**The Jeely Piece Song**

I'm a skyscraper wean, I live on the nineteenth flair,

But I'm no gaun oot to play any mair,

Since we moved to oor new hoose, I'm wasting away,

'Cause I'm getting one less meal every day.

O ye cannae fling pieces oot a twenty-story flat,

Seven-hundred hungry weans will testify tae that,

If it's butter, cheese or jeely, if the breid is plain or pan,

The odds against it reaching earth are ninety-nine tae wan.

On the first day my maw flung me out a dod o' malted broon.

It came skyting oot the windae and went up insteid o' doon,

But every twenty-seven hours it comes back into sight,

'Cause my piece went into orbit and became a satellite.

**(chorus)**

One the next day my maw flung me oot a piece once again.

It went and hit the pilot in a fast, low-flying plane.

He scraped it aff his goggles, shouting through the intercom:

`The Clydeside Reds have got me wi' a breid-and-jeely bomb!'

**(chorus x2)**