Uncle Joe’s Mint Balls

Words & Music: Mike Harding

Contrary to popular opinion, this is not an old Music Hall tune, but a modern song about a confection made by the Wm. Santus & Co., Ltd. Toffee works! (www.uncle-joes.com). Find out more about Mike Harding at www.mikeharding.co.uk/. You can find this song on his 1975 album "Mrs. 'Ardin's Kid".

D                                                A7
Now, there's a place in Wigan, a place you all should know;
A7                                               D
A busy little factory where things are all the go.
D                                                           G
They don't make Jakes or Eccles Cakes or things to stick on walls.
A7                                               D
But night and day they work away at Uncle Joe's Mint Balls.

CHORUS:
D                                   A7
Uncle Joe's Mint Balls keep you all aglow.
A7                                            D
Give 'em to your grannie and watch the beggar go.
D                                                                   G
Away with coughs and sniffles, take a few in hand,
A7                                                         D
Suck 'em and see, you'll agree they're the best in all the land.

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

CHORUS:

Me uncle Albert passed away from ale upon the brain
The doctors said that he were dead and would never walk again
So they gave the corpse an Uncle Joe's and then stood back aghast
Cos the corpse jumped up and ran to the pub and spent the insurance brass

CHORUS:

Me granny said me granddad 'e were gettin' old and slow
And fire in grandad's boiler 'ad gone out long ago
So 'e got an Uncle Joe's Mint Ball, sucked it all the night
But his hot breath singed her vest and set the bed alight
CHORUS:

We 'ad a pigeon it were bald and couldn't fly too fast
Never won places in the races, always come in last
Though it were bald, no feathers at all it won a race one day
We give it an Uncle Joe's Mint Ball and it ran al't bloody way

CHORUS:

I had a girl her name was May in passion she were lackin'
Fed 'er with whisky to make 'er frisky, still she wouldn't get crackin'
So I gave her an Uncle Joe's Mint Ball to get 'er all aglow
Now she combs the streets of Wigan, looking for Uncle Joe!

CHORUS:

We gave some to the coalman's 'orse as it stood in the road
It gave a cough then begged off with it's cart an' load
It ran onto the racecourse going like a bird
Covered the track with nutty slack and came first, second and third

CHORUS:

The RSPCA have bought six tons of Uncle Joe's
To give to all the animules to keep 'em all aglow
Our budgie now is six foot tall, the cat is eight foot three
And all the poor brass monkeys are as happy as can be

CHORUS: