Distant Voices, Still Lives

By Terence Davies
The shipping forecast for today and tonight.
Iceland, Bailey, Faroes.
Fresh or strong southwest winds,
with gales in North Iceland, at first.
Occasional showers with snow in the north.
Visibility otherwise good.
Fair Isle, Cromarty, Forties...
South-southwest gales
spreading from the west with rain
and moderate or poor visibility.
Shannon, Irish Sea, Fastnet, Lundy, Sole...
- Fresh or strong
- It's seven o'clock, you three.
Occasional rain or drizzle
Visibility becoming moderate or poor
with some fog banks.
Plymouth, Portland, Wight, Dover, Thames,
Humber, Heligoland, East Dogger...
- Light or moderate
- Eileen? Tony? Maisie?
You'd better get your skates on.
...apart from coastal fog or mist patches
morning and night...
- Morning, Mom.
- Tony are those two sisters of yours up yet?
Yeah, they're just coming down.
- Oh, hi Mom.
- Morning, Maisie.
- Morning Mom
- Morning honey
- Nervous love?
- A bit
Have a cuppa and a ciggie
I get the blues when it's raining
The blues I can't lose when it rains
Now each little raindrop
Falls on my window pane
Reminds me of the tears I shed
The tears were all in vain
So I sit and wait for the sun to shine
To shine all my blues away
It rained when I met you
And it rained when I lost you
So I get the blues when it rains
There's a man
Going round
Taking names
There's a man
Going round
Taking names
He has taken my father's name
And he's left my heart in pain
There's a man
Going round
Taking names
Death is that man taking names
Death is that man taking names
He has taken my brother's name
And he's left my heart in pain
There's a man going round
Taking names
There's a man
Going round
Taking names
I wish my dad was here.
I don't
He was a bastard and I bleedin' hated him
- Can I have the money to go to the dance?
- Get that cellar done. Never mind dances.
But dad there's rats down there.
I'm terrified of rats.
No cellar, no dance.
Can I go to the dance, Dad?
Thanks.
You're just like your Auntie May!
And she was no bleedin' good!
I don't half wish me dad was here.
Come out and fight me, you bastard!
Come out and fight!
Come out and fight me, you bastard!
You bastard!
Come out and fight!
Will you have a drink with me, Dad?
No.
Have a drink with him, Tommy.
Please
I said...
no.
Two pence,
that's all I've got.
But I wouldn't give you daylight
Come on, you little bastard!
- Come on! Get in that van.
- Get in that van!
Are you ready, Ei? (Eileen)
Here goes.
Ah, he was all right your dad
You were the only one
who could get round him
What'll you give us for them Mr. D?
Micky, there your dad's working boots
I know, but we've just got to have five bob.
- What for?
- Oh, Dad, we've just got to go to the dance.
I don't know.
You two are bleedin' dance mad.
Oh, go on, Mr. D.
Just five bob.
Don't be snidey.
All right.
I'll lend you the money.
But take the boots back home. OK?
Oh, thanks, Mr. D, you're a pal.
Thanks, Dad.
And be back here by 11.
Bleedin' dance mad.
How are we fixed for a few ciggies, Mr. D?
Out!
Eileen! It's nearly 11 o'clock
- OK, Dad.
- Just one last ciggie, Mr. D.
I'll be in in a minute, Dad.
You'll get me hung, you will.
Isn't it terrible the way we've got to be in
by 11 o'clock.
I know. It's worse than Alcatraz, isn't it?
Eileen! I won't tell you twice.
Just a few more minutes, Mr. D,
and she'll be in, honest.
Make sure it is only a few
more minutes an' all.
I'm sure I'm getting a brain tumour.
Oh, Micky, behave,
you're healthier than I am.
No, honest, kid.
My head's been banging for days.
- Eileen! What bleedin' time do you call this?
- Blimey.
I'm coming, Dad, I'm coming.
See you, kid.
Look what he's bought me.
It's Chanel No.5.
I know
Isn't that dead romantic?
Before you are joined in matrimony,
I have to remind both of you
of the solemn and binding character
of the vows you are about to make.
This marriage is the union of one man
with one woman
freely entered into, for life,
to the exclusion of all others.
In you come, Maisie.
Smile
Oh, oh
Oh, what a gal
There's none so classy
As my fair lassie
Oh, oh
Oh, holy Moses, what a chassis
She went riding
She didn't fall
From the country
I was the one who had to walk
If you knew Susie like I know Susie
Oh, oh what a gal!
