

## 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 any mair,  
 (slow) Since we moved to Castlemilk, I'm wasting away, cos 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.

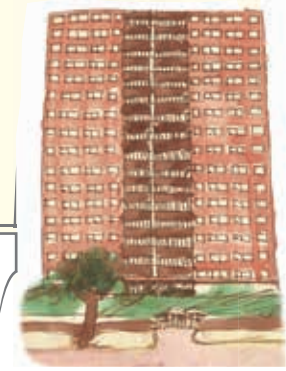
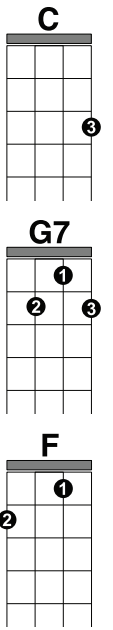
**2** On the first day my maw flung out a piece o' Hovis brown, it cam skyting oot the  
 windae and went up insteid o' doon; but every twenty-seven hours it comes back  
 into sight, cos my piece went into orbit and became a satellite. **[Chorus]**

**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 aff his goggles, shouting through the  
 intercom: 'The Clydeside Reds have got me wi' a breid-and-jeely bomb!' **[Chorus]**

**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  
 (slow) formed a "Piece" brigade; we're going tae march tae George Square, de - manding  
 civil rights, Like 'Nae Mair Hooses Over Piece-Flinging Height!'

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 are nine - ty nine tae wa - a - a - a - n!



S-1: Jeely Piece Song