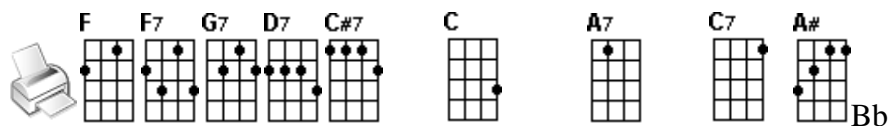


# PLATINUM COCKNEY SING SONG-



**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 / / / F / / / G7 / / / )**

C C G7  
 1. Oh, my old man's a dustman, he wears a dustman's hat,  
 G7 C  
 he wears cor blimey trousers, and he lives in a council flat.  
 C C7 F  
 He looks a proper nanna in his great big hob nailed boots,  
 G C  
 he's got such a job to pull 'em up that he calls them daisy roots.

C G7  
 2 One day while in a hurry he missed a lady's bin;  
 G7 C  
 He hadn't gone but a few yards when she chased after him.  
 C C7 F  
 'What game do you think you're playing?' she cried right from the heart;  
 G C  
 'You've missed me...am I too late?' 'No... jump up on the cart'.

*Repeat verse 1*

**(LINK: C / / / C / / / G7 / / / C / / / )**

PLATINUM COCKNEY SING SONG PART 2

C F  
 "Any old iron any old iron any any old, old iron?  
 D7  
 You look neat - talk about a treat,  
 G  
 You look dapper from your napper to your feet.  
 C C  
 Dressed in style, brand new tile,  
 C7 F  
 And your father's old green tie on,  
 Am C  
 But I wouldn't give you tuppence for your old watch chain  
 C G7↓ C↓  
 Old iron, old iron" REPEAT

**LINK C / / / C / / / C / / / G7 C**

C D7  
 My old man said, "Follow the van,  
 G7 C  
 don't dilly dally on the way!"  
 E7 Am  
 Off went the cart with me home packed in it,  
 D7 D7 G7  
 I walked behind with me old cock linnet.  
 C G7 C G7  
 But I dillied and dallied, dallied and dillied,  
 C D7 G7  
 Lost the van and don't know where to roam.  
 C C7 F Dm  
 Oh you can't trust a special like the old-time copper,  
 G G7 C C  
 When you can't find your way home. (Repeat)

**Link (D7 / / / D7 / / / G / / / D7 / / / )**

G C  
 Knees up Mother Brown Knees up Mother Brown  
 D7  
 Under the table you must go Ee-aye, Ee-aye, Ee-aye-oh  
 G C  
 If I catch you bending I'll saw your legs right off  
 D7  
 Knees up, knees up don't get the breeze up  
 G  
 Knees up Mother Brown  
 G G7 C D7 G  
 Oh aye, what a rotten song, what a rotten song what a rotten song  
 G G7 C A7  
 Oh aye, what a rotten song,  
 D7 G / / / / / /  
 And what a rotten singer too..oh



**REPEAT FASTER**