

Late 60s 70s Isle of Wight Humorous / Risqué written songs

Lauri Say; The Southern Vectis Bus Song, The Advertising Man, UDI for the Isle of Wight, The Hovercraft, The Floating Bridge Song, The Breathalyser, The Isle of Wight For Me, Down at the Sloop on Friday Nights

Toni Malo; Cowes Week, The Ferry Song

Robin Holbrook; Tourist Songs (The Friendly Isle and The Isle of Wight lies waiting there for you),

Grotty Yotties

Cats and Dogs

Down the Solent

Southern Vectis Bus Song

(Lauri Say) Tune Wabash Cannonball

From the grubby sands of Shanklin, if ever you should stray
From Yarmouth down to Ventnor, from Wight to Totland Bay
From Bembridge to The Needles, from Yaverland to Brook
You'll find a Southern Vectis bus wherever you may look
If you're lucky

Chorus

Listen to the rumble, the racket and the din
And listen to the jingle of the money rollin' in
Well it's a public company, and it's owned by all of us
So make yourself a provident ride on a Southern Vectis bus

It doesn't really matter if you're off the beaten track
A Vectis bus will pick you up and swiftly bring you back
And if you chance to miss it, well, you mustn't scream or swoon
You know there'll be another one tomorrow afternoon. Ch.

Get a 19 out to Newtown, for Niton catch a 10
A 24 to Alverston, gets you there and back again
It doesn't really matter if you live out in the sticks
You can always get to Atherfield no number 36
Three times a day. Ch.

If you're marooned at Merstone, our service will not fail
From Whitwell or from Wellow, from Chillerton or Chale
From all point of the island we will get you home alright
Provided you don't travel after half-past-nine at night. Ch.

Now here's to our conductors, they do a worthy job
You'll always find them smiling when they charge you a couple of bob
And if you feel like quibbling, they'll never wear a frown
They know that in the summer it will cost you half-a-crown. CH.

The Advertising Man

(Lauri Say?) as sung by Robin Holbrook

Chorus

Oh you hear it every morning
And you hear it every night; over and over again
Oh the advertising man pours his message in your ear
And the slogans are pounding in your brain.

If a girl is weak and simple
And has got buck teeth and pimples
Yeh and at times stick her hair down really well ***
With a dollop of Camay
She'll look lovelier each day
And body mist will help to kill the smell.
- If you're cuddling in the park
Or eating Galaxy in the dark
She'll go prepared if she's got any sense
By using 'de de de' like a star ***
And a Playtex living bra
And a Colgate ring of confidence. Ch.

No fair maiden can conquer
When she can't tell Stork from butter
Among the Mothers Pride you'll never thwart
She uses Persil in the wash
And an Oxo in the nosh
And mixed packets by the pots of every sort.
- When she washes up in buckets
Above and under her armpits ***
Her hands and dishes sparkle just like new
And when a bad smell festers
With a few drops of Domestos
Will kill all the germs in the loo. Ch.

Every morning when you awaken
You gobble Danish bacon
And a bowl of instant porridge I'll be bound
Oh Rice Krispies are a treat
Followed up by Shredded Wheat
And a quart of Maxwell House to wash it down.
- When your belly's full of Ricicles
You go to work on eggs not bicycles
And you get to "pick up a pinta" from the milkman on his round
Now your body is all bloated
And your stomach's sugar coated
And you find your waist gone up by thirty pounds. Ch.

Oh a man looks a real dream
If he smears his hair with Brylcreem

Every time he lights up a big Grandee
Oh he's got a Ronson Shaver
And a fist full of flavour
A man can be as manly as can be.
- Oh he treats his women rough
Cos his shoes are Super Tuff
And he's got a Rael Brook shirt that can't be beat
And when he gives them all a thrill
With his Black and Decker drill
He has the girls all falling at his feet. Ch.
*** not sure of words

UDI for the IOW

(Lauri Say)

Down in Sunny Africa, things are getting tough
Because of the behaviour of a man call Ian Smuff
You may think that he's a traitor and you may think that he's right
But we could follow his example on the Isle of Wight

Chorus: The Island, the Island, it's the Isle of Wight for me
Where the people are broad minded and the atmosphere is free
I can think of a million places, I would rather be
But I don't give a damn 'cause here I am, it's the Isle of Wight for me

The first thing we must make sure is they don't cut off our booze
And so we'll have to go right out and nationalise Mews
We'll jam the BBC if they try to intervene
And we'll set up pirate radio on the Medway Queen. Ch

We're loyal to Queen Elizabeth but that don't mean a thing
We'll lock Mountbatten in Carisbrook Castle and we'll make Mark Woodnut King
We'll have no more Royal Yacht Squadron, Prince Philip we will ban
And they'll have to hold Cowes Week on the Isle of Man. Ch

Their economic sanctions will sure to hit us hard
We'll sell not another Ronson lighter or a Dixon's greeting card
We'll export no more radar or sand from Alum Bay
And Jim Callahan won't come here for his holiday. Ch

We'll have mounds and mounds of sea-side rock, and nobody to buy 'em
They wont need to send the troops in, they'll just sit and bide their ti-em
And when our economy at last begins to crack
Then we'll ask the British Government to take us back. Ch

The Hovercraft

(Lauri Say 1968)

What's this rumbling that I hear
What's this roaring in my ear
What's this racket driving everybody daft
Well its not artillery

Or the start of World War three
It's the Westland SRN, super noiseless hovercraft.

Oh the hovercraft is coming
Can't you hear that crazy humming
You can see the fishes scatter fore and aft.
With its mighty engine pushing
Floating on its own air cushioning
Its the Westland SRN, super noiseless hovercraft.

