

Unknown Artist, Advice To The Lovelorn

Advice to the Lovelorn

(John Fryer)

I'm Blue-eyes of Scunthorpe, I need some advice,
For I've been a bad girl (why was it so nice?),
I've no one to turn to in this modern age;
So all that is left is the Lonely Hearts Page,
And Miss Home, Home, Evelyn Home.

Dear Evelyn Home, I've a problem for you,
I've slept with my boyfriend (he slept with me too),
His parents found out and blamed it on me,
And completely ignore me when I go to tea,
Dear Miss Home, Home, Evelyn Home.

Should I say I'm sorry, not do it again,
Refrain from all romance and be home by ten?
My boy says, "Don't do it, you might drive them to
Informing your parents, then what would you do?"
Dear Miss Home, Home, Evelyn Home.

Dear Blue-eyes of Scunthorpe, I can't understand
Why you and you only are taking a stand,
It takes two to go wrong, apportion the guilt;
Your boyfriend was in it, right up to the hilt,
Says Miss Home, Home, Evelyn Home.

Dear blue-eyes of Scunthorpe, hear what I must state,
For grief and contrition it's really too late,
Unless you get married as soon as you can,
You'll regret having had carnal knowledge of man,
O dear, sighs Miss Home, as she lays down her pen,
The troubles these young women have with their men;
It's sordid, immoral, and I really can't see
Why the hell all these things never happened to me,

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