My Yiddisher momma...
I, eh! No. Order now.
...I miss her more than ever now...
- Order... Go on, Maisie. Go on.
My Yiddisher momma
I long to kiss her wrinkled brow
I long to hold her hand
As I did in days gone by
And say I'm sorry
For everything that made you cry
How few were her pleasures
She never cared...
I want me dad.
I want me dad!
In the bleak midwinter
Frosty wind made moan
Earth stood hard as iron
Water like a stone
Snow had fallen, snow on snow
Snow on snow
In the bleak midwinter
Long
Ago
Our God, heaven cannot hold Him
Nor earth sustain
Heaven and earth shall flee away
When He comes to reign
In the bleak midwinter
A stable place sufficed
The Lord God Almighty
Jesus Christ...
Say good night to your dad, kids.
Good night, dad.
Good night, kids.
What can I give him
Woeful as I am?
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb
If I were a wise man
God bless, kids.
I would do my part
Yet what can I give him?
Give
My heart
Give
My heart
Nellie!
Clean it up!
Play Limelight, Scouse
That's it, Scouse. Give us a tune.
- It was Schmeling, Scouse.
- You're wrong. Schmeling never won the title.
The heavyweight champions were...
Jack Sharkey, Primo Carnera,
Braddock,
Baer...
No, I tell a lie, Baer then Braddock.
And then Joe Louis,
who held that title till...
1948 from 1937.
Come on, Scouse.
It takes a worried man
To sing a worried song
It takes a worried man
To sing a worried song
It takes a worried man
to sing a worried song
I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long
Thanks for coming home, son.
I got compassionate leave, Mom.
Was
...wrong...
...lad.
OK, Dad.
OK.
So wherever she may be
Go bring her back to me
Roll along
Roll along
Kentucky
Moon
More band!
Whoopie!
I like pickled onions
I like pickled cabbage
Piccalilli is all right with a bit of
cold meat on a Sunday night
I like Tommy-a-toes
But the best thing...
- Your gran's in fine fettle.
- Just come back from the Isle of Man.
She should have stayed there.
She's just like me dad and I bleedin' hate her.
- Whoopie!
- More bleeding punch!
Don't fall Mom
Please don't fall
Why did you marry him, Mom?
He was nice.
He was a good dancer
Here I go again
I hear those trumpets blow again
All a glow again
Taking a chance on love
Here I slide again
About to take that ride again
Starry-eyed again...
- No! Never be like that!
- No! Tommy, no!
Tommy, no! Please, Tommy!
Oh, Tommy, no!
Shut up. Shut up!
- Aaah!
- Shut up, shut up!
Shut up!
I never would try
But now I'm taking the game up
And the ace of hearts is high
Things are mending now
I see a rainbow blending now
We'll have a happy ending now
Taking a chance on love
If anything happens to my mom...
...I'll bleedin' kill you.
Go on, Maisie, give us Barefoot Days
Barefoot days
When we were just a couple of kids
Barefoot days
And all the things we did
We'd go down to a shady nook
Use a bent pin for a hook
And we'd fish all day, we'd fish all night
But the goddamn fish refused to bite
And then we'd slide
Down someone's backyard door
Slide and slide
Till our pants was tore
Then we'd have to go home
We'd have to go to bed
While our mother got busy
with the needle and thread
Oh, boy
What joy we had in barefoot days
Make sure there's room in there.
Tommy, where are the kids?
Where are the kids?
Come in. Come in.
Where the bleedin' hell have you been?
- They're getting closer!
- They're gonna bomb us!
Sing, Eileen.
Sing.
Roll out the barrel
We'll have a barrel of fun
Roll out the barrel
We've got the blues on the run
Zing boom taraarrel
We'll have a song of good cheer
Now's the time to roll the barrel
Cos the gang's all here
How are you, Ei?
OK, mom.
What's scarlet fever, mom?
It's scarlatina, love.
Scarlatina.
Where's our Tony, mom?
Why can't I come in, Dad?
There's no place for you here.
Frig off!
- Can I stay here Gran?
- You can have the sofa
If I should die before I wake
pray the Lord my soul to take
God bless Mother, God bless Father,
and keep them safe
If you look into a mirror after midnight...
...you'll see the devil.
