

LETTERS HOME

Words and music by Paul Clark

Chorus:

*Dear Parents, we hope you're O.K.
We're having a wonderful stay.
We dare not upset her, so here in this letter's
What teacher permits us to say.*

V1:

It really is strange having school in a Scout Hall
But lessons go on in the same dreary way.
The part that I like is Geography class,
Where we walk on the towpath for half of the day.
While the teacher's not looking, I'll scribble this bit down,
We're having a fight when we go out to play.

V2:

I've bought a new top and I wish you could help me,
The boys on my street - they can spin it with ease.
There's a small leather whip that they snap and they crack
And it makes the top spin for as long as they please,
But when I do the same it just falls in the gutter,
While they circle round me to laugh and to tease.

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V3:

It really is fun when the snow's thick and heavy,
With sledging and snowmen, there's so much to do.
Down the front garden path, it's just perfect for sliding.
Perhaps Mister Lovell will have a slide too
When he comes home from work - hey, just think of the fun
All us boys throwing snowballs at girls after school!

V4:

Christmas is near, we look up to the heavens,
But each night a searchlight - it blocks out the stars.
I have written a letter Old Father Christmas
To ask for a gun or a big, armoured car
That I've seen in the toyshop - when you come for Christmas,
I'll take you to see just how smashing they are.

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