

GF - In a Little Wigan Garden

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Talk of your beautiful meadows
and fields and your parks so grand
Talk of your wonderful gardens down at Kew.
I know a spot that can beat all the lot
it's the best I've seen
Keep all your hills and dales, put me with the slugs and snails.

In a little Wigan garden, where the dandelions grow
With my sweetie frowsy Flo round the mulberry bush we go
Underneath the Wigan Palm trees
there I bring her up to scratch

We have such a game on the cucumber frame;
I'd show her the cabbage patch
When the morning mildew christens our shallots,
Scented breezes coming from the chimney pots

In a little Wigan Garden, when the soot is falling down
Oh what a place, what a case, a disgrace to my home town.
All sorts of things, some with wings,
some with stings every night appear
Glow worms and silkworms and Wigan earwigs too.
Crocuses croak with fog
and smoke from the gasworks near
The one thing that only grows,
is the wart on my sweeties nose

In a little Wigan garden with my little Wiganese
Getting stung with bumble bees, between the cabbages and peas
'Neath the Wigan water lilies where the drainpipe over flows
There's my girl and me she sits on my knee
and watch how the rhubarb grows

'Neath the shady tree to my loved one I cling
While the birds above do everything but sing

It's a rotten Wigan garden, everything grows upside down
Oh what a place what a case, a disgrace to my home town.