

Cracker Night

There was chatter in the schoolyard, for the night was drawing near

And the kids had saved their pennies and behaved

For they knew if they were naughty it was plain and all too clear

That they'd miss out on what it was they craved.

One young bloke whose name was Bobby had collected a whole pound

And was champing at the bit to spend the lot

He had planted, he had weeded, he had toiled and dug the ground

He had sold the veggies from that fertile plot

And with permission from his mum Bob bought out the corner store

A bag full of crackers loaded to the top

He sneered and leered and laughed with glee, hiding them behind the door

In the rubbish bin where rubbish never dropped

Much later when his pop came in to say, "Goodnight Bob," and chat

He could see his dad packing his bedtime pipe

Pop said "Goodnight dear son of mine;" gave Bob's head a gentle pat

"One more sleep before it's cracker night by cripes!"

Pop stood and struck a Redhead match as he did each night before

Sucked the flame into his pipe, oh how it glowed!

And as it's lit, he flicked the match, into the bin by the door

Into the basket where poor Bob's bombs were stowed

So what happened next is legend, a tale told in pubs and bars

Sparklers sparkled silver, rockets zigged and zoomed

Big Bungers banged as Tom Thumbs burst, Catherine Wheels like shooting stars

When Cracker Night came early in Bob's bedroom!