

Chaz N' Dave **"Stars Over 45"**

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We're gonna take this, opportunity
To play some old time songs
We got a lap-trap on the off-beat
And a bass drum on the on
Stars over 45, we're gonna keep those songs alive
Those boys deserve some credit, don't forget it
Hit it, hit it

I go window cleaning, to earn an honest bob
For a nosey parker, it's an interesting job
It's a job that just suits me, a window cleaner you would
be
If you could see what I can see
When I'm cleaning windows
In my profession I work hard but I never stop
I climb this blinkin' ladder 'til I get right to the top
Honey mooning couples too
You should see them bill and clue
You'd be suprised at the things they do
When I'm cleaming windows

One, two, three, four, get your bodies on the floor
Five, six, seven, eight, get out of it before it's too late
Here's a little tune I like myself
Very nice, very nice

Any old iron, any old iron
Any any any old iron
You look sweet, talk about a treat
Your lookin' dapper from your napper to your feet
Dressed in style, brand new tile
Your fathers old green tie on
But wouldn't giver you tuppence for your old watch
back
Old iron, old iron

Run rabbit, run rabbit, run, run, run
Don't give the farmer his fun, fun, fun
He'll get by, without his rabbit pie
So run rabbit, run rabbit, run, run, run
Run rabbit, run rabbit, run, run, run
Don't give the farmer his fun, fun, fun

Bang, bang, bang, bang goes the farmer's gun

So run rabbit, run rabbit, run, run, run

I know a fat old policeman, who's always on the beat
A fat and jolly red faced man he really is a treat
He's too kind for a policeman, he's never known to
frown

And everybody says that he's the happiest man in town

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

So if you chance to meet him, while walking round the
town

Just shake him by his fat old hand and give him half a
crown

His eyes will beam and sparkle and gurgle with delight

And then you'll start him laughing, until he cracks his
sides

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha

Oh my what a rotten song

What a rotten song, what a rotten song

Oh my what a rotten song

And what a rotten singer too

Run rabbit, run rabbit give him half a crown

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha knees up mother brown

Bang, bang, bang, bang goes the farmer's gun

Any old iron, any old iron, when I'm cleaning windows

Run rabbit, run rabbit give him half a crown

Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha knees up mother brown

Bang, bang, bang, bang goes the farmer's gun

Any old iron, any old iron, when I'm cleaning windows

Run rabbit, run rabbit, give it to the girl nextdoor...

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