

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!"