

## The Rationing Song

*This is sung in 'cockney style' by all the market traders in Petticoat Lane as a response to Winston's introduction of rationing.*

Last night I was eatin' pie wiv cream  
The biggest slice you 'ave ever seen  
Then I woke up from me dream  
To hear me stomach rum-ber-lin  
So I patched me elbows an' darned me socks  
Sowed some seeds in the winda box  
Pottered 'round - puttin' right the clocks  
It's no use grum-ber-lin  
*Make do an' mend - in spite of everyfin' - 'cos  
We will survive - ta see the end of rationin'*

So I dug up me lawn and the flower bed  
An' planted spuds an' greens instead  
Growing mushrooms in me shed  
It's no good feeling sorry  
An' if you ain't got no place ta grow  
Flash 'arry's always in the know  
'e's got loadsa stuff not ot on show  
That's fallen off a lorry  
*Make the best of it - 'cos we ain't givin' in - 'cos  
We will survive - ta see the end of rationin'*

*Instrumental Verse (Lots of energetic dancing)*

Paint gray browning up to me thighs  
I got some coal black for me eyes  
Anyfin' to improvise  
They cannot ration passion  
Them curtains 'll make a lovely dress  
Even though I 'ave ta confess  
There's no one really to impress  
So what's the use of fashion  
*Waste not an' want not - whatever life may bring - 'cos  
We will survive, an' stay alive - ta see the end of rationin'*

*4 Bars of Instrumental*

*We will survive, an' stay alive - ta see the end of rationin'*