The Pot & Kettle

The Rumjacks

One smoky day in a darkened scullery

Doon by the river in a factory town

Where bad things happen & the walls are drippn'

And the ghosts are flittin' frae the cold hard ground

A pot & kettle on the hob were settled

A' hissin' their patter so bileous cruel

An awfy matter o' clout & claterin'

Battlin' wits in a hideous duelLids a rattlin' belchin' steam

Life ain't nothin but a fevered dream

'You're a lowly villain'

'You're a terrible liar'

'But we're both here cookin' on the same old fire'

Guts a bubblin' belchin' steam

Life ain't nothin but a fevered dream

'You're a chanty pot'

'And you're a shite for brains'

'But we're both here hangin' on the same old chains'

"I've roasted a wealth of exotic things

All torn to ribbons at the hands of kings

Polished copper how I proudly shone

Stealin the fire of the blazing sun""Ye've boilt nae mair'n 'em old soup bones

Ive boilt the tea for them stately homes

I were rattled like a drum each Hogmanay

Then scrubbed tae the devil on the follwin' day"Lids a rattlin' belchin' steam

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'You're a chanty pot'

'And you're a shite for brains'

'But we're both here hangin' on the same old chains'"O kettle yer metal is a terrible hue

Riddled wi' holes cannae hold yer brew

Yer lids all crooked & yer sides bashed in

It'll no be long afore ye see the bin""Pot your not so bright as me

A hags old cauldron is all you'd be

You reek o' gruel & you're none too young

Fit for to carry but the peels & dung"Lids a rattlin' belchin' steam

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'You're a terrible liar'

'But we're both here cookin' on the same old fire'

Guts a bubblin' belchin' steam

Life ain't nothin but a fevered dream

'You're an old piss bucket'

'You're a dented can'

'But we're neither as black as that roasting pan.'Lids a rattlin' belchin' steam

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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