

Mrs's Jones's Operation

Written by Mabel Constanduros, c.1948

Coo! Things are awful in this street
I'll think I'll have to move
and find a more congenial location
I led this street I was a wow
But things are different now
Since Mrs Jones has had her Operation

They fetched her in an ambulance
I've been on a stretcher once
The day that I fell down the hole
The gas man made and was so swole

Me verticals were black and blue
They say I strained my whotsit too
They say I did an awful lot
To things I never knew I got

But now they treat me just like dirt
I might be just a germ
The lowest kind of maggot in creation
You see I broke me own old bones
The doctor carved up Mrs Jones
The day she had her silly operation

Why people simply flocked to hear
The day I fell off Clacton Pier
They brought their aunts and their cousins
And dogs and husbands by the dozens

I let them share me compensation
We had a lovely cold collation
With beer and spam all way around
You know what spam was by the pound

But now all that's been forgotten
Me spam is fat and gone
And so's me bruises and me compensation
They nod so casual Hello Ma
Have you seen Mrs Jones's scar
I'm nobody - I've had no operation

They go and make her cups of tea
A thing they never done for me
Because she lets them in, Free Gritis
To look at her appendicitis

She keeps it on the mantle shelf
I think its horrible meself
Whilst me who's broke near every bone
At different time is left alone

But rather than cowntow to her
I'll simply leave the place
I mean it's a ridiculous situation
I've lived off accidents for years
Her husband had to pay for her's
An amateur that's had an operation