

Oh Mister Superintendent
'Eres my trunchin and my lamp,
An 'eres the blessed bracelets
Our stations rather damp,
It rains all night like cats and dogs,
I'm like a drowned bull pup.
This jobs a sight to hard for me,
And so I gives it up.
I'll ha' no more policemanin
It don't suit me not quite;
Taint nice been rained on hours an' hours
(In Bacup it rains sup),
This jobs a deal too hard for me,
And so I gives it up.
To walk about the Bacup streets
All through the nasty night,
In nasty boots as nip your feet ,
And yet beant water tight,
When every blessed publics shut
In every blessed street,
And not a chance to ' run one in'
All through the blessed neet.
Of all the clothes I ever' ad
This toggery is the worst,
I aint been dry for weeks and weeks,
Except when im a thirst,
Now no one offers me a glass
Nor says, ' 'Ere , will ta sup,
They're all in bed when my job's on,
And so I gives it up.
No more policemanin for me,
Regulations are too tight,
The pay is very small indeed,
And the work is far from light,
And so he empties to the dregs
His life's sad bitter cup,
The job's a deal too hard for me.
Abs so I gives it up.