mammy and the rest follows suit

Half one in the mornin', Da's started yawnin'

He's got to be workin' at six

A bold audience is watchin' while Tony is botchin' (?)

And missin' an easy card trick (?)

It's time to go now, he's got somehow

To get them all to go home

When you're drunk full of beer the last thing you want to hear

Is a tune on his paper and comb

This is how Arthur Johnstone from Glasgow sings it on his LP 'Generations of Change' (1985). The author is given as 'Betts'. I gather it was written in the States. Does anyone know more about him? And can anyone help with the two expressions I'm not sure about (see question marks). - Susanne

SKW
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