The Sidmouth Riots

Every year in August

comes the sound of distant bells

a tide’s about to sweep the town

and the locals brace themselves

The place is full of oldies

the Anchor staff are stressed

they’re serving beer in plastics

to a bloke in a chain mail dress.

It’s Sidmouth Folk Festival

I predict a riot

I predict a riot

A fiddle strikes a mournful tune

landlord looks up and glowers,

from window sills the staff remove

the vases of fake flowers

They’ve taken away the fish tank

hidden it quite away

but above a Shropshire Bedlam

a sign says catch of the day

It’s Sidmouth Folk Festival

I predict a riot

I predict a riot

In pink tights a fairy

has run out of ready cash

he’s trying to buy a round of beers

with his senior railcard pass.

A bearded singer in full flow

a raucous Shanty song

Someone’s jumped the ice cream queue

come on that’s just wrong.

It’s Sidmouth Folk Festival

I predict a riot

I predict a riot

Outside, the Chiltern Hundreds

are clogging down the street

and mothers rescue toddlers

from under stamping feet.

Along the prom it’s carnage

tourists are being floored

they’ve put out an all -points bulletin

for the arrest of Handsworth Sword

It’s Sidmouth Folk Festival

I predict a riot

I predict a riot

You think John K‘s the sternest

the one to incite a riot

but with a packet of crisps and the Beano

he’s in the corner being quiet

It’s Sandra to watch out for

along with her heavenly choir

at half a chance, they’d run amok

and set the town on fire

It’s Sidmouth Folk Festival

I predict a riot

I predict a riot

Now they’re going down the beach

are digging up the sand

it’s a good job Barry Goodman’s here

to keep us all in hand

But yes, it’s nearly over

you’ve nothing left to fear

except of course you’ve guessed it

we’ll be back again next year!

It’s Sidmouth Folk Festival

I predict a riot

I predict a riot