

The Save Our Savers Christmas Song Book

Mervyn King Is Coming To Town

(to tune of "Santa Claus is Coming To Town")

You better be brave
You better not cry
You better not save
I'm telling you why
Mervyn King is coming to town

He's making a list
Checking a lot
He's gonna find out who's saving or not
Mervyn King is coming to town

He sees you when you are sleeping
He knows when you're awake
He knows if you have saved or spent
So don't save for goodness sake

You better be brave
You better not cry
You better not save
I'm telling you why
Mervyn King is coming to town



We Wish You a Merry Christmas

We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas, can we have one too?
Poor savings we have, thanks to your MPC
We wish you a Merry Christmas, can we have one too?

Oh rid us of high inflation
Oh rid us of high inflation
Oh rid us of high inflation and do it right now

We won't go until you promise
We won't go until you promise
We won't go until you promise, so do it right now.

We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas
We wish you a Merry Christmas, can we have one too?

*Join us for some festive singing outside the Bank of
England at 11am December 8th 2011*

SaveOurSavers.co.uk

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Interest rates

(to tune of "Jingle Bells")

Dashing to the bank
In a chauffeured limousine
Goes Sir Mervyn King
Earning cash obscene
Mulled wine with the Court
Keeping spirits bright
Oh what fun it is to sing
A banker's song tonight

Interest rates, interest rates

Lower them all the way

Oh what fun it is to squeeze

Savers every day

Interest rates, interest rates

Lower them all the way

Oh what fun it is to squeeze

Savers every day



Ding Dong Merrily on High

Ding dong merrily on high
Sir Mervyn's plan's not working
Ding dong! Verily we cry
It's savers that he's hurting
Gloria, It's savers that he's hurting

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Mervyn, The Red-Nosed Banker

(to tune of "Rudolf, the Red-Nosed Reindeer")

Mervyn, the red-nosed banker
Had a very nasty cold
Said he could cut inflation
Wish that we had all bought gold

All of the nation's savers
Used to cry and call him names
They never let poor Mervyn
Join in any savers' games

Then one foggy Christmas Eve
Santa came to say
"Mervyn with your nose so bright
Won't you raise your rates tonight?"

"Not on your life" said Mervyn
As he sat on Santa's knee
Mervyn the red-nosed banker
You'll go down in infamy



The Folly of the Saver

(to tune of "The Holly and the Ivy")

The folly of the saver
We're the litter of the runt
Of all the people that are in the land
The saver bears the brunt

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The Twelve Days of Christmas



On the **first** day of Christmas
Sir Mervyn gave to me:
No interest on my savings.

On the **second** day of Christmas
Sir Mervyn gave to me:
Two bouts of QE
And no interest on my savings

On the **third** day of Christmas
Sir Mervyn gave to me:
Three years of nothing
Two bouts of QE
And no interest on my savings

On the **fourth** day of Christmas
Sir Mervyn gave to me:
Four broken pensions
Three years of nothing
Two bouts of QE
And no interest on my savings

On the **fifth** day of Christmas
Sir Mervyn gave to me:
Five per cent inflation
Four broken pensions

Three years of nothing
Two bouts of QE
And no interest on my savings

On the **sixth** day of Christmas
Sir Mervyn gave to me:
Six pounds a-falling
Five per cent inflation
Four broken pensions
Three years of nothing
Two bouts of QE
And no interest on my savings

On the **seventh** day of Christmas
Sir Mervyn gave to me:
Seven economists spouting
Six pounds a-falling
Five per cent inflation
Four broken pensions
Three years of nothing
Two bouts of QE
And no interest on my savings

On the **eighth** day of Christmas
Sir Mervyn gave to me:
Eight banks not lending
Seven economists spouting
Six pounds a-falling
Five per cent inflation

Four broken pensions
Three years of nothing
Two bouts of QE
And no interest on my savings

On the **ninth** day of Christmas
Sir Mervyn gave to me:
Nine MPC doves
Eight banks not lending
Seven economists spouting
Six pounds a-falling
Five per cent inflation
Four broken pensions
Three years of nothing
Two bouts of QE
And no interest on my savings

On the **tenth** day of Christmas
Sir Mervyn gave to me:
Ten growth adjustments
Nine MPC doves
Eight banks not lending
Seven economists spouting
Six pounds a-falling
Five per cent inflation
Four broken pensions
Three years of nothing
Two bouts of QE
And no interest on my savings

On the **eleventh** day of Christmas
Sir Mervyn gave to me:
Eleven annuities sinking
Ten growth adjustments
Nine MPC doves
Eight banks not lending
Seven economists spouting
Six pounds a-falling
Five per cent inflation
Four broken pensions
Three years of nothing
Two bouts of QE
And no interest on my savings

On the **twelfth** day of Christmas
Sir Mervyn gave to me:
Twelve months of waffle
Eleven annuities sinking
Ten growth adjustments
Nine MPC doves
Eight banks not lending
Seven economists spouting
Six pounds a-falling
Five per cent inflation
Four broken pensions
Three years of nothing
Two bouts of QE
And no interest on my savings

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