Lumpy Tums

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from the singing of David Jones

1. Potatoes are a windy meat
Tripe and onions are a treat
Pudding's good when stuffed with plums
But let us have some lumpy tums.

Chorus:
From Barley we get home-brewed ale
from malt are whiskey comes
But from the oats in Staffordshire
Do come our lumpy tums

2. Would you your offspring render weak
Feeding pap that's made of wheat?
Suffer them not to suck their thumbs
Give mother love and lumpy tums.
3. That breadknock man Jim Shaw who slew
Ten valiant french at Waterloo
His fateful one gave them their doom
For he was raised on lumpty tums.

4. When I have reached my finite day
Grant me that for which I pray
I crave not wealth's uncounted sums
But peace, and health and lumpy tums.

(david jones got the song from richard fewtrell[spell?)
DC