

# Mersey Beat

Reckless Kelly

Harry was a bus driver  
He was a very forthright man  
He'd run down the road, right over a dog  
Before he'd change his path

And then he met lovely Loraine  
They had a rough and tumble lad  
And it didn't come easy but the boy learned to play  
On a twelve pound pawn shop axe

And everybody sing loud and shout  
Dreamy haze pop stars  
The boys came about that Mersey beat sound  
Of crude little sketches of guitars

Well, they heard of a sound from a faraway land  
That was ruled by a cricket and a king  
But a pauper's son would one day come  
From twenty-five Upton Green

And there everyday was a place to play  
When the final bell had rung  
And when the big day come, he was just too young  
And they sent 'em all back home

Everybody sing loud and shout  
Dreamy haze pop stars  
The boys came about that Mersey beat sound  
From crude little sketches of guitars

Well, the wild ones don't think much of Johnny  
Yeah, a critic's got it rough  
And you're a real king mixer but it's my train mister  
If you think that's all I've got

Well, you'll be beaten on down by Mersey sound  
And then you'll have to choose  
Between standing on your own or singing right along  
With the ones no better than you

So everybody sing loud and shout  
Dreamy haze pop stars  
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