

George looks gorgeous in pinstripes,  
pocket handkerchief and cravat,  
swaggering out of the Band On The  
Wall in a burgundy Homberg hat,  
singing "Ratatatay, ratatatay!" George  
after-hours and the worse for whisky  
when somebody shouts "Hey, you!" in  
a pitch-black Manchester backstreet  
... well, what's a poor singer to do but  
sing "Ratatatay, ratatatay"? Two men  
flashing a knife blade, saying "give us  
your notes and your watch" - Singing  
the backstreet stand-off to the rhythm  
of the fear and the scotch. George, not  
wanting to feel the knife, cornered  
and speeding and scared ... from the  
back of his mind comes 'Ursonate',  
Sound and fury and words. He sings:  
"Ratatatay, ratatatay!" So the robbers  
are stuck to the spot now, watching  
George as he sings for his life. Menace  
turns to panic and they turn and run  
and the song waves goodbye to the  
knife - singing "Ratatatay, ratatatay!"