Sidney Wells

Richard Thompson

Sidney Wells he drove the country North to South
On the walkie-talkie, shooting off his mouth
All the lorry drivers thought he was a laugh
They didn't know the truth, they didn't know the halfSidney Wells he had a lovely line in chat
Before a girl could think he'd have her at his flat
Dansette playing soft, a gin'll do no harm
No one could resist Sidney Wells' charmCheryl was a waitress at the works canteen
Older than she looked, she'd pass for 17
Too pretty to be working such a lousy job
Beauty queen smile, hair cut in a bobSidney Wells' rig came weaving down the road
At Hennessy and Sons he dropped his heavy load
Cheryl checked her makeup, looked up at the clock
She had a date with Sidney at the loading dockHe led her to the woods, the sky was getting dark
She thought it was romantic, thought it was a lark
Buried in her mind there rang a small alarm
But no one could resist Sidney Wells' charmThen he took off her clothes and threw them in a pile
He watched her stand there cold and shivering for a while
Then he picked up her stocking lying on the floor
And wrapped it round her neck until she breathed no moreHe tried to burn the body, he didn't do it well
Up on a pile of tires, it was an awful smell
They found her poor remains and summoned the bereft
And took her to the church to bury what was leftNow Sidney Wells he was a heartless kind of rake
The blood within his veins was colder than a snake
He didn't run, he carried on just like before
Until the CID came knocking at the doorThe judge said, Mr Wells, the evidence is strong
Said Wells, "I'll not deny, what took you all so long?
All you see is victims, all I see is brides
I'm guilty to the gills, and 7 more besides."They took him to the jail, ready for the worst
Justice would be served, but who would get there first?
He bled just like a pig slaughtered on the farm
The inmates weren't impressed by Sidney Wells' charm

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