

The Battle Of Epping Forest

Genesis

Along the forest road there's hundreds of cars, luxury cars
Each has got its load of convertible cars, cutlery cars, super scars
For today is the day when they sort it out, sort it out
'Cause they disagree on a gangland boundary
They disagree on a gangland boundary
There's Willy Wright and his boys, one helluva noise
That's Billy's boys with fully-fashioned mugs
That's little John's thugs, the barking slugs, super smugs
For today is the day when they sort it out, sort it out
Yes, these Christian soldiers fight to protect the poor
East end heroes got to score in the battle of Epping forest
Yes, it's the battle of Epping forest right outside your door
And you ain't seen nothing like it
No, you ain't seen nothing like it
Not since the civil war
Comin' over the hill are the boys of Bill
And Johnny's lads stand very still
With the thumpires shout, they all start to clout
There's no guns in this gentleman's bout
And Georgie moves in on the outside left
With a chain flying round his head
And Harold Demure, from art literature
Nips up the nearest tree, here come the cavalry
Amidst the battle roar, accountants keep the score, 10-4
They've never been alone, after getting a radiophone
The bluebells are ringing for sweet meal Sam, real ham
Handin' out bread and jam just like any picnic, picnic, picnic, picnic
It's 5 to 4 on William Wright, he made his pile on derby night
When Billy was a kid walking the streets, the other kids hid, so they did
And now after workin' hard in security trade, he's got it made
The shops that need aid are those that haven't paid
"I do my double-show quick" Said Mick the prick, fresh out the Nick
"I sold cheap holiday, the minute they leave
Then a visit I pay an' does it pay"
His friend, liquid Len by name, of wine, women and wands worth fame
Said, "I'm breaking the legs of the bastard that got me framed"
I'm breaking the legs of the bastard that got me framed, got me framed
They called me the reverend when I entered the church unstained
My employers have changed but the name has remained

All began when I went on a tour, hoping to find some furniture
I followed a sign, it said, 'Beautiful Chest"
It led to a lady who showed me her best
She was taken by surprise when I quickly closed my eyes
So she rang the bell, and quick as hell
Bob the nob, came out on his job to see what the trouble was

"Louise, is the reverend hard to please? "
"You're telling me!"
"Perhaps, sir, if its not too late
We could interest you in our old-fashioned Stafford shire plate? "
"Oh no, not me, I'm a man of repute"
But the devil caught hold of my soul and a voice called out "Shoot!"
To save my steeple, I visited people
For this I'd gone when I met little John
His name came, I understood
When the judge said, "You're a robbing hood"
He told me of his strange foundation
Conceived on sight of the Woodstock nation
He'd had to hide his reputation
When poor, 'twas salvation from door to door
But now, with a pin-up guru every week
It was love, peace and truth incorporated for all who seek
He employed me as a karma-ma-mechanic, with overall charms
His hands were then fit to receive, receive alms
That's why we're in the battle of Epping forest
Yes, it's the battle of Epping forest
Right outside your door
We guard your souls for peanuts
And we guard your shops and houses
For just a little more, just a little more
In with a left hook is the bethnal green butcher
But hes countered on the right by Mick's chain-gang fight
And liquid Len, with his smashed bottle men
Is lobbing Bob the nob across the gob
With his kisser in a mess, Bob seems under stress
But Jones the jug hits Len right in the mug
And Harold Demure, who's still not quite sure
Fires acorns from out of his sling, here come the cavalry
Up, up above the crowd
Inside their silver cloud, done proud
The bold and brazen brass, seen darkly through the glass
The butlers got jam on his rolls, Roy Doles out the lot
With tea from a silver pot just like any picnic, picnic, picnic, picnic
Along the forest road, its the end of the day

And the clouds roll away
Each has got its load, they'll come out for the count
At the breakin' of day
When the limos return for their final review, it's all through
All they can see is the morning goo
"There's no one left alive, must be a draw"
So the black cap barons toss a coin to settle the score

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