

UP THE 'COMMON' MARKET

(The Chorus is to be sung whilst waving dutiable goods and an anti-Market Petition)

O o o o h! The Duaniers are merry! The Duaniers are gay! *(Chorus)*

We've sat on our backsides from October to May.
But now the 'Lord Waden' is waiting to dock,
So unripp the zipper! and undo the lock!

The loot from the Continent's spread out before us,
A bull from Majorca, a headscarf from Rome,
(We loved just how guilty they looked when they saw us).
A cowbell from Zurich - the junk they lug home!

"The watch, Sir, they gave you a bill when you bought it?
And Madam, the bottle rolled up in your mack?"
In Birmingham people worked hard to export it
And old dears on Package Tours bring it all back!

O o o o h! The Duaniers are merry! The Duaniers are gay! *(Chorus)*

Now you've been and seen the Market scene,
The Eyties and the Frogs!
Still want to be in the EEC with them Krauts and other wogs?

Let Britain stay on her British way, An independent nation!
Let her Customs stand on Britain's land In long perpetuation!
Don't let them fix the How or Where! Nor let our Customs die!
Here's twenty thousand Excisemen to know the reason why!