

# Reckless Kelly, Mersey Beat

Harry was a bus driver  
He was a very forthright man  
He'd run down the road  
Right over a dog  
Before he'd change his path  
Then he met lovely Loraine  
They had a rough and tumble lad  
And it didn't come easy  
But the boy learned to play  
On a twelve pound pawn shop axe

Everbody sing loud and shout  
Dreamy haze pop stars  
The boys came about that mersey beat sound  
From crude little sketches of guitars

Well they heard of a sound  
From a faraway land  
That was ruled by a cricket and a king  
But a pauper's son would one day come  
From twenty-five Upton Green  
And there everyday was a place to play  
When the final bell had rung  
And when the big day come he was just too young  
And they sent em' all back home

Everbody sing loud and shout  
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Well the wild ones don't think much of Johnny  
Yeah a critic's got it rough  
And you're a real king mixer  
But it's my train mister  
If you think that's all I've got  
You'll be beaten on down  
By mersey sound  
And then you'll have to choose

Between standing on your own  
Or singing right along  
With the ones no better than you

So everbody sing loud and shout  
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