

Steve Cartwright

KIPPERS AND CUSTARD

Kippers and custard's a rare combination
And you're bound to approach it with some trepidation
And though there may be an occasional soul
Who would greet it with glee
And then swallow it whole
The rest of us surely
And I'm no exception
Would flee from it in almost any direction
Rather than face this appalling rendition
This culinary cock-up, this affront to the bread bin
For let us be frank and I know it's offensive
Just the thought of it rallies the body's defences
A nod from the psyche down to the hold
And all manner of things start to rock and to roll
With a wretch and a rumble, a rushing of tears
Things start coming up that have been there for years
You've never had bacon, you've never had beans
But it's there on your shirt and all over your jeans
But before we collapse in our bile and our vomit
Let's see if there's something
that we can learn from it
So let us assume that with an effort of will
You've got the kippers and custard
way down past yer gills
You can safely conclude
that the gut and the gullet
Don't have the finesse that's displayed by the pallet
It's only a case of divorcing the psyche
And without a doubt you could eat what you like
Coz once it gets past the old tongue and the tonsils

There's things in yer gut that are stark raving bonkers
They don't care if it's whelk in a puff pastry jacket
Or a caviar entree that's cost you a packet
They'll take sausage and mash
with a clotted cream garni
4 pints of stout and a cheese and ham sarnie
They don't care if it's pickled or roasted or fried
It's just shoved in together and mixed up inside
They grab everything going and coat it with goo
And they shove all the rest down the old number two
So kippers and custard wont make em wince
Nor will the old spotted dick with a dollop of mince
Disgusting it sounds, but just think of the perks
The kit would reduce and so would the work
You wouldn't need to bother with garnish and herbs
You'd dispense altogether
with the posh way it's served
Just get a bucket and mash it all up
And with a wide enough straw you could suck it all up
You'd have more time for holidays,
more time for friends
You could choose a new hobby,
spend more time in bed
And since you wouldn't need
all these skillets and pans
You'd have cash in yer pocket and cash in the bank
So next time you're offered a blooming great kipper
All covered with custard or cream or whatever
Don't wave it away with a wince and a sneer
Just remember it might be a damned good idea