

Wings, Old Siam, Sir

In a village in Old Siam, sir, there's a lady who's lost her way
In an effort to find a man, sir, she found herself in the old UK
She waited 'round in Walthamstowe, she skated 'round in Scarborough
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In a village in old east end, sir, she met a fellow who made her real
Took her rushes to show, this man, sir,
He met her dad at the wedding meal

In a letter from Old Siam, sir, came an awful tale of woe
She decided the only answer was to get off a pile of dough
She waited 'round in Walthamstowe, she skated 'round in Scarborough
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When a relative told her man, sir, he directed her not to stay
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+ repeat first two lines of last verse, then repeat until fade:
Walthamstowe . . . Scarborough . . .