

Paul Giovanni "The Landlord's Daughter"

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Much has been said of the strumpets of yore
Of wenches and bawdy house queens by the score
But I sing of the baggage that we all adore,
The Landlord's Daughter

You'll never love another
Although she's not the kind of girl
To take home to your mother
The Landlord's Daughter

Her ale it is lively and strong to the taste
It is brewed with discretion and never with haste
You can have all you like If you swear not to waste
The Landlord's Daughter

And, when her name is mentioned
The parts of every gentleman
Do stand up at attention
The Landlord's Daughter

Oh, nothing can delight so
As does the part that lies between
Her left toe
And her right toe
The Landlord's Daughter

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