The Slimy Patrick's Scab

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Tune: works well with "The Sydney Market Boys" - or try your own!

There's vampire bats and sewer rats, there's pubic lice and crabs,
But the lowest form of life on Earth is the slimy Patrick's scab.
There's vampire bats and sewer rats, there's pubic lice and crabs,
But the lowest form of life on Earth is the slimy Patrick's scab.

An hour before the sun comes up, he crawls out of his pit,
You wouldn't get too close to him for the smell of slime and ...
other little bits,
Beneath the cloak of darkness he sets off, all clad in black,
To serve his wretched masters goes the slimy Patrick's scab.

And when his treachery is done, on his knees he crawls back home,
His kids don't want to know him, so he eats his tea alone,
They haven't been to school for days, they're ashamed that he's
their dad,
"Tell me, what's your father do?". "He's a slimy Patrick's scab."

There's vampire bats...

He's not dared step inside a pub or an RSL for days,
'Cos when you're a slimy Patrick's scab the world don't seem too
safe.
He sits at home and counts his hoard to find out what he's worth,
But what value would you put upon the lowest slime on Earth?

Alas, accidents do happen, in the wharves and on the shore -
A crash, a smash, a flash, a splash - and our scab's a scab no
more,
Nobody mourns his passing, no-one's even slightly sad,
Upon his grave these words inscribed - "Here lies a Patrick's
scab."

There's vampire bats...

So he walks up to the pearly gates where the heavenly bell he
rings,
Says he, "I've worked hard all my life, you'll surely let me in.
"I've always done the boss's will, to have served him makes me
proud,
"So please give me my halo now, and my little fluffy cloud."

Saint Peter slowly shakes his head and looks him in the face,
"What makes you think that I've got room for scabs inside this place?
"You've robbed your neighbour of his job and his children of their food,
"You've stabbed your brothers in the back and betrayed your sisters too.
"My angels would lay down their harps, do you think that I'm that mad?"
And to burn in hell forever he despatched the Patrick's scab.

There's vampire bats...

Notes

The authors of this song, Peter Hicks and Geoff Francis, emailed it to me with the following comment:
"We are pleased to donate this song to assist the MUA in their struggle. Please use it widely and pass it on. This song borrows proudly from folk history, and in particular from "Casey Jones, Union Scab."

(Geoff Francis & Peter Hicks). (c)1998
MG
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