



Uncle Joe's Mint Balls: Mike Harding

Sing in a thick Wigan accent. Bright Tempo

^C Now there's a place in Wigan a place you all should know ^{G7}

A busy little factory where things are all the go

They don't make Jakes or Ecdes Cakes or things to stick on walls

^{G7} But right and day they work away at Uncle Joe's Mint Balls

Chorus (to be sung after each verse)

^C **Uncle Joe's** Mint Balls keep you all agow ^{G7}

Give 'em to your grannie and watch the beggar go ^C

Away with coughs and sniffles, take a few in hand ^F

^{G7} **Suck 'em** and see, you'll agree; they're the best in all the land ^C

^C Me dad has always wanted curly hair on his bald head ^{G7}

Suck an Uncle Joe's Mint Ball that's what the doctor said ^C

So he got an Uncle Joe's Mint Ball and sucked it all right long ^F

^{G7} When he got up next morning, he'd hairs all over his tongue ^C

^C Me uncle Albert passed away from de upon the brain ^{G7}

The doctors said that he were dead and would never walk again ^C

So they gave the corpse an Uncle Joe's and then stood back aghast ^F

^{G7} Cos the corpse jumped up and ran to the pub and spent the insurance brass ^C

^C Me granny said me granddad 'e were gettin' old and slow ^{G7}

And fire in granddad's boiler 'ad gone out long ago ^C

So 'e got an Uncle Joe's Mint Ball, sucked it all the right ^F

^{G7} But his hot breath singed her vest and set the bed alight ^C



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C
We 'ad a pigeon it were bald and could fly too fast **G7**

Never won places in the races, always come in last **C**

Though it were bald, no feathers at all it won a race one day **F**

G7
We give it an Uncle Joe's Mint Ball and it ran a't bloody way **C**

C
I had a girl her name was May in passion she were lacking **G7**

Fed 'er with whisky to make 'er frisky, still she would get crackin' **C**

So I gave her an Uncle Joe's Mint Ball to get 'er all agow **F**

G7
Now she combs the streets of Wigan, looking for Uncle Joe! **C**

C
We gave some to the coal man's 'orse as it stood in the road **G7**

It gave a cough then beggared off with his cart an' load **C**

It ran out of the racecourse goin' like a bird **F**

G7
Covered the track with nutty slack and came first, second and third **C**

C
The RSPCA have bought six tons of Uncle Joe's **G7**

To give to all the animals to keep 'em all agow **C**

Our budget now is six foot tall, the cat is eight foot three **F**

G7
And all the poor brass monkeys are as happy as can be **C**

