

Half Man Half Biscuit, D'you Ken Ted Mould?

Ah, Ted! It has to be said,
The {? juicy truth's ?} beyond us.
Rain, shine, on Leopold Stein,
His ribs remain intact.
{? Hedderly Crup ?} is in my garden
Breaking wind! "I beg your pardon!"
Don't go breathing! Misery!
And don't you all agree?

No fears, the last ten good years,
Our statistics prove it,
That you'll pose on Erskine's nose;
It's you who sets the pace.
On the cold and frosty morning,
Stop and howl {? And ruse like warning: ?}
It's insulation for the nation.
That's the one for me!

No draft, 'cause that would be daft,
A feather acknowledges beauty.
And ball and chain that {? leaks on the pane ?}
Can only smash your nerves.
In the Highland Agencies
And with the best, it stands to please.
And no complaining whether it's raining.
Thanks to this {? tumultuous day! ?}