

Nigel Gatherer's Scottish Collection



The Jeely Piece Song (Adam MacNaughtan)

1 I'm a skyscraper wean, I live on the nineteenth flair,
 But I'm no gaun oot to play ony mair,
 Since we moved to Castlemilk, I'm wasting away,
 'Cause I'm getting one less meal every day.

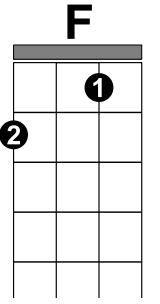
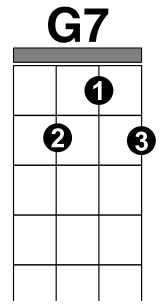
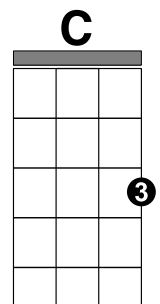
Ch O ye cannae fling pieces oot a twenty-story flat,
 Seven-hundred hungry weans will testify to that,
 If it's butter, cheese or jeely, if the breid is plain or pan,
 The odds against it reaching earth are ninety-nine tae wan.

2 On the first day my maw flung out a piece o' Hovis brown.
 It came skyting oot the windae and went up insteid o' doon,
 But every twenty-seven hours it comes back into sight,
 'Cause my piece went into orbit and became a satellite. **[Chorus]**

3 On the second day my maw flung me a piece oot once again.
 It went and hit the pilot in a fast, low-flying plane.
 He scraped it off his goggles, shouting through the intercom:
 'The Clydeside Reds have got me wi' a breid-and-jeely bomb!' **[Chorus]** 2

4 On the third day my maw thought she would try another throw.
 The Salvation Army band was staunin' doon below.
 'ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS' was the piece they should have played,
 But the oompah-man was playing a piece-an'-marmalade. **[Chorus]**

5 We've wrote away tae Oxfam to try and get some aid,
 And a' the weans in Castlemilk have formed a "Piece" brigade;
 We're going tae march tae George Square,
 Demanding civil rights,
 Like 'Nae Mair Hooses Over Piece-Flinging Height!' **[Chorus]**



Jeely Piece Song

4/4	SP2