Oh, when Irish eyes are smiling
All the world is bright and gay
In the lilt of Irish laughter
When Irish hearts are happy
When Irish hearts are happy
All the world is bright and gay
In the lilt...
...of Irish laughter
When Irish hearts are happy
R- A-G-M-O-P-P-P.
Ragmop!
One, two, three, four,
five, six, seven, eight. Ragmop!
God!
Isn't it hot?
I'm sweating past myself.
Oh, here's Red.
Oh, God, that's all I need.
Aw, he's harmless.
Hi, Mick.
Die!
Oh, what you're throwing away.
God help him, the poor gobshite.
Do you remember Formby?
And that tent?
Oh, cor blimey.
- I never
- You did
I never
- You did.
- I never.
You did fart!
Uh...
I never.
- I thought you'd killed her, you know, Micky.
- I know. So did I.
When I think about it,
I was a real cow with that mallet, wasn't I?
- Do you ever see Jingles?
- No.
Not since she married Les.
'S wonderful!
'S marvellous!
Jingles, you came!
They tried to sell us egg foo yung!
- So, how are you, kid?
- Smashing.
- Are you still married?
- Oh, God, yeah.
Two kids and a radiogram to support.
- You haven't altered, Ei. Still not a pick on you.
- Still eight stone soaking wet.
- How do you do it?
- Witchcraft!
- You're hooking with Mick.
- Oh Jingles I'm in a worse state than Russia
- Do you know who I saw in The Swan last week? - No. - Jackie McGorrie

Remember when...
Cos I love you that's why
Whoa, it's Saturday
That's why.
Yeah, it's Saturday
Cos I love you that's why
Oh, kiss me, you fool
That's why
That's him.
Bet he's come in a taxi.
Well, you know these seamen.
Money's no object.
I've signed myself out of hospital.
I've walked home.
He's gone.
My Tommy's gone.
Won't you say ta-ra, Dad?
I'm only going for the season.
Do you know what?
If I ever get a gun,
I'll blow your bleedin' brains out.
Ta-ra, Mom!
Bye, love!
Don't forget to write, now, will you?
Have a ciggie, kid.
I put a nickel in the telephone
To dial my baby's number
Got a brr-brr-brr-brr busy line
Pwllheli, here we come!
Yes, please.
What would you like to order, sir?
Please come home, Ei
Your dad's really ill.
One?
OK.
East is east and west is west
And the wrong one I have chose
Let's go where they keep on wearin'
Those rings and things and buttons and bows
Flowers and frills and buttons and bows  
Don't bury me in this prairie  
Take me where the cement grows  
Let's get down to some big town  
Where they judge a gal  
by the cut of her clothes  
And you'll stand out in buttons and bows  
I love you in buck skin  
Or the skirts that you've homespun  
But I'll love you longer, stronger  
Where your friends don't tote a gun  
My bones denounce the buckboard bounce  
And the cactus hurts my toes  
Let's vamoose where gals keep usin'  
Those silks and satins and linen that shows  
And you're all mine in buttons and bows  
Gimme Eastern trimmin'  
where women are women  
In high-silk hose and peek-a-boo clothes  
And French perfume that rocks the room  
And you're all mine  
Bows!  
Well, Ei...  
You're well and truly married now.  
Yes.  
But I don't feel any different, Maisie.  
I don't feel any different.  
Don't be worrying.  
You'll be all right.  
They soon grow up  
Maisie is engaged to George Roughley  
and I don't think it'll be long  
before our Tony marries Rosie Forsyth.  
I'll leave the place till morning.  
I love the light nights.  
But they're starting to draw in now  
aren't they Mom?  
Yeah  
Nellie?  
Nellie!  
Nell!  
- Sorry about the mess Mom  
- Go on you're all right I'll see to it  
Ah thanks Mom.
See you Mrs. D. Ta-ra.
Enjoy yourselves
You're married now! I'm your husband!
Your duty's to me! Frig everyone else!
Monica. Jingles.
That's all ancient history now.
Come on. Up the dancers
- How much do you love me?
- A pound of sugar!
Hush a bowee, hush a bow
Hush-a-bowee hush-a-bow
Hush-a-bowee hush-a-bow
Hush-a-bowee hush-a-bow
Good night Maisie
Good night, son.
The Sandman is coming.
How much do you love me?
