

For What Is Chatteris

Half Man Half Biscuit

One way system, smooth and commendable,
Go by bus, they're highly dependable,
The swings in the park, for the kids, have won awards,
Clean streets acknowledged in The Lords,
But what's a park if you can't see a linnet?
A timetable if your journey's infinite?
My bag's packed and I'm leaving in a minute,
For what is Chatteris without you in it?
Car crime's low, gun crime's lower,
The town hall band CD, it's a grower,
You never hear of folk getting knocked on the bonce,
Although there was a drive by shouting once,
But there's a brass band everywhere,
And I don't drive so I care,
And as a nightingale sang in berkley square,
What is chatteris if you're not there?
Like a game-bird reserve short on pheasants,
Weavers cottages devoid of tenants,
A market town that lacks quintessence,
That's Chatteris without your presence,
Three good butcher's, two fine chandlers,
An indoor pool, a first class cake shop,
OFSTED plaudits, envy of the fens,
Prick barriers at both ends,
But what's Chatteris if you're not there?
I may as well be in Ely or Saint Ives.