

Album: [Fresh Yesterday](#) – Artist: The Kipper Family

A holiday, a holiday, and all the people dozed
Lord Ormsby's wife went into the town, but everything
was closed

She couldn't get no shopping done, and so she looked
around
And there she saw big Fatty Groves a-lying on the
ground

“Go home, go home, you Fatty Groves, you are a drunken
lout;
Go home, go home, you Fatty Groves, you shouldn't be
let out.”

“Oh I can't go home, and I won't go home, and I can't
go home for my life
For the ring off my finger I have lost, I'll be
murdered by me wife

“Well if I am quite frank with you, your wife is not
at home,
For she is in my husband's bed, and she is not alone.

So as I've nothing else to do – no really not a thing
–
I might as well come back with you and help you find
the ring.”

A servant who was standing there, just why nobody
knows,
He swore his cronies they should know before the pub
was closed.

And when he come to the broad millstream he did not
see the plank
And in his hurry to carry the news he fell on his
belly and sank.

Big Fatty and Lord Ormsby's wife they hunted high and wide,
Till Fatty fell upon his bed and she fell by his side.

Big Fatty Groves he got up to go and wash his face,
When he returned Lady Ormsby's husband lay there in his place.

Saying "Well, I like your feather bed and well, I like your sheets,
And well, to be frank, I like your wife who lies in my arms asleep.

"Stay there, stay there," said Fatty Groves, "I shall not rant and curse
For you have got the better of me and I have got the worse."

"Stout fellow," said Lady Ormsby's husband, "Taken like a man."
But in then comes Mrs. Fatty Groves and in amazement stands.

Saying "How do you like my feather bed, and how do you like my sheet
And how do you like my curtains that I got in the sale last week?"

And then up spoke Mrs. Fatty Groves, never heard to speak so cheap,
" You told me you didn't like your wife, and now with her you sleep.

Lady Ormsby's husband he jumped up and ran right out the door,
" I didn't know it was her", he cried, and was never seen no more.

Fatty fainted clean away at the closeness of the call,

The ladies picked him up, and they leant him against
the wall.

They leant him up against the wall, and that was a
disaster,
For Fatty weighed full twenty stone and the wall just
lathe and plaster.

The wall gave way and Fatty fell, oh Fatty fell
outside,
And when he came to the broad pavement he fell on his
head and he died.

“A grave, a grave,” the ladies cried “To bury Fatty
in,
But better you make it extra large, or you won’t get
him all in.”

“Now isn’t that just typical,” these ladies they did
say,
” The men can be relied upon to spoil a holiday.”