Any Old Irony?

Skyclad

At the vanguard of a juddering caravan,
hurriedly galloping down a dirt-track.
Six furtive figures, crooked as Caliban;
Smuggling hope to the land of the claque.Weary, hoarse-riders; irksomely blistered.
Spent from a decade a-roving the road.
Frigging a jig for our brothers and sisters;
Stark-raving-madrigals by the cartload.Without trepidation I sing in laudation;
Vocal salute to all travelling tinkers.
Vagabond nation joined in congregation.
United free-thinkers cry from the bryony;"Any old irony?!"[Chorus:]
Come one, come all to our travelling circus;
Cast-off your cares for the painted parade.
Whirl down the wynd like dervish-berserkers;
If life hands us lemons; we'll make lemonade.Maybe Jay's smashed (?), drumming up passion;
Scarring forever with each brisk tattoo
Bean's in the place so bass is in fashion,
killing us all with his amp set on 2.Watch out for Ridley The Raucously Tiddly,
Unplugged he's no Dr. Jekyll....so Hyde!
Desperate-Dan-Ramsey; deft fingers diddle.
Watching The Match on a telly stage-side.The cat on the fiddle, Miss Georgie Biddle;
Keeping it reeling with her fugue electric.
Stuck in the middle I'll rhyme you a riddle;
Irate and eclectic my cry from the bryony;"Any old irony?!"[Chorus:]
Come one, come all to our travelling circus;
Cast-off your cares for the painted parade.
Whirl down the wynd like dervish-berserkers;
If life hands us lemons; we'll make lemonade.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/