

Rolf Harris

"Burgular Bold"

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I'll sing you a song of a burgular bold, who tried to rob
a house.
He open'd the window and crept right in, as quiet as a
mouse.
He said to himself, 'I'll hide away 'til ev'ryone is asleep.
Then, quick as a flash, I'll take their cash and out of the
house I'll creep.
So he hid himself right under the bed, hard up against
the wall.
But he hadn't a clue who owned the place or he'd never
have stayed at all.
He never thought, well he never knew as under the bed
he lay,
That in the night he'd see a sight that'd turn all his hair
to grey.

At nine o'clock the owner came in, 'I'm tired as tired,'
she said.
And thinking that night that all was right, she didn't
look under the bed.
She took out her teeth and her old glass eye and the
hair from off her head.
And the burgular bold turned icy cold with panic
beneath the bed.

He waited for hours, then out he crept, he felt a total
wreck.
But the old maid, she was still awake and she grabbed
him by the neck.
She never screamed or fainted away but calm as any
clam,
She said 'My prayers are answered, oh thank heaven,
I've found a man.'

She whipped a revolver from under the pillow and to
the burgular said,
'Young fellow, you'll have to marry me now or I'll blow

off the top of your head!
She held him tight and the burglar knew there wasn't
a chance to scoot.
He looked at her teeth and he heaved a sigh at the
ghastly wig and the old glass eye,
the coy little smile, the provocative pose, and the
varicose veins on the end of her nose.
He said 'Lady, for Pete's sake, shoot!'

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