

Penniless in Port Isaac

(sung to the tune of 'My Way')

I'm skint, I'm boracic lint,
The Royal Mint's refused me money,
I've tried to tap Jack Spry
He said, "Goodbye, try Ian Honey",
The Rows – Bruce, Pete and Jack
Said theres' a lack of folding ready,
Put the grabs on those 'handsome' cabs
Young Sian and Eddie.

The Browns all turned me down
And then left town in their posh motors,
They said, "We're in the red,
Fishing's dead, thr' lack of quotas",
Dennis Knight ignored my plight
But gave me a bite (the head of a sea cod)
A likewise pledge for dodgy veg
At David's Peapod.

I'm sick, I tried to nick a stripey shirt
Or a posh new barbour
Jon Cleave said, "Kindly leave"
And promptly threw me in the harbour.
What's more, at the Old Drug Store
Graham said, "I'll not be nasty,
For a fiver tip, I'll fry a chip
And a month old pasty".

For what is it like? It makes me cross
No beer from Mike or Rothschild Ross
I'll say the things I truly feel
I'd sell my soul for one square meal
The village knew my pension's due
A week next Friday
But for today, I have no pay
And it's a dry day!

Eric Stokes