Of one that is so fair and bright
Velut maris stella
Brighter than the day is light
Parens et puella
I cry to thee
Thou see to me
Lady
Pray thy Son for me
Tam pia
That I may come to thee
Maria...
- What do you ask of the Church of God?
- Faith
And what does faith hold out to you?
Life everlasting
- Do you renounce Satan?
- I do renounce him.
- And all his works?
- I do renounce them.
- And all his pomps?
- I do renounce them.
- Are you willing to be baptised?
- I am willing.
Elaine,
ego te baptiso...
...in nomine Patris
et Filii
et Spiritus Sancti.
- Amen.
- Amen.
It's 12 o'clock and for those of you with friends and relatives in Germany...
...here's Jean Metcalfe on your behalf taking over for Two-Way Family Favourites
Hello everyone
Someone broke into my heart
And stole a beat or two
The finger of suspicion points at you
Someone took away my sleep
and never left a clue
The finger of suspicion points at you
Just as soon as they can make
the guilty one confess
I know exactly what I'm gonna do
Wakey! Wake-kee!
Good afternoon everybody This is Billy Cotton introducing another Billy Cotton Band Show
Hey you!
You down there with the glasses...
Meanwhile for those who can't read here is a sort of radio show which is Beyond Our Ken
Among those taking part are
Wheelwright Amberley Grotefield Mrs. Nift
The House of Commons yo-yo team...
...George and Lily Brisket
sisters with a difference...
Coloratura soprano Mildred Gas Stove
Bet she's got a good range!
To continue...
...you might have been listening to or have just missed Beyond Our Ken...
Could you make us a Lemon Dash, Tony?
Kenneth Horne and also to Kenneth Williams, Hugh Paddick, Betty Marsden, Bill Pertwee...
There once was a little princess
A sweet little lady, I guess
Her birthday was near
So I'd like you to hear
Of the story of the Little Princess
You dreamboat
You lovable dreamboat
The kisses you gave me
Set my dreams afloat
Maisie!
I would sail
The seven seas with you
Even if you told me to go
and paddle my own canoe
Sincerely
I love you so dearly
Say that you'll be mine for evermore
Have you come to mind the baby Doreen?
- Yeah.
- Come on then love
Brown-skin girl stay home and mind baby
Brown-skin girl, stay home and mind baby
Brown-skin girl, stay home and mind baby
Oh, I killed nobody but my husband
He's stone-cold dead in the market
He's stone-cold dead in the market
He's stone-cold dead in the market
Oh, I killed nobody but my husband
Brown-skin girl, stay home and mind baby
Brown-skin girl, stay home and mind baby
I'm going away on a Harrison boat
And if I don't come back
Stay home and mind
The baby!
Oh my what a rotten song
A rum and black, a shandy.
A Black and Tan, pint of mild,
pint of bitter.
Pint of mixed. Thanks, love.
Hello, George.
We've come to wet the baby's head.
- Hello. What's it like being a dad, eh?
- Made up.
What are you having?
When that old gang of mine
Get together
On the corner of my home town
We were friends in the past
And our friendship will last
Till the curtain of dreams comes down
When that old gang of mine
I borrow 25 pounds
from the Lehigh and Lend every Christmas
then pay it back over the next 12 months.
It's like a tontine, really.
- Royal Liver!
- Come in, Mr. Spaull.
Can I surrender the policies
on the two girls, Mr. Spaull?
Certainly, Mrs. Davies.
You've had these some time now,
haven't you?
Since they were babies.
But as they're both married now,
there's no point in keeping them on.
All right, Mrs. Davies.
I'll take them into the office for you.
Thanks, Mr. Spaull.
- Ta-nra
- See you next week.
- Tony?
- Yeah?
I'm just running to confession.
Will you pay the club man for me if he comes?
OK, Mom.
...that old gang of mine
Gets together
Well, there's never a care
Or a frown
We will sing Sweet Adeline
Say goodbye to Auld Lang Syne
On the corner
Of my home town
- And how much did she weigh?
- Just over seven pounds.
- She was a big baby, wasn't she?
- Yeah.
- Did you have her at Mill Road?
- Yeah, on the 6th.
- What have you called her?
- Elaine.
Aw, God love her.
How do you like being a gran, Mrs. D?
I wouldn't be without her.
Well, she's me first. She's lovely.
- Well Maisie, I'd better be making tracks.
- Thanks for coming, Margie.
- I'll see you.
