

Wurzels, The "I've Got A Brand New Combine Harvester"

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I drove my tractor through your haystack last night
I threw me pitch fork at your dog to keep quiet
Now something's telling me that you've avoiding me,
Come on now darling,
You got something i need.

(Chorus)

'Cause I got a brand new combine harvester and I'll
give you the key
Come on now, let's get together
In perfect harmony
I got 20 acres and you got 43
Now I got a brand new combine harvester and I'll give
you the key.

She might well laugh.

I'll stick by you and give you all that you need
We'll have twins and triplets
I'm a man built for speed
And you know I'll love you darling
So give me your hand
Oh, the thing I want the most is all that acres of land.

(Chorus)

For seven long years I've been alone in this place
Pigs sleep in the kitchen
It's a proper disgrace
Now if I cleaned it up, would you change your mind?
I'll give up drinking Scrumpy
And that lager and lime.

Course.

Who loves you baby?

Weren't we a grand couple at that last Wurzel dance?
I wore brand new gaiters and me corduroy pants
In your new Sunday dress

With your perfume smelling grand
We had our photos taken, us holding hands.

Now I got a brand new combine harvester and I'll give
you the key
Now that we're both past our 50's I think that you and
me should stop this gallivanting
And will you marry me?
'Cause I got a brand new combine harvester and I'll
give you the key.

Arr, you're a fine looking woman
And I can't wait to get me hands on your land.

You're a fine looking woman.

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