

With a Little Bit

by Harry Dunn
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With apologies to Stanley Holloway and My Fair Lady

The Lord above said 'There's far too many people,
Too many people down there on Planet Earth,
When I created land and sea and coast,
I had in mind one billion,
Or maybe two at most,
And with a little bit, with a little bit
With a little bit of luck, I'll be their Host.
I'll always be their Host;
With a little bit of bloomin' luck!

The Lord above said 'I'll cull without remorse
As I often have in times gone by
To balance numbers with resource'.
The Lord above decided it was time,
Time to cull the population
In His human zoo;
-But – with a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit of luck
He'll spare both me and you.
With a little bit of bloomin' luck!

The Lord above said 'I'll kick off with a famine,
I'll starve half of them to death,
So the Lord above sent Africa a famine,
But the people paid no heed;
With bellies mostly empty
They never ceased to breed;
With a little bit of luck, with a little bit of luck
They still managed to multiply and breed.
With a little bit of bloomin' luck!

The Lord above sent us atom bombs,
To blow ourselves to bits,
He said 'These bombs will decimate the population'
But they only dropped a couple,
And then they called it quits,
With a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit of luck
They called it quits;
With a little bit of bloomin' luck!

The Lord above said ' I'll send them plagues extended,
I'll start with something simple,
We'll call it HIV;
That should restore the balance I intended,
Billion fewer people,
That's what I'd like to see.
-But- with a little bit, with a little bit
With a little bit of luck,
They found a cure for HIV
With a little bit of bloomin' luck!

The Lord above said 'No more nice guy, me,
I intend to pull out all the stops
And send pandemics first degree,
Let's call this thing Corona,
And you can bet your bottom dollar
It's a viral Prima Dona'
-But with a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit of luck,
We didn't let it run amuck.
With a little bit of bloomin ' luck!

The Lord above was livid with frustration,
Angry with His children who didn't want to die,
So he released a brand new trans-mutation
His secret weapon, Delta,
And said, 'Repent - the end is nigh,
And I still have Omicron, the Utmost'
But with a little bit, with a little bit,
With a little bit of luck, we'll all be triple-dosed,
With a little bit of bloomin' luck.

The Lord above said 'I'll destroy the population
Just like I did with Sodom and Gomorrah'
The Lord above said 'I'll destroy the population'
-But - with a little bit, with a little bit
With a little bit of luck,
We'll survive, and still be here tomorra.
With a little bit of bloomin' luck!!!!