

Scouse Sonnets - Number 20 - 1950's Nostalgia
Granny Knew Best

Author & Copyright - John McEwan - The Liver Bard

'Act Daft and I'll buy you a Coalyard', a Quip, Liverpool Grannies would say.
Don't come running to me, if you break your legs, when you go out to play.
That Shirt is dead 'Antwacky', it's got more Creases than a 'Sturla's Cheque'.
Hey Tattyhead! Just take a look at that 'Tidemark', on the Back of your Neck.
She's a 'Proper Little Madam' full of 'Airs and Graces', who is riding for a Fall.
You think you're Funny, but your Face beats you, a proper little 'Know it All'.
Keep your own Counsel, Cook your own Fish, Young Lips ought to be sealed.
Lend us your Hat we're having Soup. Shut that door! Were you born in a field?
You'll soon be laughing on the other side of your face, take that as a warning.
Ooh! that 'Black Eye' looks terribly Sore. It'll be a 'Pig's Foot' in the Morning.
He had a Face that only a Mother could love, pity nobody taught him to Dress.
He went to a Wedding in Brown Boots, Green Gansey and Red Corduroy Kex.
Who knitted your face and dropped a stitch? Be quiet, or you'll wake the Dead.
Don't pull faces at me, behind my back, I've got eyes in the back of my head.