

How Everyone But Sam Was A Hypocrite

Strawbs

Old School Songs

Half a bitter for the vicar
He's here to save your soul
He's looking fat and jovial
Though he's nearly on the dole
Anne Riley cooks his dinner
She keeps him washed and fed
She doesn't need much prompting
To jump into his bed.

And they all think they're so grand
Yes, they all think they're so grand
Yes, they all think they're so grand
But they're not
Oh no they're not.

Dr. Watson drinks large whiskies
He's nearly always high
He supplements his income
Aborting on the sly
Mrs. Thompson is an angel
In the W.V.S.
Her meals on wheels are very cheap
And she cooks the books for less.

Sammy Cohen is the bookie
Sitting over there
Drinking three star brandy
He doesn't seem to care
No-one wants to know him
They say he's been inside
They say his dear old mother
Committed suicide.

Dr. Watson charged Anne Riley
A fifty guinea fee
For Mr. Thompson's peace of mind
As far as I can see
Mrs. Thompson envies Annie
Cooking for the preacher
And everyone thinks Sam
Is a quite disgusting creature
But if the truth was known
It would shake all their foundations
It seems the preacher lives
On Sam's anonymous donations.