Lid of My Granny's Bin

Lid of My Granny's Bin
(Joe Mulhearn)

As I was climbing inlo bed
At me poor Branny's side
I looked out the window;
The Brits had arrived.
The house was surrounded;
They smashed the front door in.
They've come to take away
The lid of me Granny's bin.

Well she opened up her window
And she clambend down the spout.
Soon her bin was rattling
To call the neighbours out.
She took out her whistle
And blew away like hell
And soon we heard an echo
As the neighbours blew as well.

cho: With a Scream. Bang, Shout.
Rattle up a din.
Let the army know. me Girls,
The Brits is comin' in.
Now rattle up your bin lid.
Beat the message out.
Get your head down.
Whistle. Bang, Shout!

A Tommy came right upstairs
A rifle in his hand.
She kicked him with her button boots
As down the hall she ran.
Up came another one
His medal for to win
But all he got right on the gob
Was the lid of me Granny's bin.

The music rose like thunder
As the bins and whistles played.
The enemy soon retreated.
They knew they'd overstayed.

It wasn't made of silver,
It wasn't made of tin.
But once again it saved us all
The lid of me Granny's bin.

cho:

The English have the telly,
The radio and press;
To all communications
They've always had access.
But from Pettigo to Bellaghy
From the Bone to Castlefin,
The only way to spread the news
Is rattle your Granny's bin.

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