

The Guy With The Garden Next Door
by Peter Pavey (as Partridge Green)

Now this fella next door is a bit of a bore
Still he's quite a nice chap all the same
But he's gardening mad and what makes it so bad
He really puts mine all to shame
Well it starts in the spring when he first has his fling
With his crocuses and daffodils too
And while my little shoots are still dead at the roots
There's a million of his pokin' through

So with handfuls of seeds, and a bucket for weeds
I've declared horticultural war
And I'll never give in, 'til the day that I win
From the guy with the garden next door

He's got roses in bloom by the first week in June
And hollyhocks up to the sky
Why his dahlias too would take prizes at Kew
And his rhubarb is twenty feet high
Now he's up with the dawn out there mowing his lawn
It's the finest that you've ever seen
While my little patch looks some football match
Muddy brown where it ought to be green

So with fork, hoe and spade, ninety-one in the shade
And a back that is aching and sore
Why I'll never retreat, 'til I get it complete
Like the guy with the garden next door

When his gardening's done he reclines in the sun
Sipping icy cold drinks through a straw
Whilst I'm digging away at the mountains of clay
Like a beetroot that's boiled in the raw
Now in August last year one bloom did appear
But I was defeated again
Some anonymous snail started blazing a trail
And he chewed it right back to the stem

So roll on the snow, when nothing can the grow
And I'm back in my armchair once more
For then I can claim that mine looks just the same
As the guy with the garden next door