

Tyrolean Knockabout
Half Man Half Biscuit

G

I ve been strolling down my favourite lane

D

And I ve been bowling my left arm occasionals again

G

Life gets sweeter the more that I understand

D

G

The flora and the fauna and the hedgerows abound in this land.

Monday morning, the field paths are calling my name

D

No storm warning is going to stop me setting out again

G

You could join me; my flask is full to the brim

D

And let s face it it beats skulking round the

G

Seven inch import section with him.

D

G

I m keeping my feet above the mulch of the barton with song

D

G

A drink and a four handed reel as I ramble along.

C

G

Let s hear it for the Brakeman, without him I d have to find more words

D

G

Yodelay-ee.

G

I ve been goading D-list Paul Ross for a laugh

D

By unloading outside what he d call his gaff

G

Old fridge freezers - doors all removed like we re told

D

G

His face at the window on waking a sight to behold.

D

G

I m keeping my feet above the mulch of the barton with song

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