

A Transport of delight (the omnibus)

Some talk of a Lagoon
Some like a smart M.G.
Or for bonnie army lorry
They'd lay them down and dee
Such means of locomotion
Seem rather dull to us
The driver and conductor of
A London omnibus

Hold very tight please, ting ting!
Hold very tight please, ting ting!

When you are lost in London
And you don't know where you are
You'll hear my voice a-calling
"Pass further down the car!"
And very soon you'll find yourself
Inside the terminus
In a London Transport, diesel-engined,
Ninety-seven horsepower omnibus

Along the Queen's great highway
I drive my merry load
At twenty miles per hour
In the middle of the road
We like to drive in convoys
We're most gregarious
The big six-wheeler, scarlet-painted,
London Transport, diesel-engined,
Ninety-seven horsepower omnibus

Earth has not anything to show more fair
Mind the stairs! Mind the stairs!
Earth has not anything to show more fair
Any more fares? Any more fares?

When cabbies try to pass me
Before they overtakes
I sticks me flippin' hand out
As I jams on all me brakes
Then jackal taxi drivers
Can only swear and cuss
Behind that monarch of the road
Observer of the highway code
That big six-wheeler, scarlet-painted,
London Transport, diesel-engined,
Ninety-seven horsepower omnibus

I stops when I'm requested
Although it spoils the ride
So he can shout "Get out of it!
"We're full right up inside."
We don't ask much for wages
We only want fair shares
So cut down all the stages
And stick up all the fares
If tickets cost a pound apiece
Why should you make a fuss?
It's worth it just to ride inside
That thirty-foot-long by ten-foot-wide
Inside that monarch of the road
Observer of the highway code
That big six-wheeler, scarlet-painted,
London Transport, diesel-engined,
Ninety-seven horsepower
Ninety-seven horsepower omnibus
Hold very tight please