

Stanley

(I believe this is one of Linda's)

His name was Stanley
He was manly and he owned a big saloon.
It was a Ford Cortina, there was nothing meaner,
And he drove it round on Sunday afternoons

Now he'd no woman, he was sadder
Sadder than the saddest man in town.
Despite his urgin', he was still a virgin,
How he longed for the day when could fool around.

He weren't bad looking, and his cooking
Was the sauce of a mothers pride.
He had money he was charmin',
But the thing that was alarming,
He smelt like some small rodent had upped and died.

He'll ride the range, that lonesome cowboy,
From Bilton Grange to way down South.
Smells somewhat strange, that lonesome cowboy,
But his heart is bigger than a Texan oilman's mouth.

Now girls would snigger, when this trigger,
Crazy man would say 'aw please'.
They'd deflate his ego, and say 'No way, amigo,
Your breath honks bad and your feet smell like old cheese'.

And quite rightly he bathed twice nightly,
And would shower for hours and hours,
He scrubbed till he looked like liver ,
But he smelled as bad as ever,
Like the odour that is given off by cows

Her name was Stella ,
She sang acapella, in a local band.
She had looked nicer, until a bacon slicer,
Chopped off her nose when she was a factory hand.

It drove her crazy, she had hazy,
Memories of her previous life.
Now the men were wary, 'cos Stella looked quite scary,
And she knew that she would never be a wife.

She'll ride the range, that lonesome cowgirl,
From Bilton Grange to way down south.
She looks quite strange, that lonesome cowgirl,
Cos there isn't anything above her mouth.

(see over)

It was a hot one, and for Stanley,
Well, it really was a chore.
His ma was, in a coma, from his meaty aroma,
And the neighbours couldn't take it anymore.

Full of sorrow, he vowed tomorrow,
It would be his dying day.
He would take his final shower, jump from the highest tower,
Of the Humber bridge and end his life that way.

So the next morning, without warning,
He sneaked past the tollbooth joes.
Climbed higher and higher, clinging to the wire,
Got to the top to view the scene below.

And there was Stella, she was yella,
Drunk from gin and looking really rough.
She looked at Stanley, clinging to the gantry,
Swooned so hard, lost her footing, then fell off.

She rode the range that poor sweet cowgirl
From Bilton Grange to Wincolm Lee
Shes somewhat strange, that lonesome cowgirl
Cos she's nothing where her nostrils oughta be

It was frightening, quick as lightening,
Stanley leaped and grabbed her drawers.
Thank God cried Stella, your one hell of a fella,
And from now on in my heart is always yours.

Well Stan was puzzled, as she nuzzled,
Close and didn't show no fear.
The air up here is thinner, he thought, I'm on a winner.
She won't be able to smell me from up here,

And then he clocked her, kinda shocked
That her nose was not around.
He thought it was a mystery,
That her nostrils were history,
As slowly he lowered Stella to the ground.

She thanked him duly, I am truly,
Grateful that you saved my life.
Stanley muttered, then he stuttered,
Then finally he spluttered,
Stella would you honour me and be my wife?

They road the range those lonesome cowfolk
From Bilton Grange to Wincolm Lee
She still looks strange and he's still humming
But like pigs in muck they're happy as can be!