

Sting "Cushie Butterfield"

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I'm a broken-hearted keelman
and I'm o'er head in love
With a young lass from Gyetsid
And I call 'er my dove

Her name's Cushie Butterfield
And she sells yellow clay
And 'er cousins a muckman
And they call him Tom Gray

CHORUS

She's a big lass
She's a bonny lass
And she likes her beer
And I call her Cushie Butterfield
And I wish she was here

Her eyes is like two holes
In a blanket burnt through
And her breath in the mornin'
Would scare a young coo

She wears big galoshes
And her stockings once was white
And her bed gown it's lilac
And her hat's never straight

CHORUS

Cushie Butterfield

Aa's a broken haired keel man and Aa's ower heed in
luv
Wiv a young lass in Gyetsid an Aa caal hor me duv
Hor nyem's Cushie Butterfield and she sells Yalla clay
And her cousin is a muckman and they caall Âµim Tom
Gray.

Chorus- She's a big lass an' a bonnie lass an' she likes
hor beer

An they caall hor Cushie Butterfield an' aa wish she war

heor

Her eyes are like two holes in a blanket bornt throo,
An' her brows in a mornin wad spyen a young coo;
An' when aw heer her shootin "will ye buy ony clay,"
Like a candy man's trumpet, it steels ma young hart
away.

Ye'll oft see hor doon at Sangit when the fresh harrin
cims in,
She's like a bagfull o'saadust tied roond wiv a string;
She weers big galoshes tee, an' hor stockins once was
white,
An' hor bedgoon it's laelock, but hor hat's nivver strite.

Chorus

Whan Aa axed hor te marry us, she started te laff;
"Noo, nyen o'yor munkey tricks, for Aa like nee such
chaff"
Then she started a' blubblin' an' roared like a bull,
An' the cheps on the Keel ses As's nowt but a fyeul.

Chorus

She sez "The chep that gets me'll heh to work ivry day,
An when he cums hyem at neets he'll heh te gan an'
seek clay;
An' when he's away seekin't aal myek balls an' sing'
Weel may the keel row that my laddies in !"

Chorus

Noo, aw heer she hes anuther chep, an' he hews at
Shipcote'
If aw thowt she wad deceive me, ah'd sure cut me
throat;
Aal doon the river sailin, an' sing "Aam afloat,"
Biddin addo te Cushy Butterfield an' the chep at
Shipcote.

Chorus

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