

# The Last Great Showman

TYG 118

Words and music by  
Dave Vermond



On a bright af-ter-noon on the out-skirts of Leeds, We laid him to rest and we sang of his



deeds. The old Ford Ze-phyr was cov-ered in flowers, and the drink-ing did-n't stop 'til



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fam-i-ly poured in, He'd left two hun-dred quid to pay for the drinks, and



Ber-yl put two hun-dred more in. And we drank to his mem-ory 'til the beer filled the



tray, For the last great show-man was bur-ied to-day.

1. On a bright afternoon on the outskirts of Leeds,  
We laid him to rest and we sang of his deeds.  
The old Ford Zephyr was covered in flowers,  
And the drinking didn't stop until well after hours.  
In the street corner pub that now stands on its own,  
His friends and his family poured in;  
He'd left two hundred quid to pay for the drinks,  
And Beryl put two hundred more in.  
And we drank to his memory till the beer filled the tray,  
For the last great showman was buried today.



2. There's a satellite dish on the old caravan,  
And if the books don't balance, well the coconuts can.  
Have faith in the future and pride in the past,  
And put all your money in things built to last.  
And the word from the family was "On with the show",  
He went the way he'd have wanted to go.  
He worked 'til the end, then he just slipped away,  
For the last great showman was buried today.
3. And in the fifties he'd box on the middleweight bill  
And there wasn't a town hall that he couldn't fill,  
He knew every café on the old Great North Road,  
He was a cash and shake hands man - he lived by that code.  
And when Rose was took early he shouldered the load  
And gathered his family around him.  
And you didn't know him for long, Bernadette,  
But I knew that he liked you the instant you met.  
He said things about you I'll never forget,  
And when you left his bedside his eyes were all wet.  
Now death cannot diminish us, try as it may,  
For the last great showman was buried today.
4. I tell you, God help you if you ever turned up late,  
He was a tough old bastard, but he treated you straight.  
He once decked me in Ripon when I gave him some lip,  
But he bought me a pint at the end of the trip.  
He could take down a waltzer in ten minutes flat,  
Always kept fivers in the band of his hat,  
For the last great showman,  
The last great showman was buried today.
5. And you didn't know him for long, Bernadette,  
But I knew that he liked you the instant you met.  
He said things about you I'll never forget,  
And when you left his bedside his eyes were all wet.  
Death cannot diminish us, try as it may,  
For the last great showman,  
The last great showman was buried today.
6. Put the wagons in a circle in St Christopher's Park,  
Let the sound of Del Shannon roar out through the dark.  
The onions are frying and the generators hum,  
And we'll be here till Sunday if the punters still come.  
Though Ataris and videos tempt them indoors,  
When the lights in the night sky all the world can be yours.  
He knew that life was the best game to play,  
For the last great showman, the last great showman,  
The last great showman was buried today.