

## D I A R Y

***There's No-One Quite Like Grandma* by St Winifred's School Choir (1979)**

You've been up all night, your shirt is drenched in sweat, blood and tears, in that order, you've been rockin' narrow and hard, rockin' hard and steady and drinkin' and smokin' what your doc told you so many times you shouldn't, when who comes through that door of yours but Grandma, the woman who used to wash you and bathe you and swaddle you in your manger under the watchful eyes of the Archangel Gabriel, if he just happened to have dropped by that bright sunny day.

There's no-one quite like grandma. You sure as hell know there ain't, she's the lady who gave birth to your mom and your mom gave birth to you, with a little help from your pappy, so now there's no givin' up on grandma and that's a fact.

Who's St Winifred? She's a saint and she has a school and that school has a choir. That much we know. And Winifred knows we know. And she's got a thing for your grandma, Winifred wants to get it on with your grandma, go a-kissin' and a-tumblin' and a-whoopin' and a-whoppin' with your grandma, so what right have you to stop her after all your grandma's done for you? None at all. Grandma, we love you. She always is a friend to you. And she's a friend to me. So no wonder she's so pissed at you. Get up off that floor, pal, dip that head of yours in ice-cold water, and wipe the blood and the tears and the sweat away. It's time to act like a man in front of the Grandma who raised you and taught you virtue.

***God Save the King* (1745)**

Once you wanted to save the Queen but she couldn't be saved so now you want to save the King, and I get it. We all got to save somebody, and if it can't be the Queen then why shouldn't it be the King, when's he ever done you wrong?

King Kong. Nosmo King. King Crimson. Carole King. King Lear. Kings of Leon. Solomon King. We Three Kings. Pearly King. Ben E. King. Burger King. There's jist so many Kings on this planet we call Earth.

The choicest gifts in store, on him be pleased to pour, long may he reign. Straight



THE PHILOSOPHY OF  
MODERN SONG  
by BOB DYLAN

talk, eyeball to eyeball. But you know what, there's only one throne, and no matter how many Kings and Queens you have, there's only one ass can sit on that throne at any one time, so you don't want him to reign too long, else the queue for the throne could stretch right round the block.

So here's what I'm thinking. This song is always sung so slow, so whiny, like the people singing it would rather be anywhere, doing anything, than here and singing this song. Not being a slug myself but having nothing against our tough-skinned gastropod mollusc companions, I'd still describe it as sluggish. I guess that somewhere deep down within their hearts they don't want him or her to be saved, because they just can't wait for the next King or Queen to come along, so's to liven things up.

***Wannabe* by The Spice Girls**

What do you want, what do you really really want, from this ever-dwindling life of yours that is being lived by you and only you in this place, now? Flying too high can be dangerous, one bad move leads to another, and that move is usually worse than the one before. It that means anything, it means a lot. And if it means nothing, it means even more.

The universe is a place of mystery but you can count on The Spice Girls to tell you what you want, what you really really want. You wanna go back to happier times, where

folks are lively and merry, where you can play with a full deck and shuffle 'til your hands turn blue and the universe belongs to you, where you can bait your hook, cast your net, sail around on your skiff and be a seadog with no fear of hitting that iceberg that has loomed up on you unexpectedly, the way icebergs always do.

Come on now, let's pull together, let's not take things for granted. If you wanna be their lover, you have got to give. Taking is too easy. But that's the way it is. Least, that's what they say, and who are we to disavow them? It worked for David, it might work for us. Yoked together, one flesh in perpetuity. In the Bible, God chose to wager with Satan about the piety of Job. I guess in His wisdom He would never have put a dime on Sporty, Scary, Posh, Ginger and Baby, with all their zigging and their zagging and their zagging and their zigging but, come on now, how the hell would I know?

***Ernie (The Fastest Milkman in the West)* by Benny Hill (1971)**

Milk is white and nutritious and it tastes damn good too, leaving white all around your lips so's you have to rub it off with your sleeve or another fabric-based item close to hand. Yet there are more songs about silk than about milk so why should that be? You can't drink silk and you can't wear milk but I know which one I prefer.

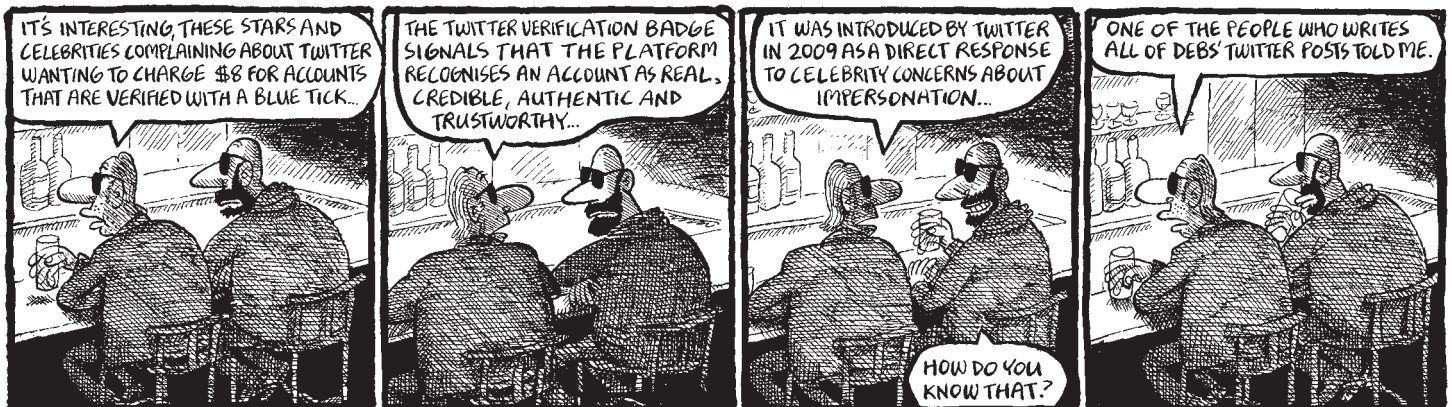
This is a song in praise of milk and those who deliver it. It was released in the year Jim Morrison passed away. No need to light Benny Hill's fire, baby, he sings like there was no tomorrow and no yesterday but only today, no matter how much it may mess up the timetable of this hard-rockin', hard-tootin' cart-drivin' milkman.

Ernie, Sue at Number 22, Two-Ton Ted from Teddington and Trigger the horse, all friends of mine, galloping out of a song that speaks with heart and soul of the unquenchable human need for milk delivered daily. It's the right stuff. It's the white stuff. It's milk.

As told to  
CRAIG BROWN

Celeb

L I G G E R



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