

They're Moving Father's Grave

C

They're moving father's grave to build a sewer.

G7

C

They're moving it regardless of expense.

F

C

They're shifting his remains to put in nine inch drains,

G7

C

To irrigate some plush bloke's residence.

Now what's the use in having a religion,
And thinking when you're dead your troubles cease,
If some rich city chap wants a pipeline to his-tank.
And they'll never let a workman sleep in peace.

Now father in his life was never a quitter,
And I don't suppose he'll be a quitter now.
'Cause when the job's complete,
he'll haunt that sewer sweet,
And they'll only turn the tap when he'll allow.

And won't there be some bleeding consternation,
And won't them city toffs begin to rave.
Which is more than they deserve
for they had the bleeding nerve
To muck about a British workman's grave.