

The Flamingo and Albert

There's a famous seaside place called Blackpool
That's noted for fresh air and fun
And Mr. and Mrs. Ramsbottom
Went there with young Albert, their son.

A grand little lad was young Albert
In his new Lycra shorts, all the rage;
And even his parents admitted
He was quite a big lad for his age.

They didn't think much of the Ocean,
The waves, they was fiddlin' and small.
There were no wrecks and nobody drowned -
Fact, nothing to laugh at at all.

They looked at the illuminations
And rode in a tram along shore.
Pa would have suggested the Zoo, but
They'd had problems wi' lions before.

Young Albert was getting the fidgets -
The Attractions had left him quite cold,
And 'is stick with an 'orse's 'ead 'andle
Was a bit of a bugger to hold.

So he wandered off into the backstreets
In search of more interesting sights
Till he came to a place called "Flamingo"
All lit up in pink neon lights.

Inside it, the music was throbbing
Outside there was quite a chill breeze,
So Albert went up to the counter
And said, "One half price, if you please."

"Nay lad, there's no halves at Flamingo;
It's for adults, unwaged or wi' wage.
But seeing it's you, I'll exempt you,
Cos you are a big lad for your age."

The dance floor was noisy and crowded
The place was all crowded with blokes.
It made Albert all hot and bothered
So he left his school cap with the cloaks.

In the bar, Albert perched on a barstool
Till over the young barman came.
Albert ordered a Pina Colada
Cos he fancied the sound of the name.

Asked Albert, "Who are all these people?
There's so many, they can't live in town."
"They're all queens," said the barman, which puzzled
Young Albert, cos none wore a crown.

And when young lad took to the dance floor
Then everyone gasped with surprise
At his stick with its 'orse's 'ead 'andle
- They'd never seen one quite that size.

Said one chap, dressed in chaps made of leather.
Yon 'orse's 'ead 'andle's a sight;
There's not many of those at Flamingo -
You should enter the Contest tonight.

Meanwhile both his parents were peckish
For fish and chips, as was their wont.
Said Pa, "I think something is missing,
Although I can't put finger on't."

"It's our Albert," said Ma, "Been abducted.
Call police," she cried, fearing the worst.
"Nay, Ma, it's gone six," said his father.
"We'd better have fish supper first."

As soon as their hunger was sated
They went off in search of their son.
Pa grumbled at missing "EastEnders",
But Ma said that it had to be done.

They enquired of a friendly policeman,
Gave description both full and complete.
"A stick with an 'orse's 'ead 'andle?
I think it went off down yon street."

Soon they stood at the door of Flamingo,
And demanded to see the young chap.
"Yon Flamingo has eaten our Albert."
"No, it ha'n't." - "Yes it has. There's his cap."

They pushed their way in almost brusquely
And Ma muttered darkly of Sin.
But what made the doorman most mad was
They hadn't even paid to get in.

The customers all were pressed forward
And cheering and stamping so loud
That Mother and Pa forced a passage
To see what excited the crowd.

And there, to the tune of "The Stripper",
Young Albert was grinding onstage.
By now he'd his new Lycra shorts off -
And he was a big lad for his age.

ŠThe sight put Pa into a frenzy
And tears of rage welled in his eyes,
Though his anger was somewhat abated
When Albert had won the first prize.

A hundred pound cheque was presented
But before little lad could reply
Pa said, "I'll pocket that for safe-keeping,
And thought of Old Ale it would buy."

And all of the queens from Flamingo
Went to Woolworth's the very next week
To buy sticks with an 'orse's 'ead 'andle
The latest in discoteque chic.

And Albert is eagerly waiting
To go back, but Ma says, "No fear.
He's not mixing with that sort of person -
We're going to My-kon-os next year."