

'Orrible Lies

The wind it blew a 'urr- ic- ane, it blew for six months or
 more; Me and me mate we were stuck in the light- house, 'arf a mile from
 shore. We'd no- thing to eat but bis- cuits sir, we
 just could- n't sto- mach 'em raw; So we fried 'em up in the old lamp oil, 'til
 we did- n't have a- ny more. It's luc- ky you met me here to- night, there's
 plen- ty of fel- lows who tries to get gents like you to buy 'em a drink by
 tel- lin' 'im 'orr- i- ble lies, sir Tell- in' 'im 'orr- i- ble lies!

The wind it blew a 'urricane,
 It blew for three months or more
 Me and me mate we were stuck in the lighthouse
 'arf a mile from shore
 We'd nothing to eat but biscuits, sir,
 We just couldn't stomach 'em raw
 So we fried 'em up in the old lamp oil
 'til we hadn't got any more.

(Chorus)

*It's lucky you met me here tonight,
 There's plenty of fellows who tries
 To get gents like you to buy 'em a drink,
 By tellin' 'im 'orrible lies, sir,
 Tellin' 'im 'orrible lies!*

So then we couldn't light the lamp,
 A lighthouse without any light!
 Liners crashed into us in the dark,
 It kept us awake all night
 I said to me mate "We needs some oil,
 Some oil has got to be got"
 He says, "There's a chandlers 'arf a mile off,
 Will 'ee fly, or swim, or what?"
(Chorus)

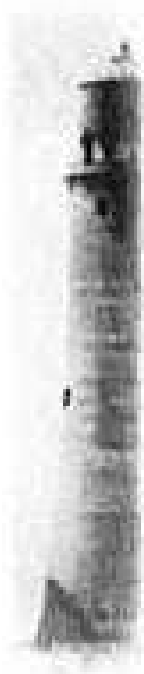
I said "Strap a rocket onto me back,
 And fire me over the foam,
 I'll take another one under me arm,
 So someone can fire me 'ome."
 Well, me mate he once were a gunner,
 His aim were steady and true,
 He touched me off with the last of the matches
 And over the ocean I flew.
(Chorus)

But it must 'ave been them swirlin' winds,
 'cos I missed the chandler's door,
 But I sailed right through the window,
 And landed slap on the floor.
 You should 'ave seen the chandler's face,
 His face was a sight to be seen,
 When I handed up me old billy can
 For some of his best paraffin.

(Chorus)

The Coastguard fired me 'ome again:
 I can't say much for 'is aim,
 I thought I was doomed to a watery grave,
 But me mate to me rescue came.
 And as I whizzed past, he caught me fast
 In 'is bamboo shrimpin' net
 I was glad that he had, 'cos if'n he hadn't
 I might have got 'orrible wet.
(Chorus)

And talkin' of wet, I'm awfully dry –
 Why, thanks, don't mind if I do!
 But what of the lighthouse? Bless you no,
 That wasn't the end of the 'do'
 Cos I'd flew through the air like a hero bold,
 Risked bruises and 'orrible damp,
 But we'd used the last matches up in verse three,
 So we still couldn't light the lamp!
(Chorus)



Rewritten from a Music Hall monologue by Arthur Hilliar & Cuthbert Clarke (1909). Don't try this at home.