

Tori Amos, That's What I Like Mick(The Sandwich Song)

Cheese and onion sandwiches on derby chinaware
Fiddles and jigs and Woogie my dog and TV havin' a swear
Takin' my dad for a pint or two, a Sunday morning stroll
Licorice pipes and baggy suits, Glen Hoddle scorin' a goal
Catchin' a pike and ridin' my bike on wooden wheels and a bowl of eels
Yes... that's what I like, boy
That's what I like
Pie and mash and liquor, walking about in the rain
William Brookes and comical looks, pianos, trams and trains
Colds and cockles and thunderstorms, place on the wireless and now
Grandfather clocks and coke and brandy, fountain pens and Beano and Dandy
That's what I like, I said
hey, that's what I like
Little pubs out in the country, Mother Pearl and Bernard Faire
The sound of a banjo, barbershop singing and having a kip in the chair
Burnt toast, a beer from the wood and old Jerry Thomas' teeth
Jerry and Chuck and Cannon and Ball, a banjo pickin' Bill Keith
And old bank loads, wood burnin' stoves and Shirley MacLaine
And petticoat lane
That's what I like, I said
That's what I like, yes boy
Yes, that's just, ohh
Bubble and squeak and jumble sales, Little Richard and Jerry Lee
Bonfire night and south and that's paddlin' in the sea
Polished brass and copper, Salvation Army bands
Violins and old coach inns and colored elastic bands
Tea in the mornin' and winter beginnin' and fishin' lines
And frogs and Spurs are winning
Yes that's what I like
Hey, that's what I like
A day at the races, cover the bases, goin' out hoppin in Kent
A new pair of braces, little kids faces sleeping under the tent
And wagons, chickens and pickin' blackberries and swallows and sledges
And Devon and derries
And haddock and trotters and horses and knickers and swatters and stickers
And banjo, and kippers
Yeah, that's what I like, boy
That's what I like