- See you, Maisie.
- See you, Mrs. D.
- Ta-ra love
You've known Margie for some years now.
Yeah we've all been mates since school.
Margie, meself and Vera Large.
- Vera's a nice girl, isn't she?
- Aw, smashing.
Maisie Davies, you dirty mare.
Oh, hi, Micky.
- Hi Mrs. D.
- You're looking well, Mick.
I know. The face that launched
a thousand ships.
- The other way.
- That's wicked, that.
Being married to you.
No wonder me poor face is destroyed.
If I'd played me cards right
I'd be in America now.
Remember that Yank I went out with, Mrs. D?
He thought I had lovely eyes.
Hated the rest of me,
but thought I had lovely eyes!
And I end up by falling for a dwarf.
There's no justice you know, is there?
Chocolate eyes
Those great big chocolate eyes!
Get your hands off my body.
You have only got one tonsil,
but I love you all the same.
Don't make mock of Mick, you bastard!
Now, you know you love
the bones of him, really.
The walking hormone? Oh, you fool!
- A Pound a man, is it?
- 'Ere Mick
- Go the match yesterday?
- Oh, you're not talking about football again?
Behave, will you?
Football mad.
Aren't they all?
Look at that thing I'm married to.
He gets more worked up over
a set of fixtures than me in me nude.
Do you know what?
If I was a centre forward, I'd be laughing.
- What are you having, blossom?
- A rum and pep, love.
- And then you.
- He should be so lucky!
Eh, Dave, will you get us some ciggies?
- Craven A?
- Or Park Drive.
OK.
- What's your poison, Red?
- A bitter, thanks, Dave.
...The League Division One

**Birmingham City:**

**Manchester City:**

**Fulham:**
West Bromwich Albion: 2
Preston North End: 2

**Blackpool:**

**Everton:**

**West Ham United:**

**Leicester City:**

**Leeds United:**
Manchester United: 3
Nottingham Forest: 1

**Division Two:**
Any luck?
No, I couldn't pick me nose.
If you want me,
I'll either be at May Tobin's or at The Grapes. In Phythian Street?
Yeah.
Eh, Gran! Have you got a shilling for two tanners?
There's enough money in the meter. She never haves enough gas and the bleedin' thing always goes.
Well...
Here you are, love. I've got one.
No.
Thanks, mom.
Isn't she an old cow?
How can you live with her, Ei?
Beggars cant be choosers, Maisie. You know how hard it is to get a place of your own.
Did you get anything for a sarnie, love?
Yeah, I got a quarter of corned beef and a loaf.
Oh, and four Devon Delights.
I've just made a pot of tea.
- Has she been good, Mom?
- Good as gold.
And it's Come To Daddy, striding away now towards the line, Seascape in second place, Bali Hai is third and these are well clear of the remainder, All Serene running into fourth place. But Come To Daddy is the winner. Seascape is second, Bali Hai is third and fourth All Serene. And so the result of the 1959 Cesarewitch is first, Come to Daddy, owned by Mr. TH Farr, trained by Wilfred Lyde and ridden by Doug Smith.
Second was Seascape, owned by Mr. Jim Jewell, trained by Jed Leader and ridden by claiming apprentice Ron Singer...
Were back!
- Any pea whack, Mom?
- Yeah, I've made a pan.
- Did you back the winner?
- The donkeys I do?
It had three legs. It's probably still running.
Your tea's in the oven, son.
- Are you going to come and have yours, mom?
- I'll be in in a minute lad.
OK, mom.
She was a girl
and the only girl her daddy ever had
A real old-fashioned girl,
with eyes so true
I could love nobody else but you
Oh-oh-oh, I want a girl
Just like the girl that married dear old dad
Did you enjoy it?
Yeah, very much.
- Come on, Les, just one drink.
- All right, just one, to wet the baby's head.
- But we're not staying here all fucking night.
- OK, Les, OK.
...seen it on telly.
She wouldn't let us out.
- Hi.
- Hello, love.
- Hi, Les, mate.
- Having a bevvy or what?
A pint of bitter, and a gin
and orange for her.
I've got it. I've got it.
So, how's it going, Red?
Were all together again,
so here we are
Were all together again,
so here we are
And the Lord knows when
We'll be together again
We're all together again,
so here we are
I'd give the world to start all over
Back in the old routine
To live my life in fields of clover
Back in the old routine
Give me an old straw hat
and a double truckin'
Down the avenue...
