

Hollow Ground

Hollow Ground
(Kipper Family)

Oh I bought my wife a bread knife, hollow ground, hollow ground.
A stainless Sheffield bread knife, hollow ground, hollow ground.

But my missus didn't like it, bellowed loud, bellowed loud.
She said she wouldn't take it, bellowed loud, bellowed loud.

I felt sure she'd change her mind, mellow down, mellow down.
And would once again prove kind, mellow down, mellow down.

But she called me a young fool, callow clown, callow clown.
To buy such a stupid tool, callow clown, callow clown.

Oh the bread we have's all sliced, narrow rounds, narrow rounds.
So should I be in a trice in narrow rounds, narrow rounds.

Well her first blow that did pink me, shallow wound, shallow wound
But her second blow did sink me, shallow wound, shallow wound.

And now my wife has killed me, gallows bound, gallows bound.
With my own good steel she filled me, gallows bound, gallows bound.

And soon I shall be buried, fallow ground, fallow ground.
To my grave I shall be ferried, fallow ground, fallow ground.

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