

Mersey Beat

Reckless Kelly

Harry was a bus driver
He was a very forthright man
He'd run down the road, right over a dog
Before he'd change his path And then he met lovely Loraine
They had a rough and tumble lad
And it didn't come easy but the boy learned to play
On a twelve pound pawn shop axe And everybody sing loud and shout
Dreamy haze pop stars
The boys came about that Mersey beat sound
Of crude little sketches of guitars Well, they heard of a sound from a faraway land
That was ruled by a cricket and a king
But a pauper's son would one day come
From twenty-five Upton Green And there everyday was a place to play
When the final bell had rung
And when the big day come, he was just too young
And they sent 'em all back home Everybody sing loud and shout
Dreamy haze pop stars
The boys came about that Mersey beat sound
From crude little sketches of guitars Well, the wild ones don't think much of Johnny
Yeah, a critic's got it rough
And you're a real king mixer but it's my train mister
If you think that's all I've got Well, you'll be beaten on down by Mersey sound
And then you'll have to choose
Between standing on your own or singing right along
With the ones no better than you So everybody sing loud and shout
Dreamy haze pop stars
The boys came about that Mersey beat sound
Of crude little sketches of guitars Everybody sing loud and shout
Dreamy haze pop stars
The boys came about that Mersey beat sound
Of crude little sketches of guitars

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