

Mr Tangerine Man

Take me for a trip upon yon magic charabanc,
Eawr songs they will be sang,
As we're headin' for the sands,
an' Blackpool Tower
We've brought along eawr butties,
an' eawr bockles o' lemonade,
better keep 'em in the shade,
where's that copy of *Parade*?
ee it's gonna be a reet grand hot 'un!

'ey up Mr Tangerine Man,
Play a Song fer Me,
Ah'm off t' Blackpool
Aye that's the place ah'm goin' to,
'ey up Mr Tangerine Man,
Play a Song fer Me,
In the Bispham Kitchen
we'll 'ave chips an' sup some ale too.

We're off to pay eawr 'omage,
to ragged clown called Frank,
then mebbe rob a bank,
to pay for th'ale we're pourin' on 'is gravestone
yes to dance upon 'is 'eadstone,
is a reet an' proper thing,
Cuthbertonians will sing,
'It's a hot 'un" an' "excuse me gerroff me foot",