Charlie Goldthorpe "Baby George"

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Born in a family on 6 pence a day Down the farm, stacking up hay What a place to live, what a place to stay If they only used baby Georges ways Baby George ways

By the time he was one, he was running around Quiet as a mouse, never making a sound He runs to town with a quick and dash Never trip, never fall, never had a bash With a quick and a dash

Baby George

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When he was two, he had legs like a god

Could beat a car from their house to the yard He was bigger than Jim, he was faster than Steve He was legend he was a dream Faster than Steve

Sixteen years and he was still running around He was faster than a 40 mph troul He was king, he was a lord He was the almighty Baby George Baby George

[Instrumental]

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