

Siamese twins walk into a pub in
Harwich, Essex and park themselves
awkwardly
on two bar stools.

One of them says to the bartender,
'Don't mind us; we're joined at the
hip. I'm John,
he's Jim. two beers, draft please.'

The bartender, feeling slightly
awkward, tries to make polite
conversation while
pouring the beers.

'Been on holiday yet, lads?'

'Off to the good ol U S of A next
month,' says John. 'We go there
every year, rent a car
and drive for miles. Don't we,
Jim?' Jim agrees.

'Ah, The States!' says the
bartender. 'Wonderful country ...
loads of recent history, scenery and
the
natives are friendly!...'

'Nah, we don't like that U S
crap,' says John.

'Hamburgers & weak as piss beer,
eh Jim? We can't stand the nosh
much either, we try eating as one"
Down south a bit they ain't so
friendly, guns and big dogs.'

'So why keep going there?' asks the
bartender.

'It's the only chance Jim gets to
drive.'