

The Lancashire Toreador-1937

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I've been to Spain but never again, I couldn't go there twice
'Cos my name's John Willie but they said it sounded silly
And they wouldnt call me that at any price.
They soon made me change my name and a real proper Spaniard I became:

Don Pedro, the big bull-fighting hero, The Lancashire Toreador.
They cheer me and when the bull gets near me
To show how far a brave man can go with the bull I danced the Tango.
Then when I hung on his tail my pants he tried to gore.
I went dashing round the ring with him giving chase,
Three times he tossed me in the air, I looked a disgrace.
They shouted, 'Look at all that skin and bone round the place,
It's The Lancashire Toreador.'

Don Pedro, the big bull-fighting hero, The Lancashire Toreador.
I met-a charming senor-eta
She said, 'To love you I can never', then kissed me good-bye for ever.
That night, as she retired, she locked her bedroom door.
She started to undress and timidly she looked round,
Said, 'Thank God, I am rid of him for he's homeward bound',
But when she pulled the bed clothes down now guess what she found?
Why The Lancashire Toreador.

Don Pedro, the big bull-fighting hero, The Lancashire Toreador.
I scare 'em, no mercy ever spare 'em.
In the dead of night I ramble, Spanish castle walls I scramble.
I saw a shadow above a girl in her boudoir.
I climbed up her balcony, it started to sway.
She shouted, 'Murder! there's a bandit, spare my life, pray'.
But when my castanets I rattled she said, 'Hooray!
It's The Lancashire Toreador'