George Formby "As The Hours and The Days And The Weeks"

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He loved her and she loved him but her chance mighty slim

Of ever getting married to her man.

Theyve been courting years and fixed the wedding day She was two hours early and he was six months later All day for him shell cry, her eyes are never dry As the hours and and the days and the weeks and the months and the years roll by.

Shell talk about a week, she stands there ankle deep As the hours and and the days and the weeks and the months and the years roll by.

They say better late than never, two birds of a feather, must get together

She s bought real posh underwear and said the maiden s prayer

As the hours and the days and the weeks and the months and the years roll by.

The twin bed by her side is still unoccupied As the hours and the days and the weeks and the months and the years roll by.

Each night no hope at all, her face turned to the wall As the hours and the days and the weeks and the months and the years roll by.

They say better late than never, two birds of a feather, must get together.

She complains its so unjust, her trousseau full of dust As the hours and the days and the weeks and the months and the years roll by.

How she sighs and sighs and sighs, quite an outsize size in size

She seems to miss the things shes never had.

When he said goodbye-ye he kissed her on the mat That only set her longing for something more than that. Where they used to meet, she stands and gets cold feet

As the hours and the days and the weeks and the months and the years roll by.

She says shes taken root, its growing through her boot.

They say better late than never, two birds of a feather, must get together.

Theres a wart upon her nose, good gracious how it grows

As the hours and the days and the weeks and

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