

Song for Jenny  
*(written for Jenny Pittock)*

I am tired of singing the old songs  
That have incest and murder and lust  
I no longer immerse in some old ancient verse  
Of long ballads I'm no longer fussed  
Of long ballads I'm no longer fussed

I don't care if some whimsical maiden  
Is dishonoured and then led away  
By some dirty old rotter who tries to garrotte her  
And then has his own wicked way  
And then has his own wicked way

Who cares if a knight meets his maker  
Whilst fighting a dragon or two  
Or a magical spell condemns him to hell  
Or turns him into a gnu  
Or turns him into a gnu

I want songs that are charming and pleasant  
Of true love and sugar and spice  
Not ones where some grubby old peasant  
Has the pox and is covered in lice  
Has the pox and is covered in lice

I am up for the happy and clappy  
I am game for a bit of a larf  
Where a man and a maid  
Can be multiply laid  
Or have rampant sex in a bath  
Or have rampant sex in a bath

When a sailor is lost on the ocean  
And he's drowned on the billowing main  
I would hope that his Nancy would tickle her fancy  
And go out on the pull once again  
And go out on the pull once again

No more dying like flies in their thousands  
No more pickling old Nelson in rum  
From henceforth I will sing like an X Factor king  
And belt out a tune till I'm numb  
And belt out a tune till I'm numb

So come all ye fair maidens and damsels  
With your stories of murder and lust  
Make sure it's a song we can all sing long  
And jump up and down if we must  
And jump up and down if we must