











1 **Aa'll tell ye the deein's** o' some o' the foaks that leeves i' wor neiborhood.

Tho're a lot o' lazy good for nowts, an' the myest o' them's far frae good.

Frae Sunday morn till Satterday neet, tho're cadjin' neet an' day. An' whativvor they borrow they nivvor retorn, so ye might as well hoy it away.

## **CHORUS**

They'll borrow yor onions, leeks an' peas whenivvor thor pot's te boil. They ask for happenny candles if they canna get paraffin oil. Whativvor they borrow they nivvor retorn, sich foaks Aa nivvor saa. They'll skin a rat for its hide an' fat, will the neibors doon belaa.

2 **Thor's Mistress Jones set up** hor gob, an' asked us what Aa meant,

'Cos Aa waddn't lend hor haaf-a-croon te help hor pay the rent. Aa've lent hor mony a one afore, but Aa'll nivver dee it agyen, For she caaled us a hot-heeded fiery feul, an' she hit us wiv a styen.

## **CHORUS**

3 **Aa started a shop, but** oh! dear me, of that Aa seun got sick; It wes like a clock that waddent gan wivoot its favorite tick. The mainspring broke, the clock wes then hoyed oot inti the street; Aa often said the clock wad gan if the neibors wad de reet.

CHORUS...