

Meadefolk are Marchers

1. There's a different breed of
Marcher that lives down Mitwold
way,

They've never mucked the pigs
out, they've never cut the hay:
They've got a man to do it for
them and all they do is pay

**Where muck is brass and folk
have class**

**And even the sheep sh*t pearls,
sh*t pearls, even the sheep sh*t
pearls**

Chorus:

**But Meadefolk are Marchers
Marchers born and bred
Meadefolk are Marchers
When all is done and said
So p*ss off back "from whence you
came" if you don't "concur"
Cost honest mud paves their
streets and that's what they prefer**

2. So what if they've got brand
new gowns – they're made of
homespun wool
And if they drink the finest wine

- it's by the bucket full
And they don't care for opera
- it's all a load of bull

Where muck is brass and folk
have class
And even the sheep sh*t pearls,
sh*t pearls even the sheep sh*t
pearls

Chorus

3. You can keep your flouncy
sleeves,
Your satire and your wit
And as for fancy politics
We don't care one bit
And we don't need your
newspapers
Unless its to wipe sh*t

Where muck is brass and folk
have class
And even the sheep sh*t pearls,
sh*t pearls, even the sheep sh*t
pearls

Chorus