

## TO THE SONG "WORKING CLASS MAN"

Well the days were getting shorter  
And the mornings cold as dread  
Bones a little stiffer  
As we all roll out of bed  
Halcyon on a winter's day

Now the residents don't worry  
We don't shed a tear or pine  
'Cos you only have to wait 'til five  
We crack that cask of wine  
Halcyon on a winter's day

It's a village full of friendship  
There's a sense of bonhomie  
There's a wave from folk as you drive on by  
Or a nice warm cup of tea  
See it might be cold for the nearly old and the toilets must be close  
Oh, can I smell a roast?

Now shorts are still the dress code  
'Cos the men are hard as tacks  
If you feel a breeze you can always squeeze into  
a pair of trackie daks  
We don't worry 'bout tomorrow  
We don't even know the day  
The only thing we know for sure  
Is that the bins goes out today  
Halcyon on a winter's day  
Halcyon on a winter's day

Well the bowlers are the heroes  
Their moves are smooth as silk  
They'd all be even better  
If they could just get on the rink