

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

C
Now families they have their tiffs and their quarrels
F **C**
You get the odd fracas and feud
F **C**
They can pass in the street and not exchange a greeting
D7 **G7 (D7)G7**
Unless it's to say something hurtful or rude
C **G7**
With a look of disdain they drive past in the rain
F **G7**
When they see your car stuck in a bog
C **G7** **C** **F**
But it's awfully strange how their attitudes change
C **G7** **C**
When one of the clan pops their clogs

CHORUS:

C
Where there's a will there's relations
G7
Wild horses won't keep them at bay

They'll arrive by the airports and stations
C **G7**
If they have to crawl every foot of the way
C
From the farthest flung outposts and nations
C7 **F**
Regardless of risk or delay
C
'Cause where there's a will there's relations
G7 **C**
And where there's a will there's a way

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

D
Now families they have their tiffs and their quarrels
G **D**
You get the odd fracas and feud
G **D**
They can pass in the street and not exchange a greeting
E7 **A7**
Unless it's to say something hurtful or rude
D **A7**
With a look of disdain they drive past in the rain
G **A7**
When they see your car stuck in a bog
D **A7** **D** **G**
But it's awfully strange how their attitudes change
D **A7** **D**
When one of the clan pops their clogs

CHORUS:

D
Where there's a will there's relations
A7
Wild horses won't keep them at bay

They'll arrive by the airports and stations
D **A7**
If they have to crawl every foot of the way
D
From the farthest flung outposts and nations
D7 **G**
Regardless of risk or delay
D
'Cause where there's a will there's relations
A7 **D**
And where there's a will there's a way

For there's nothing that brings out the family feeling
Like a reading a relative's will
They find the occasion a lot more appealing
Than visiting when the poor bugger was ill
And perish the thought they're not really distraught
You can tell by the tears that they shed
It's quite notable how he's more popular now
Than he was long before he was dead

You can live out your life never really supposing
The loved ones you don't know are there
And it's not 'til you snuffit and start decomposing
You find out just how much folk really care
They scorned your achievements until the bereavement
But now your good lady's in tears
She's got kith coming out of the *something and* woodwork
And kin coming out of her ears

You're stuck with your cousins and nephews and nieces
And aunties and uncles as well
Their mean minded ways and idiosyncrisesies
Their hernias, pimples and flatulent smells
You're stuck with their wives for the whole of your life
And all you can say in the end
Is you don't get much choice when it comes to relations
Thank God you can choose your own friends