

Jon English "Handbags And Gladrags"

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Ever seen a blind man cross the road
Tryin' to make the other si-ide
Ever seen a young girl growin' old
Tryin' to make herself a bri-ide
So what becomes of you my love
When they have finally stripped you of
The handbags and the gladrags
That your Grandad had to sweat
So you could buy-uy
Once I was a young man
And I thought all I had to do was smi-ile
You are still a young girl
And you bought everything in sty-y-y-y-yle
Once you think you're in you're out
'Cause you don't mean a single thing without
The handbags and the gladrags
That your poor old Grandad

Had to sweat to buy-uy
Sing a song of six-pence for your sake
And take a bottle full of rye-ye
Four and twenty blackbirds in a cake
And bake them all in a pie-ie-ie-ie-ie-ie
They told me you missed school today
So I suggest you just throw them all away-ay-ay
The handbags and the gladrags
That your poor old Granddad
Had to sweat to buy-uy
Bye-bye
They told me you missed school today
So I suggest you just throw them all away-ay
The handbags and the gladrags
That your poor old Grandad
Had to sweat to buy-uy
Bye-bye

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