

What a to-do to die today
At a minute or two to two.
A thing distinctly hard to say,
But harder still to do.
For they'll beat a tattoo
At twenty to two
A rat-a-ta tat-a-ta tat-a-tattoo,
And the dragon will come
When he hears the drum
At a minute or two to two today
At a minute or two to two.

Give me the gift of a grip-top sock,
A drip drape ship-shape tip-top sock,
Not your spiv slick slapstick slipshod stock
But a plastic elastic grip-top sock,
None of your fantastic slack swap slob
From a slapdash flash cash haberdash shop,

Not a knick-knack knit-lock knock-kneed knickerbocker sock
With a mock shot blob-mottled tricky ticker-tock clock,

Not a rucked-up puckered-up flop-top sock
Nor a super sheer seersucker pukka sack smock sock,
Not a spot-speckled frog-freckled cheap sheik's sock
Off a hodgepodge moss-blotched botched Scotch block
Nothing slip-slop drip-drop flip-flop or glip-glop,
Tip me to a tip-top grip-top sock.