



Sallyally Sunday

Queuing up for ice cream, waiting for the man
With his strawberry smile and his ring-a-ding van
Picking up the sea shells, kicking up the sand
Wading through the water with your shoes on

Bite into a pork pie, throw it in a hedge,
Crack another boiled egg, blue around the edge
There's gravel in the butter, you left it on the ledge
We'll all be very happy when the food's gone!

It's a Sallyally Sunday and the family is free
To take another day trip, a visit to the sea
If we leave just after breakfast we'll be there in time for tea
And it don't get dark down there 'til after midnight

Punch is thumping Judy, the kids all do the same
Then go off in a huff because the other was to blame
And Daddy's on a donkey, isn't Daddy brave
But he won't do that again because the moods gone

But the band are playing pop songs, shaking up the pier
In brightly buttoned uniforms and slightly greying hair
To the clamour of the fruit machines and seagulls everywhere
And Daddy's in the boozier singing rude songs

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But Mum is getting tired and the kids have gone to sleep
So we sling a bag of Tupperware back into the jeep
And hammer down the motorway, back to our little street
Keeping Dad awake by singing sing-songs,
sing songs, sing sing-songs