

BISCUITS

Herbert Goodsall was a driver, it was what he'd always been.

He could drive a bus or an army truck or a fancy limousine.

Kemps were biscuit makers out at Cricklewood;

Herbert Goodsall was their chauffeur: Kemp's Biscuits they were good,

My dears, ... Kemp's Biscuits they were good.

Herbert Goodsall was our Grandad – Stella was his wife.

He'd a small flat, a small pension and free biscuits for life.

He came for lunch on Sunday as often as he could

And he always brought a bag for us – Kemp's biscuits they were good,

My dears, ... Kemp's Biscuits they were good.

Shortcakes and Digestives, Gingers, Arrowroot, Marie

Nice called "niece" and Osbornes, Morning Coffee and Rich Tea,

Lincolns, Garibaldis, Arctic Wafers, Custard Creams

Bourbons and Choc-o-lait, the biscuits of our dreams my dears,

The biscuits of our dreams.

Our hungry brains soon knew them all, by name, by sight, by taste

When food was not abundant biscuits never went to waste.

Mum said "Once they're gone they're gone, you know what happens then."

The biscuit tin stays empty until Grandad comes again my dears,

Till Grandad comes again.

Shortcakes and Digestives, Gingers, Arrowroot, Marie

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Lincolns, Garibaldis, Arctic Wafers, Custard Creams

Bourbons and Choc-o-lait, the biscuits of our dreams my dears,

The biscuits of our dreams.