

## The Ballad of Helen Titchener

Helen's heart always got damaged,  
She never had much luck with men,  
The winged god of love always managed,  
To pick her a wrong 'un again,

First it was Greg the gamekeeper,  
He wasn't a barrel of fun,  
Greg made a date with the Reaper,  
Shot himself dead with his gun,

Helen thought, "I know the answer,  
"I must be too fat for romance,"  
Developed an eating disorder,  
Led all her family a dance,

Cheese-making proved her salvation,  
Thank God for Borsetshire Blue!  
Helen enjoyed its creation,  
Set up a shop for it too,

Alone, she could not be contented,  
Decided she wanted a brat,  
Her parents both thought her demented,  
When she used a sperm bank for that,

Henry was born nine months later,  
They both lived in bliss for a while,  
Helen climbed out of her crater,  
Helen was learning to smile,

But then – and we all might have guessed it,  
For Helen's just put here to sob,  
Her next swine from out of the cesspit,  
Was married and bullying Rob,

Rob left his wife to wed Helen,  
Soon she was pregnant again,  
Though sometimes they seemed to be gellin',  
Poor Helen was losing her brain,

Rob moulded Helen like putty,  
Wormed his way into her head,  
Told her her dresses were sluttly,  
Forced himself on her in bed,

Threatened to send Henry packing,  
Made her quit work at the shop,  
Told her, "Your sanity's lacking",  
Told her her driving must stop,

Kirsty saw what he was weavin'  
Rob was destroying her friend,  
Kirsty told Helen to leave him,  
Bring this abuse to an end,

Helen screwed up all her courage,  
Told Rob he was ruining her life,  
Told him, "I'm ending the marriage",  
Rob handed Helen a knife,

"Go on, then, Helen," Rob told her,  
"Your suicide's much for the best,"  
Helen grew suddenly bolder,  
Stabbed rotten Rob in the chest,

Now Helen's awaiting her trial,  
And Rob's in a hospital bed,  
For all of his cunning and guile,  
Rob might very well end up dead,

Will Helen face charges for murder?  
Will Henry be put into care?  
Will Ambridge discover what stirred her?  
Just tune in tonight – if you dare.

*[Lyrics by Paul Slade, April 11, 2016.]*

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