

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Our Bill

Our Bill

Our Bill has a concrete mixer,
He were coming home last night
When down the street he saw his house
With a sports car parked outside

Now he thought, Here's me going out to work
While my wife's at home ont' a job
So he thought he'd get her lover boy
And smash him up his gob

Then he thought, Now look here Billy lad
Use what's under your crop
So he up with his concrete mixer,
Fills the car right up to t' top

Then he got back in his cabin,
Sits as quiet as a mouse
And he sees the bloke coming to his car
But he comes from next door's house

Our Bill starts up his engine,
He'd never felt such a prat
He were down the road and a mile away
In twenty seconds flat

Ah, but if Bill had stayed a bit longer
He'd have seen his wife so sweet
Giving a kiss to her lover boy
As he cycled down the street.

So now his wife, she gets her oats,
And Billy feel a berk
For thinking his wife was having it off
While he was out of work.

This is a common folk tale on both side of the Atlantic and is always, at least according to the raconteur, based on fact. This telling of the imaginative use of a concrete mixer is the work of Lancashire's Bernard Wrigley.

Recorded by John Roberts and Tony Barrand on "Mellow with Ale
from the Horn", FHR-04
DC