

## HAVE YOU ANY PACKING-UP LEFT MISTER?

Have you any packing-up left Mister?  
Just a little bit of bread to share?  
We've got nothing on our table Mister  
Have you anything that you can spare?  
Have you any packing-up left Mister?  
Have a look inside your box & see  
Just a crust or a cob while my dad gets a job  
Then you'll never hear no more from me!

Every evenin' at the Pyewipe tram-stop  
On the Immingham to Grimsby line  
There's a little band of urchins waiting  
For the clatter of the five-o-nine  
And the dockers who've been all day working  
Have to chuckle as the stop draws near  
For their regular reception party  
And the chorus that they always hear:

In the middle of the nineteen-twenties  
There was hardly any work around  
And the dockers who had jobs were thankful  
They'd enough to keep their families sound  
So they'd save a little snap not eaten  
For the kiddies in the West Marsh queue  
Cos whenever hungry eyes are pleadin'  
What's a tender-hearted man to do?

When she packs him up for work each morning  
And before she sends him on his way  
Being grateful that her husband's working  
And can bring her home some decent pay  
For there's many others in the dole queue  
Many families are on the skids  
So she packs him up some extra slices  
For that little band of West Marsh kids

Now we've put a lot of years behind us  
And the bad old days should all be gone  
But have seventy-odd years of progress  
Really brought us any further on?  
For there's just as many folk not working  
And nobody seems to give a damn  
Generosity now comes by giro  
And there isn't any Pyewipe tram