Oh, Jingles, don't get so upset
Aw, come on.
No, I'm all right, honest.
It's just Les.
You know what he's like when he turns.
The bastard! For two pins,
I'd go over there and tell him.
- No, don't say anything.
- They're all the same
When they're not using their big stick,
they're farting. Aren't men horrible?
Eh!
Come on!
- Oh you're not going are you, Jingles?
- I think Les wants to.
But you've only been here five minutes.
Come on.
I feel like going over there
and bursting him.
I'd better go, Ei. See you, Micky.
- Never mind, girl.
- See you, Tone.
Poor Jingles.
You sit there. It's none of your business.
Don't get involved.
You callous bleeder!
That's my friend, that.
You men, you're all the bleedin' same.
Only think of yourselves.
Don't you tell me what I think.
No-one knows what's going on inside my mind.
Including you.
- Heck, heck! What's going on?
- Nothing.
- You know how she flies off the handle
for the least thing. - I don't.
I've got good cause to, you shit-house!
Now, come on, we don't want any upset.
OK, Mom.
OK, Nell.
We're here to enjoy ourselves.
Come on, Micky, give us a song.
Pack up all my care and woe
Here I go singing low
Bye-bye, blackbird...
Oh, cor blimey!
You're not singing again, are you, Mick?
Listen, Bloated Tonsils,
just cos you're dead miserable,
it doesn't mean the rest of us
have to look like 'Keep death off the road'.
Judy Garland. In bad health.
Oh, me arse!
I wanna be around
To pick up the pieces
When somebody breaks your heart.
Go on, Ei, I love this.
Somebody twice as smart
As I
I wanna be around
To see how she does it
When she pulls your heart to bits
To see how that puzzle fits
So fine
And that's when I'll discover
that revenge is sweet
When I'm sitting there, applauding,
from that front-row seat
When somebody breaks your heart
Like you
Like you broke mine
Ah, great. Thanks, Ei.
...'ere now take that crisis what
cropped up between Ron and Eth last Friday
And when I say 'crisis' Ted
I mean it was a real crisis,
especially as far as Eth was concerned
Oh, Ron.
I don't know
It seems to have got so much worse
these last few weeks
Somehow I just can't seem to get you
out of my mind day or night.
You've become a sort of ache
Have you got to make that noise
when you eat?
What noise?
Cor blimey!
What a future I've got to look forward to.
25 years with Mouth Almighty.
...you know it's...
It's the romantic side with us
It's the kissing and the...
You know...
I've switched the light off.
I don't know whether
I'm doing right or wrong.
...how's your precious one?
Who the bleeding hell was that?
Uncle Ted.
My dad's brother.
God blimey.
What a family I've married into.
A crowd of nutters.
He frightened the bleeding life out of me.
This is your storyteller,
The Man in Black...
Teddy! Stop acting soft.
Norah!
Hey, Norah!
All right, Moggie? How are you?
Can I have two halves of shandy, a Matise,
a Double Diamond, a pale ale and lime,
a Black and Tan, a pint of mix, a rum and pep,
a rum and blackcurrant, and a Guinness?
- Oh, and have one for yourself, love.
- Thanks Tone
Nervous, love?
But everybody feels nervous
on their wedding day.
When Johnny Dunn was 21
He used to dine at each caf
He loved the ladies, so they say
That's why he dined at each caf
His father's got, now, what has he got?
An awful lot
And that's not good for young Johnny
When he said, 'Go to work, my son'
What did he say?
Johnny said, 'I'm having too much fun'
I love the ladies,
I love the ladies
I wanna be among the girls
And when it's five o'clock
and the tea is set
I'm wanna have my tea
with some brunette
I love the ladies,
I love the ladies
I love the tall ones, short ones
Mm, God bless 'em
The world can't turn around
without a beautiful girl
I'll get 'em now
I'll get 'em now
All right, Mom.
Come on, Mick.
In just a minute.
I'll finish me drink.
Let me have your glasses please!
- Mick, come on.
Ignore him.
Come on, Kemo Sabe!
All right, Tonto!
Oh, men! Don't they mither?
- Is he still handy around the house?
- Joking, aren't you? Won't do a tap.
He changed a nappy once.
Nearly had a nervous breakdown.
- I'd better go, otherwise he'll get a cob on.
