

Ivor Biggun

"All These Things Are Soul"

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My sister is called Mabel
She washes once a year
She wears a bracelet on her wrist
And an earring on her ear
'g on her ear, 'g on her ear, 'g on her ear, 'g on her
ear
'g on her ear, 'g on her ear, 'g on her ear
She wears a bracelet on her wrist
And an earring on her ear

Oh Mabel she sings gospel
The blues and rock 'n' roll
The sound of Stax and Motown
All of these things are soul
Are soul, are soul, are soul, are soul
Are soul, are soul, are soul
The sound of Stax and Motown
All of these things are soul

Oh Mabel sailed around the world
From Liverpool to Sri Lanka
But she prefers her own home port
'Cause that's the place you anchor
You anchor, you anchor, you anchor
You anchor, you anchor, you anchor
She prefers her own home port
'Cause that's the place you anchor

She went to the Royal Gardens
Like all the tourists do
She took the train for Turnham Green
Then took the 'bus for Kew
For Kew, for Kew, for Kew, for Kew
For Kew, for Kew, for Kew
She took the train for Turnham Green
Then took the bus for Kew

Oh Mabel baths in axle-grease
From her feet up to her chin
She swears it cures her chillblains
And it's awfully good for skin
For skin, for skin, for skin, for skin

For skin, for skin, for skin
She swears it cures her chillblains
And it's awfully good for skin

Oh Mabel pulled the bell-rope
Which was fifty-two feet long
The bell did ring with one big ding
And then a great big dong
Big dong, big dong, big dong, big dong
Big dong, big dong, big dong
The bell did ring with one big ding
And then a great big dong

dong... dong... dong...

- Unused verse (the bloody song was too long already)
A handsome hairy Viking
Icelandic born and bred
He had Icelandic features
And a fine Icelandic head
'Dic head, 'dic head, 'dic head, 'dic head
'Dic head, 'dic head, 'dic head
He had Icelandic features
And a fine Icelandic head

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