Album: Like A Rhinestone Ploughboy – Artist: Sid Kipper

Now all on the Feast of St. Vitus,
I put on my best hat and coat.
I entered my frog for the racing,
And he went to the front from the go.

Though the rest of the field tried to catch him,
My Dandy kept one jump ahead.
He'd have led by a neck if he'd had one,
And straight for the finish he sped.

Oh Dandy he was a champion,
Mick Mackerel's a dirty old dog.
He come down the road with his natterjack toad,
And he murdered my twenty pound frog.

Well now Dandy was surely the favourite,
He looked like he'd win it with ease.
But just then he jumped on a toadstool,
And the toad didn't seem at all pleased.

Now what happened next wasn't cricket,
It wasn't a lark nor a joke.
Mick Mackerel's toad had a frog in its throat,
And Dandy had croaked his last croak.

Well I called for a stewards enquiry,
I told them my Dandy was dead.
They said in that case, he must lose second place,
Though he'd followed the toad by a head.

Well I wanted toi wallop Mick Mackerel,
But he was a bit of a bruiser.
He was six foot three high, and the same again wide,
So I decided to be a good loser.

Well Now all this had left me quite heated,
So I took off my coat and my hat.

And all the way home I felt naked,
For I’d nothing on under that.

Well I’ve learned me a twenty pound lesson,
And I’ll not forget it don’t fear.
I’ll get my own back on Mick Mackerel,
I’m buying an adder next year.