

Tickle Post  
by Ralph McTell

Oh, my poor aching feet as I go down the road  
My bag full of letters and parcels, it is a heavy load  
And oh, my poor aching feet and oh, my tingling toes  
As I toddle along I sing a little song, and this is the way it goes

India, China, France and Spain  
Greece and Finland, Spain again  
New York, Brussels, London, Rome  
Chester, Leicester, Derby, home

Oh, my poor aching back, this bag is a-weighting me down  
Oh, carrying all these letters and parcels through the streets of Tickle  
Town  
But the one thing that would cheer me up is where the letters are from  
When the morning's damp I look at the stamps, and sing this little song

India, China, France and Spain  
Greece and Finland, Spain again  
New York, Brussels, London, Rome  
Chester, Leicester, Derby, home

Oh, my poor aching head when I mix the parcels up  
A couple of vests for Dora and a hat for Roland Crust  
And the children should have teddy bears, now everything's gone wrong  
All I can do is laugh like you, and sing this little song

India, China, France and Spain  
Greece and Finland, Spain again  
New York, Brussels, London, Rome  
Chester, Leicester, Derby, home

Oh, my poor aching legs, I need some good warm socks  
Pushing all these letters and parcels through every letter box  
And when my bag is empty and my morning's work is done  
That's it today, I'm glad to say, and then I sing my song

India, China, France and Spain  
Greece and Finland, Spain again  
New York, Brussels, London, Rome  
Chester, Leicester, Derby, home