It's like a mobile goldfish bowl
When it screams across the Solent
The duration of your journey will be halved.
If you don't mind being cramped on
Your visit to Southampton
Take the Westland SRN, super noiseless hovercraft.

The directors made a statement
In the cause of noise abatement
When we said it made a row they only laughed
Anyone can stand the din
If he's got his ear plugs in
On the Westland SRN, super noiseless hovercraft.

If this method of propulsion
Fills you with revulsion
You should travel on a dingy or a raft
Whatever you intend
You'll never hear the end
Of the Westland SRN, super noiseless hovercraft.

The folks who live in Cowes and Gurnard
Tremble by the thousand
And the peace of Ryde is shattered everyday
So if want a place that's silent
You'd better leave the island
You can hear the bloody thing at Totland Bay.

Repeat verse 2

Down the Solent

Come all you landlubbers and sail with me
Down the Solent
On a Red Funnel steamer bound from Royal Pier
And we're bound for the Isle of Wight
Chorus:
And away lads away, down the Solent
We're past Calshot Spit where the seagulls all flit
And we're bound for the Isle of Wight.

Arriving in Cowes I spies this trim craft,
Down the Solent
She was well rounded forward and nicely trimmed aft
And we're bound for the Isle of Wight. Ch.

I take this trim craft to a nice sheltered spot.
Down the Solent
Where she had the powder and I had the shot
And we're bound for the Isle of Wight. Ch.

Oh look what you've done to my rigging she cried
Down the Solent
Too late I was firing my second broadside
And we're bound for the Isle of Wight. Ch.

Now I know what they mean when they talk of Cowes week
Down the Solent
For me foremast is bent and me craft's up the creek
And we're bound for the Isle of Wight. Ch.

Well I'm in dry dock, I can discern
Down the Solent
I'm covered in barnacles from stem to stern
And we're bound for the Isle of Wight. Ch.

Floating Bridge Song (Shanty)

(Lauri Say)

Now heave her up and sail with me
Hi, oh, the floating bridge
We'll journey across the raging sea
All together on the floating bridge.

The captain doth his vigil keep
Hi, oh, the floating bridge
As we journey across the raging deep.
All together on the floating bridge.

He stands with a spyglass in his hand
Cos now we're 30 yards from land.

Around Cape Horn in frost and snow
Thank God that's a place we never go.

The wind do howl and the seas do roar
And the seasick lubbers are longing for shore.

The crowds that are waiting shout hooray
Then they all go back the other way.

Now they ought to bridge that gap
And sell this blooming thing for scrap.

But here's the worst of all my fears
We'll still be sailing in a hundred years.

The Isle of Wight for me

(Lauri Say)

Just off the coast of England you will see a charming sight
A little pile of mud and sand we call the Isle of Wight
Where we're sociable and civilised as any you may see
And we are so enlightened we've got Woodnut as MP.

Chorus

It's the Island, the Island, it's the Isle of Wight for me
Where the people are broad minded and the atmosphere is free
I can think of a million places I would rather be
But I don't give a damn, for here I am, it's the Isle of Wight for me

We've a strong sense of community and we're neighbourly to the core
What ever your business may be, it's not private any more
You never need to be alarmed, whatever you may do
Behind the old lace curtain there's an eyeball watching you. Ch

Now the County Press prints all the vital news that fit to write
Like births and deaths and marriages and what Woodnut said last night
They're modern and unbiased and they toe no party line
But they hope the Tories get back in in 1869. Ch

There's two places you must visit, they're called Bembridge and Seaview
Where the people want protection from scruffs like me and you
Though they won't stop you going there, and here's the reason why
The maid comes out and scrubs the pavement after you've gone by. Ch

You can sit and snog upon the beach or walk round in the nude
And no-one makes a comment for it would be rather rude
You can spit and swear and booze and fight and never get a snub
And we don't raise any eyebrows if a girl gets in the club. Ch

So if you want democracy upon you holiday
There's no discrimination here as long as you can pay
You'll find no class distinction and not a trace of snobbery
Only ordinary simple friendly down to earth daylight robbery. Ch

Down at the Sloop on a Friday

Down at the Sloop on Friday,
That is where you ought to be,

Sing and clap and stamp your feet
Down at the Sloop on Friday

Cats and dogs

Oh the lads and me the other day thought we'd go on holiday,
The South of France it looked extremely gay,
Exotic food and foreign beer
Sexy birds in topless gear,
We'd thought we're bound to get our ends away.

Chorus:

And for fourteen days it was raining cats and dogs
All we had to eat was snails and legs from frogs
The hotel where we stayed was only a quarter made
And the beaches smelt like county council bogs.

Well we left port about 8 o'clock,
We waved to the people on the dock
Seagulls they all followed in a flock.
After an hour it blew a gale
Soon we were hanging over the rail
Our breakfast ended up by the Bishop Rock. Ch.

Well when we got onto dry land
Up to the hotel we all ran
Booze was more important than suntan
But when we got inside the bar
The beer it tasted more like tar
And the barmaid had less (tit) than my old gran. Ch.

Well soon it came to our last day
Seeing as we'd come all this way
We thought we'd all go swimming in the bay
Jumped straight in, being so bold,
The water was so bloody cold
It shrivelled all our manly goods away. Ch.

Well then I had the final shock
I pulled this bird in a tartan frock
Thought at last I'm going to get a knock
But in the back seat of the flicks
Got me hand inside her nicks
And found I'd pulled a homosexual jock. Ch.

Well we got home at nine last night
Stony broke and fairly tight
Feeling rather sorry at our plight
Next time we want to sow our oats
Bugger the tunnel and the boats
Next time we'll just stay on the Isle of Wight. Ch.