

Poor Miss Pringle

Miss Pringle's in a panic today is the day
When her class perform the nativity play.
But the three wise men are down to two:
Snotty little Tommy's got a nasty bout of flu;
And the under-study is playing Joseph too!
Oh poor Miss Pringle. Oh poor Miss Pringle.

And precious Petunia is Mary no less,
Her parents are governors of the school;
You might have guessed.

And the baby Jesus was made in Taiwan;
Along with the crib and Herod's gong,
All bought at a car boot sale for a song,
By poor Miss Pringle. By poor Miss Pringle.

Refrain

And Christmas comes but once a year:
Thank God! Thank God!
With nativity plays to add to the cheer:
Thank God! Thank God!

And lellow class are singing "No womb at the Inn",
Like Jonathan Woss they'll bwush and they'll gwin.
And "We Will Wock You" will follow stwaight on,
That popular Chinese cookery song;
But the pianist Miss Dobbs is playing it all wong!
For poor Miss Pringle. For poor Miss Pringle.

And Joseph with a tea-towel tied round his head,
Is wondering why they can't find a bed.
And the rear of the donkey has just run away,
When nature calls there can be no delay;
Now Mary lies prostrate, there on the hay!
Oh poor Miss Pringle. Oh poor Miss Pringle.
cont.....

Refrain

And the angels are rustling in their silver foil;
Oh how their poor mums have had to toil.
And a Roman soldier is coming to blows,
With a shepherd whose just put his crook up his nose;
Whilst their dads have a punch up,
There in the back rows!
Oh poor Miss Pringle. Oh poor Miss Pringle.

And the star in the East, has now slipped to the West,
As the scenery collapses the kids do their best.
But inside the loo Miss Pringles in tears,
As she knocks back the vodka and a couple of beers,
For she knows very well, it'll be the same again next year!
Oh poor Miss Pringle. Oh poor Miss Pringle.

Music & Lyrics © Alan Kingshott

