

# 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](http://www.uncle-joes.com)). Find out more about Mike Harding at [www.mikeharding.co.uk/](http://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 granddad'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 beggared 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: