

When Lady Jane Became a Tart

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It fairly broke the family's heart,
When Lady Jane became a tart,
But blood is blood and race is race,
And so to save the family face,
They bought her an expensive flat,
With "Welcome" written on the mat.

It was not long ere Lady Jane,
Brought her patrician charms to fame,
A clientele of sahibs pukka,
Who regularly came to f*** 'er,
And it was whispered without malice,
She had a client from the Palace.

No one could nestle in her charms,
Unless he wore ancestral arms,
No one to her could gain an entry,
Unless he were of the landed gentry,
And so before her sun had set,
She'd worked her way through Debrett.

When Lady Anne became a whore,
It grieved the family even more,
But they felt they couldn't do the same,
As they had done for Lady Jane,
So they bought her an exclusive beat,
On the shady side of Jermyn Street.

When Lord St. Clancy became a nancy,
It did not please the family's fancy,
And so in order to protect him,
They did inscribe upon his rectum,
"All commoners must now drive steerage,
This f***ing hole is reserved for peerage."

Melody: Those in Peril on the Sea
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