

The Boys Of Mutton Street

Richard Thompson

Strolling down on Mutton Street
The moon is peeping through
Old wives say, young man, you'd better
Watch your P's and Q's

Life is good on Mutton Street
If you know the why and where
Romping on the bomb sites
There's magic everywhere

Were the boys of Mutton Street
Mutton Street, Mutton Street
Were the boys of Mutton Street
We give no ground

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We came upon those Burley boys
They were shaking like a leaf
We had our stones and dusters
We were armed right to the teeth

We fired a friendly volley
And we only maimed a few
And quick as greasy lightning
They disappeared from view

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Now, bonfire night it was a sight
The bonfire, how it blazed
Nearly set the street alight
So they called the fire brigade

The fire brigade got busy
But we cut the hoses clean
And suddenly the Mutton Boys
Were nowhere to be seen

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Alky on the corner
Shell shocked fusilier
Tip him a little drink, hell get you
Cigarettes and beer

Thomas Tapling Senior
Got soda pop and news
Scott and Sons got toys for boys
But they push their Christian views

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