

Ivor Biggun

"Sing A Mucky Song"

Visit "[Sing A Mucky Song](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Some people sing sad songs about, mother and home
Some sing about wicked women I, leave 'em alone
Some sing about blue suede shoes, and a romance
that went wrong
But I pick up a ukulele and sing a mucky song

I pluck, pluck, pluck my ukulele, and serenade the folks
so gaily
All around the place you see the smiles, smiles, smiles
I pluck for my dinner and pluck for my supper
I'm such a happy little plucker
Singing songs about tits and bums and piles, piles,
piles

My ukulele well it, won't bring me wealth
If I play it with the band or, play with myself
It's a very nice size and I can't keep my hands off it for
long
So I pick up my ukulele and sing a mucky song

I pluck, pluck, pluck my ukulele, and serenade the folks
so gaily
Singing something vulgar to my chums, chums, chums
I pluck for my dinner and pluck for my supper
Eee, I'm such a happy little plucker
Singing songs about nudist camps and honeymoon
couples and bums

A greengrocer's daughter took a fancy to me
She let me hold her aubergines sat, on the settee
She said I could do anything she wouldn't think it wrong
So I pulled out my ukulele and sang a mucky song

So if you've got a gum-boil or a, pain in your bum
And your wife's run off with the dustbin man
Now, don't you feel glum
Don't go around like a misery guts
With a face that's three feet long
Grab yourself a ukulele and sing a mucky song

And pluck, pluck, pluck your ukulele, and serenade the

folks so gaily
Singing something vulgar to your chums, chums,
chums
If you sit there and play with yourself
You'll either go blind or ruin your health
But you'll be the happiest plucker that strums
Singing songs about nudist camps and honeymoon
couples and bums

Visit [Ivor Biggun](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.