

The Jeely Piece Song – Adam MacNaughtan

'Hey Maw, throw us doon a piece'.

'There ye are son, catch!'

Intro: C///



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

I'm a skyscraper wean, livin' oan the eighteenth flair, but I'm no gaun oot to play ony mair,
Fur since ah moved tae Castlemilk, I'm wasting away, fur I'm getting ane less meal every day.

Chorus

On the first day ma mammy flung a piece o' Hovis broon. It went skyting oot the windae and went up instead o' doon,
But every twenty-seven hours, it comes back into sight, fur ma piece went into orbit and became a satellite.

Chorus

One the second day ma mammy thought she'd try it once again. It went and hit the pilot in o' fast, low-flying plane
As he scraped it fae his goggles, he cried through the intercom: 'The Clydeside Reds have got me wi' a piece-an'-jeely bomb!'

Chorus

On the third day my mammy thought she'd try another throw. The Salvation Army Band, wis playin' doon below
'Onward Christian Soldiers' wis the tune they should a' played, but the oompah-man wis playin' on piece-an-marmalade

Chorus

Now, a've written aff tae Oxfam, askin' fur some aid, and a' the weans in Castlemilk have formed a Piece Brigade
We're gonny march tae George's Square, demanding civil rights. Like, 'Nae Mare Buildings O'er Piece-Flinging Height!'

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<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8A75APmcwXA>

