

## The New Vaudeville Band

### "I Was Lord Kitchener's Valet"

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I was Lord Kitchener's valet  
We were ever so palet  
I was always there to press his suits  
and clean his boots and in return,  
as everybody knows,  
He gave me all his old clothes

I was Lord Kitchener's valet  
We used to share the same chalet  
He would often say that when he died  
that he'd provide for me and you can see  
just what I got:  
his winter woolies and the lot

Oh, Lord Kitchener what to do?  
Everyone is wearing clothes that once belonged to you  
If you were alive today, I'm sure you would explode  
if you took a stroll down the Portebello road

I was Lord Kitchener's valet  
I was by his side to wipe his shoes and serve his booze  
I knew my loyalty would be repaid  
I'm in the second hand trade

Oh, Lord Kitchener what to do?  
Everyone is wearing clothes that once belonged to you  
I know that you've forgiven me if I tell you on my knees  
Your wardrobe is a victim of the economic squeeze  
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