Woad

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What's the use of wearing braces,
Hats or spats or boots with laces,
Coats and vests you buy in places
Down on Brompton Road?
What's the use of shirts of cotton,
Studs that always get forgotten?
These affairs are simply rotten--
Better far is woad.

Woad's the stuff to show men,
Woad to scare your foemen
Boil it to a brilliant blue
And rub it on your back and your abdomen.
Ancient Britons never hit on
Anything as fine as woad to fit on
Neck or knees or where you sit on--
Tailors, you'll be blowed!
Romans crossed the English Channel
All dressed up in tin and flannel;
Half a pint of woad per man'll
Clothe us more than these.
Saxons, you can keep your stitches,
For making beds for bugs in britches
We have woad to clothe us which is
Not a nest for fleas.

Romans, save your armors,
Saxons, your pajamas,
Hairy coats were made for goats,
Gorillas, yaks, retriever dogs and llamas.
March on Snowdon with your woad on
Never mind if you get rained or snowed on.
Never need a button sewed on,
W-O-A-D woad (or, Glory be to woad!)(or, Bollocks to the breeze!)

sung by Joe Hickerson
DC