

Baking Buns for Mrs. Blinks

I always do mucking about doing silly things, you know?

Whatever *I* wanted to do.
Well we all do, don't we?

Well, we made cakes in school.

And took them up, these buns, to that dear old lady that lived just almost next door to school.

Can't think what her name was now.

Mrs... Mrs...

Yes!

Mrs. Blinks!

Mrs. Blinks!

She was one of these poor old ladies, really old, that sort of walked like this with a humped back, you know,

and she lived just, just nearby so we made these cakes.

And how I worked that into a lesson—don't, don't ask me! But we had the flour, the weights and everything, you know.

And of course I was next—my downstairs room had a little room next to it, with a cooker and everything in it, and so I was able to bake these things. We made them—baked these buns, and I said: 'Right, we're going to take them down, round to Mrs. Blinks!' Which was only just next-door, you know, so we went in to Mrs. Blinks and took her buns to her. Which was great.

One little boy—he became a baker afterwards, I do know that. He went down to bake for Aber's, down in Lamberhurst.

Whatever *I* wanted to do
Well, we made cakes in school

Well, we made cakes in school
Whatever *I* wanted to do

one of these poor old ladies

(Well, we made cakes in school)
(Whatever I wanted to do)

(round to Mrs. Blinks!)

And how I worked that into a lesson—don't, don't ask me!
Whatever *I* wanted to do

(one of these poor old ladies)

(one of these poor old ladies)
(And how I worked that into a lesson—
don't, don't ask me!)
(Whatever I wanted to do)