

No Tears For Lionel Jessup

Written by Graeme Lockhart

Jessup was a mover, a fixture round this place,
Jessup ran his business like people run a race,
Jessup filled his coffers, bills were paid in full,
or Jessups men would take the time to break a happy fool,

for God and country Jessup would wear his colours proud,
for a man must know his past he'd say
and lay claim to Holy ground,
and a man must love his family and protect the sacred line,
but Jessups words and Jessups deeds were always out of time,

no tears for Lionel Jessup, no tears were ever shed,
no tears for Lionel Jessup now the mean old sod is dead,

honour and commitment words to make a pure heart sing,
but cruelty greed and avarice were more old Jessups thing,
he'd throw money at a problem and when he could not get his way,
he'd turn his back on God and country,
friends and family,

chorus

Jessups hands were empty and Jessups heart was stone,
Jessup clung to his wretched life,
like a dog clings to a bone,
a man turns on his family, a man forsakes his own,
a man like Lionel Jessup, must always die alone,

chorus