

George Formby "Bell Bottom George"

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Now I can guess that some of you are wondering at my
navy blues
Or how I came to be Â– oh a sailor on the sea.
You may think that I'm too daft to know what's forward
and which is aft,
But when I've sung my song Â– Oh, you'll all agree
you're wrong.
A happy-go-lucky A.B. on the land or the sea
I know a few nautical games and my name's Bell
Bottom George

A girl in each port may be true of the boys dressed in
blue,
A sailor I know has got three and it's me, Bell Bottom
George
It's the same to me as we sail to Tripoli or we go back
home to Dover
I can go ashore and have one or two more till I'm
feeling half-seas-over.
Adventures I've had by the score, what a life, what a
war.
If ever you get in a scrap I'm your chap, Bell Bottom
George

When others are up to their necks pulling ropes,
scrubbing decks,
Who slips on the soap and goes Â– whiz Â– down on his
Bell Bottom George.
The Admiral's not a bad guy, we get on, he and I,
He speaks when we meet on the stair, "Gangway there
Bell Bottom George."

And the chief is grand so I always lend a hand
With a grin and a smart "Aye, Aye Sir",
And it's fun by 'gum' when I've had a tot of rum,
I'm the champion main brace splicer.
I've sailed the Dead Sea and the Med, and the Black
and the Red,
There's only the suck it and see left for me Bell Bottom
George.

