

George Formby **"Biceps, Muscle And Brawn"**

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Why am I forgotten, by the girl I love, because my
clothes hang on me like a sack.
I know I'm not athletic and look a bit pathetic, and wear
most of my chest upon my back.
The nation's got an A1 plan, and I might turn into a
man,
If I'd Biceps, Muscle and Brawn.

I'd grow spinach on my chest, where the birds could
build a nest
If I'd Biceps, Muscle and Brawn.
In competitions, exhibitions, Catch as Catch Catch,
I would win some lovely cups and saucers to match.
The girls would all love my physique, I'd let them see it
twice a week,
If I'd Biceps, Muscle and Brawn.

My ribs at knock knock, wouldn't play or rattle on a
windy day,
If I'd Biceps, Muscle and Brawn.
Hercules was far from slim, but I could show them
more than him
If I'd Biceps, Muscle and Brawn.
In competitions, exhibitions, Catch as Catch Catch,
I would win some lovely cups and sauces to match.

The ladies "white hope" I would be, they'd hope to see
much more of me
If I'd Biceps, Muscle and Brawn.
I'd look swell when out of doors, in my fifty bob plus
fours,
If I'd Biceps, Muscle and Brawn.

My photo in the press you'd see, to show what "bile
beans" did for me
If I'd Biceps, Muscle and Brawn.
In competitions, exhibitions, Catch as Catch Catch,
I would win some lovely cups and sauces to match.
I'd have strength to carry on and something good to sit
upon,
If I'd Biceps, Muscle and Brawn.

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