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The Cioch Club

The Downfall of the Cioch and its Followers

By
John Atkinson (Ackers)

RockArchivist
<http://www.rockarchivist.co.uk>

Phone: 07967-000339
eMail: phil.kelly@rockarchivist.co.uk

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There was a time in the distant past
 When the Cioch club ~~could~~ drink so fast
 That even the merest thought of "girls"
 Would make ~~their~~^{their} handsome faces curl
 With scorn - disgust and disbelief
 That one of them could come to grief
 In such a crude and sordid way
 But here - I hesitate to say
 That certain members once so proud
 Were sometimes heard to say aloud
 That women really had their uses
 It all depended on their looseness
 And although they still climbed hard and fast
 It was obvious it couldn't last
 The Golden Days were slipping by
 They heeded not the forlorn cry
 Of the stauncher members of the band
 As they clutched their bitter in their hands
 And stared into the golden brew
 Realising they were the chosen few
 Who would be left at the bitter end
 Their bachelor status to defend →

And so it started Gray did leave
 And the shattered club began to grieve
 They mourned the loss of a younger member
 who got engaged just last December
 But though the signs stared in his face
 another one forgot his place
 among the crags of the Derbyshire Peak
 And the city lights began to seek
 The dance halls and the crowded places
 We lost him in a sea of faces
~~Never to return again~~
 Never would he return again
 That fact at least was very plain
 Bob Hassall was the poor lad's name
 He'll never - never be the same
 Rumours of marriage surround his loss
 He's gone with the rest of the human loss
 And Birtles - always a decadent youth
 (Who - if you really want the truth
 Didn't seem to mind being led astray)
 Was snatched from our midst one fateful day
 And Battersby another young member
 Didn't even have the time to remember
 The golden days for ever he paid
 The female traps were being laid →

But here the biggest shock of all
 The President began to fall
 He drank and climbed to the bitter end
 When he began to miss the odd weekend
 For seaside trips and even worse
 His mini-cooper should be a lease
 But he deserves just what he'll get
 For having packed her up - and yet
 Another girl he has the cheek
 to take to Wales the following week
 His brother Jim is just as bad
 In fact his story is very sad
 He knew all the bars in his home town
 But another woman dragged him down
 He's even gone and bought a tie
 The very sight of which I'm shy
 Starkey the King is also slain
 Those peanuts must have warped his brain
 He was once a fine young man
 But climb again - he never can
 Cornwall is where he'll spend his days
 in a matrimonial haze.
 Jim Ballard has been led a dance
 But he's been given another chance
 Perhaps he'll see this as a warning
 And then he'll see a new day dawning

And now we come to a tragic piece
 Chris Jackson seems to have ended his lease
 Alas he faltered on the narrows
 And Cupid's riddled him with arrows
 "A girl has twisted him around
 her little finger safe and sound
 So ends the story of a youthful climber
 He's nothing new but another old timer.
 And I write this now-for I'm the last
 A large black cloud surrounds the past
~~I look with~~
 I wistfully think of the Golden Age
 And then turn over another page
 Things will never be the same
 I just gaze through a golden frame
 But I will fight with all my strength
 And go to almost any length
 To preserve the name of our shattered Club
 And hold my head high in any pub.

J. M.