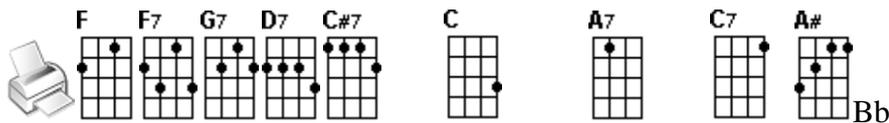


COCKNEY SING SONG-



BANJOS: F F7 Bb G7 F D7 C#7 F

F G7
 Now I go window cleaning to earn an honest bob.
 C7 F
 For a nosey parker it's an interesting job
 F F7
 Now it's a job that just suits me,
 Bb G7 F D7
 A window cleaner you will be . If you could see what I can see
 C#7 F
 When I'm cleaning windows
 F F7 Bb G7
 The honeymooning couples too, You should see them bill and coo.
 F D7 C#7 F
 You'd be surprised at things they do When I'm cleaning windows
 .
 A7 D7
 In my profession I work hard, but I'll never stop.
 G7 C C7
 I'll climb this blinking ladder 'til I get right to the top.
 F F7 Bb G7
 The blushing bride she looks divine, The bridegroom he is doing fine
 F D7 C#7 F
 I'd rather have his job than mine When I'm cleaning windows.

(LINK: C / / / C / / / C7 / / / F / / /)

F F C7
 1. Oh, my old man's a dustman, he wears a dustman's hat,
 C7 F
 he wears cor blimey trousers, and he lives in a council flat.
 F Bb
 He looks a proper nanna in his great big hob nailed boots,
 C F
 he's got such a job to pull 'em up that he calls them daisy roots.

F F C7
 2. Some folks give tips at Christmas, and some of them forget,
 C7 F
 so when he picks their bins up, he spills some on the steps.
 F Bb
 Now one old man got nasty and to the council wrote,
 C F
 next time my old man went 'round there, he punched him up the throat.

Repeat verse 1

(LINK: F / / / F / / / C7 / / / F / / /)

F Bb
 "Any old iron any old iron any any old, old iron?
 G7
 You look neat - talk about a treat,
 C7
 You look dapper from your napper to your feet.
 F F
 Dressed in style, brand new tile,
 F7 Bb
 And your father's old green tie on,
 Dm F
 But I wouldn't give you tuppence for your old watch chain
 F C7F
 Old iron, old iron?" *REPEAT*

LINK: F / / / F / / / F / / / C7 F

F G7
 My old man said, "Follow the van,
 C7 F
 don't dilly dally on the way!"
 A7 Dm
 Off went the cart with me home packed in it,
 G G7 C7
 I walked behind with me old cock linnet.
 F C7 F C7
 But I dillied and dallied, dallied and dillied,
 F G7 C7
 Lost the van and don't know where to roam.
 F Gm
 Oh you can't trust a special like the old-time copper,
 C7 F
 When you can't find your way home. (*Repeat*)