

The Loo Song

The Corries

I was born in Arkansas, me mammy was a squaw, pappy
hailed from Timbuktu
There's one thing I recall that I hated most of all
Was that little green shed, our Loo

It had a Cedar shingle roof, I swear that was the truth
Hinges all rusting and corroding, 'twas a ghastly shade
of green
The worst you've ever seen, it stood there at the
bottom of the garden

Well one day when I was six, I was chopping at some
sticks
When a nasty little gleam came to my eye
I ran down to the John and shoved it off the lawn
In to the river flowing gently by

Soon my Pappy called my name ,he yelled "Hey, what's ya
game ?"
Why did you shove our privy in the drink
Well then I shook with fear and shed a little tear
I said it wasn't me I didn't think

It had a Cedar shingle roof, I swear that was the truth
Hinges all rusting and corroding, 'twas a ghastly shade
of green
The worst you've ever seen, it stood there at the
bottom of the garden

Then my Pappy told to me, how George Washington, felled
the tree
Then he went and owned up straight away
And he because he told the truth, that honest youth
foresooth
His Pappy didn't punish him that day

Well, me being a little green, I thought I'd best come
clean
So I told my Pappy how I sank that shack
Well, with a rebel cry of glee he hauled me o'er his
knee
Proceeded to wop me blue and black

It had a Cedar shingle roof, I swear that was the truth
Hinges all rusting and corroding, 'twas a ghastly shade
of green
The worst you've ever seen, it stood there at the
bottom of the garden

Since I hadn't told a lie, I asked my Pappy why
He sat there and he answered with a frown
Well, George Washington's pappy, he, wasn't sitting in
the tree
When that little bastard went and chopped it down