

# The Jeely Piece Song (Adam MacNaughtan)

1 I'm a skyscraper wean, I live on the nineteenth flair,  
 But I'm no gaun oot to play ony mair,  
 Since we moved to Castlemilk, I'm wasting away,  
 'Cause I'm getting one less meal every day.

**Ch** O ye cannae fling pieces oot a twenty-story flat,  
 Seven-hundred hungry weans will testify to 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.

2 On the **first** day my maw flung out a **piece** o' Hovis brown.  
 It came **skyting** oot the windae and went **up** instead o' doon,  
 But **every** twenty-seven hours it **comes** back into sight,  
 'Cause my **piece** went into orbit and became a **satellite**. [Chorus]

3 One the **second** day my maw flung me a **piece** oot once again.  
 It **went** and hit the pilot in a **fast**, low-flying plane.  
 He **scraped** it off his goggles, shouting **through** the intercom:  
 'The **Clydeside** Reds have got me wi' a breid-and-jeely **bomb**!' [Chorus]

4 One the **third** day my maw thought she would **try** another throw.  
 The **Salvation** Army band was **staunin'** doon below.  
 '**ONWARD**, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS' was the **piece** they should have played,  
 But the **oompah**-man was playing a piece-an'-marmalade. [Chorus]

5 We've **wrote** away tae Oxfam to **try** and get some aid,  
 And **a'** the weans in Castlemilk have formed a "**Piece**" brigade;  
 We're **going** tae march tae George Square, **demanding** civil rights,  
 Like '**Nae** Mair Hooses Over Piece-Flinging **Height!**' [Chorus]

