

The Beatstalkers, Silver Tree Top School For Boys

Here's the town in which I live petunia green
Here's the shop and here's the man who sold me laces for my shoes
There is Mr.Marcus boys, they say he's mad
'here's the battle that they won' silver treetop school for boys

Early days were good as gold
An apple here an apple there
And everywhere a 'yes sir', 'no sir'
They made me roll the cricket pitch once a day
I've never been so happy than at silver treetop school for boys

The mowing machine was leaving small piles of grass
That when the ? ? ? had risen to the pipe of Mr.Marcus
The smell of teaching fell upon the cricket field

Smiling, laughing, rolling about at silver treetop school for boys.

Hey there
They call in the staff room
They call in the canteen
"Hey come and look at what I found
I found some boys and masters sitting
On the cricket ground at silver treetop school for boys"

The English master, sir, he wore a purple mask
And the head, was usually sad, was swinging from a tree
Mr.brown the physics man is off his head
And everyone just loves the grass at silver treetop school for boys
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