

JELLY & ICE CREAM SPECIAL



My mum might have taught me not to mock the afflicted but that didn't stop her - beating even John Sweeney, to texting me with last week's news - and asking if I was having a flake or strawberry sauce with mine. And like every other Celtic fan on the planet my phone hasn't stopped going since - with jokes and songs from as far afield as Elgin and Abroath to New Zealand. I've even had one from a Rangers fan but Owen's version of the same joke was funnier and more highbrow. If this continues the only Orangemen in Glasgow in the black'll be the ones at the phone company. So to mark the occasion (and in case you've missed out on the fun) here's a round up of some of the Bhoys' favourite ones.....

The Govan Hilly Billy Boys

(To the tune of the Billy Boys)

We owe, we owe
We owe the taxman boys
We owe, we owe
And pay up we've no choice
We're up to our knees in tax men's bills
And VAT bills piled sky high
We owe, we owe - the Govan Hill Billy boys

Rangers Cludeo

Who dun't itthe blue nose...in the boardroom ...with the cheque book.

If you go down to Ibrox today

(To the tune of the Teddy Bears' picnic)

If you go down to Ibrox today you're sure of a big surprise
If you go down to Ibrox today you're not going to believe your eyes - For Super Ally has no cash
And soon no place to sing the sash
Today's the day the teddy bears got their pitch nicked.

With Sympathy

This week half of Glasgow seems to have been in tearsthe strange thing is I didn't know there were so many Whitney Houston fans in Govan.

The Scarf my Faither wore

(To the tune of the Sash - what else?)

'Twas the scarf my faither wore it
'Fore the taxman found that hole
And all that cash from Ticketus
Ended up in Monaco
Poor auld Ally he is all forlorn
And he disnae really know
What happened to his NIC
Or where did his P-A-Y-E go

Redundancy News

Rangers football club have just announced six redundancies.....four referees and two linesmen have been given their cards.

Govan Pie

(To the tune of the American Pie)

A long, long time ago - I can still remember how
The tax case used to make me smile
And I knew if I had my chance - I could make our people dance
And maybe we'd be happy for a while
But February made me shiver
With every paper they delivered
Fab news on the doorstep - I couldn't make one more step - I'm sure I laughed until I cried
When I read that football side
The laughter could be heard worldwide
The day the Rangers died
Bye bye down Erminston Drive
All the tims will have a bevy cos the coffers are dry
And sad fat Ally with his Fray Bentos pies
Singing this will be the day that we die
This'll be the day that we die.

The New Motto

Rangers don't walk away...
Neither do Celtic fans...they conga.

God Save The Queen

(To the tune of the Auld Orange Flute)

Said Lizzy to Phillip as they sat down to dine
I've just had a note from an old friend of mine
His name is Craig Whyte - he owns my true blues
His letter informs me of terrible news
The Gers have no money they're going to go bust
Whyte begs me to help them or the club bites the dust
But I can't stop the taxmen at my HMRC - cos I need all the money for my big jubilee
I'll write back to Whyte and wish him good luck
But I want all my tax off that shady wee f*ck
That dodgy wee b*stard has pure wrecked my team
Now let hell mend them all Phil - Please pass the ice cream.



Jelly & Ice cream all round - and if you thought that was a party at Hibs wait till the 25th March.

P.S. Apologies to anyone whose copyright we might have infringed in reproducing these items...but we did check the legal position with Craig Whyte's lawyers - who said it was fine then asked if we wanted any shares in Banstead Athletic.