- You're not frightened of him?
Am I shite! He looks at me the wrong way,
I give him a dog's life.
Come on, now.
Let's have your glasses please!
We're on the road to anywhere
With never a heartache and never a care
We've got no home,
we've got no friends
We're grateful for everything
the good Lord sends
We're on the road to anywhere...
Eh! You're telling me.
If I was manager of that team,
I wouldn't change nothing, nothing.
- He hasn't been for three weeks.
- The man hasn't been for months.
There's room there for improvement.
There's always room for improvement.
Red? Red!
See what I mean?
Doesn't take a blind bit of notice.
It's like talking to a corpse.
Eh, soft shite!
You said you wanted to go, before.
It's worse than
the bleeding Gestapo, this is.
- I can have a talk, can't I?
- Ooh, God help us, it's alive!
- Men!
- The little dears!
So don't be a stranger,
otherwise I'll not see you till next Preston Guild.
We're only in Jubilee Drive.
You're only ten minutes away.
We'll see.
I'll try and come round.
Or maybe I could come to yours.
You're living in Vane Street, aren't you?
Oh, you'd better not, Micky.
He's funny about having visitors.
OK.
Then you try and come to me.
We'll see, kid.
Well...
I'd better get Father Feck home.
Come on, Trigger, back to the reservation.
- See you Micky
- Ta-ra, lads.
Come on, Ei.
Barney Google!
The fellow with the googly eyes
...so will I
Singing I will, if you will, so will I
Singing I will, if you will
I will, if you will...
I have had a ball!
Do you have to shout?
You'll wake the dead.
- Is that you, Eileen?
- Oh, God, blimey, you have!
Yeah, it's only me and Dave, Gran.
We'll be in in a minute.
- I want a wee.
- Oh, then do it over there and be quick.
Up a lazy river
By the old mill run
Oh, suffering Jesus!
That's all we need, you singing.
As if life isn't purgatory enough
without that.
That lazy, lazy river
In the noon-day sun
Eileen! It's late
OK, Gran, we won't be much longer.
Come on, dead hake. Hurry up.
And be quiet
A lazy, lazy river
In the noon-day sun
Eileen! Make sure that door's locked
Wouldn't this put years on you?
OK, Gran.
I'm sure I was put on this earth
just to be tormented.
Get in!
Up a lazy river...
And be careful.
How are you, love?
I fell off the bleeding scaffolding, Maisie.
Oh, George.
George.
Oh, Tony.
Oh, son!
Well... Are you ready?
Yeah.
Fighting fit.
They're dead fiddly, these, aren't they?
Yeah.
- Get the carnations from Annie Gaffney?
- Yeah.
There you are.
Well, let's be having you.
Are we all ready?
Well, sun bun,
mustn't keep the bride waiting.
No, cor blimey. I'd never live it down.
I, Thomas Anthony, take thee, Rose
- To my wedded wife
- To have and to hold
- From this day forward
- For better for worse
- For richer for poorer
- In sickness and in health.
- Till death do us part.
- And there to I plight thee my troth.
Ego conjungo vos in matrimonium.
In nomine Patris et Filii
et Spiritus Sancti.
Amen.

For all you mean to me
My thanks to you
For every memory
My thanks to you
My thanks for everything we had to share
For all the joy you brought
when you were there
These foolish words of mine
Can never say
How slow the hand of time
Now you've all gone away
As years go rolling by
My whole life through
I give my love
And all my thanks
To you
I got into a boxing ring with a fella...
Dad, you're not going to sing
that old bleeding thing?
Come on. Let's have some records
Oh Mein Papa
Come on, Mom.
Come on, girl.
Good night, Nell.
Good night, Dave.
See you tomorrow, Mom
OK, Ei.
The water is wide
I cannot get o'er
And neither have I wings to fly
Give me a boat
That will carry two
Then both shall row
My love and I
Oh, down in the meadows, the other day
A gathering flowers, both fine and gay
A gathering flowers, both red and blue
I little thought
What love can do
I leaned my back up against some oak
Thinking that it was a trusty tree
But first it bended and then it broke
And so did my false love to me
A ship there is and she sails the sea
She's loaded deep, as deep can be
But not so deep
As the love I'm in
I know not if I sink or swim
O, love is handsome
And love is fine
And love's a jewel
While it is new
But when it is old
It groweth cold
Then fades away
Like morning dew