

Uncle Joe's Mint Balls

[C] Now there's a place in Wigan - a place you all should [G7] know,
A busy little factory where things are all the [C] go.
They don't make Jakes or Eccles cakes or things to stick on [F] walls,
But [G7] night and day - they work away - at Uncle Joe's Mint [C] Balls.

Chorus

Chorus: [C] Un - - cle - - Joe's Mint Balls - keep you all a-[G7]-glow
Give em to your granny and watch the beggar [C] go
Away with coughs and sniffles - take a few in [F] hand
[G7] Suck em and see [G7] you'll agree
They're the [G7] best in all the [C] land. [C]

[C] Me dad has always wanted curly hair on his bald [G7] head,
"Suck an Uncle Joe's Mint Ball" - that's what the doctor [C] said,
So he got an Uncle Joe's Mint Ball and sucked it all night [F] long,
When [G7] he got up next morning - he'd hairs all over his [C] tongue.

Chorus

[C] Me Uncle Albert passed away from 'ale upon the [G7] brain',
The doctors said that "he were dead and wouldn't walk a-[C]gain"
So they gave the corpse some Uncle Joe's and then all stood back a-[F]ghast,
The [G7] corpse jumped up - ran to the pub - and spent the insurance [C] brass. Chorus

[C] Me granny said me grandad "ee were gettin old and [G7] slow"
And fire in grandad's boiler 'ad gone out long a-[C]go,
So 'e got an Uncle Joe's Mint Ball - sucked it all the [F] night,
But [G7] his hot breath - it singed her vest - and set the bed a-[C]light.

Chorus

[C] We 'ad a pigeon - it were bald and couldn't fly too [G7] fast
Never won the races - always came in [C] last.
Though it were bald, no feathers at all, it won a race one [F] day.
We [G7] give it an Uncle Joe's Mint Ball - and it ran all't bloody [C] way.

Chorus

[C] We gave some to the coal man's 'orse as it stood in the [G7] road,
It gave a cough and beggard off with it's cart and it's [C] load.
It ran onto the racecourse - going like a [F] bird,
[G7] Covered the track - with nutty slack - and came first second and [C] third.

Chorus

[C] The RSPCA have bought six tons of Uncle [G7] Joe's
To give to all the animules to keep them all a-[C]glow.
Our budgie now is six foot tall the cat is eight foot [F] three
And [G7] all the poor brass monkeys - are as happy as can [C] be.

Chorus

[C] So DUC deserves a special treat unknown in Droitwich [G7] Spa,
A northern speciality admired both near and [C] far,
so when your strings are drooping and your uke's dropped on your [F] toes,
Just [G7] pull yourselves together - and enjoy some Uncle [C] Joe's.!

Chorus

One last rousing chorus finishing slow 'They're the best in all the l..a..n..d'