

Although you are little
think you should know,
before you get older
or sprout up and grow.

That inside this family
there's a terrible tale,
it's a horrible secret,
regarding one male.

For behind his kind eyes
and white, neat head of hair,
his football mad watching
and TV scanning cares.

Your grandplap's not grandplap
all of the day.

He's really quite different,
come closer, I'll say.

He's the last gravy monster
that lives in this land.

You watch him at dinner,
He'll eat all he can!

He pours it on chicken, his peas
and his mash,
his cornflakes, his kippers,
his slippers, his cash.

He puts it on ice-cream
and drinks through a straw.

On toast and his jam-
one Grandchild, she saw.

She ran to the kitchen,
grabbed her Mum by the hand;
“Grandplap’s not sharing,
come eat what you can!”

But if you have doubts
that all this is true,
wait till it runs out
and watch him turn blue.

He'll mumble and grumble
a monstrous roar,
"The gravy jug's empty,
I want some more!"