

Rolf Harris

"Someone's Pinched Me Winkles"

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The Cockney tribes in Britain were meeting for the
games
Held annually, once a year, along the River Thames,
The scene was quiet and peaceful, the snow lay on the
ground
The Cockneys by their cooking pots were huddled all
around.
The chief was in his tepee his face all lined with
wrinkles
When up the river came the cry
"someone's pinched me winkles!"
Me winkles have been pinched (oobie dooby) me
winkles have been pinched,
Now some people say it's a load of old nonsense but a
winkle's got a lot of vitamin contents
Never win that race tomorrow I'll be a big disgrace
tomorrow
I'll search the blinking place tomorrow, but tomorrow is
too late
Some rotter's pinched me winkles off me plate.
(I turned round and wheeet, they were gone)

The tears of sheer frustration started trickling down his
face, well
He'd set his heart on winning in the gruelling barrow
race,
Without his final winkle feed his training scheme was
shot
He staggered round the camp ground shouting
"someone's pinched the lot"

Me winkles have been pinched (oobie dooby) me
winkles have been pinched
Beef or carrots or a dash of cucumber
As far as I'm concerned that's a load of old lumber
I'll never win the race tomorrow, he's got me in
disgrace tomorrow
He'd better not show his face tomorrow, he'll end up in
a fight
But me I need them winkles here tonight.
(now I want 'em, now, not tomorrow or the next day)

They called the wise old medicine man who shuffled up
and said
"I'm levying a winkle tax one winkle each per head"
They made a grand collection from every tucker pot
Then stood around, the shells and all, they made me
eat the lot

I've got me winkles back (oobie dooby) I've got me
winkles back
Now I know I've been grumping and grouching
But I never thought I'd get two or three thousand
I'll never win that race tomorrow, I can't go in that race
tomorrow
I couldn't stand the pace tomorrow, I'm much to
blinking fat
I'll never face a winkle after that.
Phew - I think I'll go and try out something new, you
know, just to see how it feels
I think I'll have a dash at some jellied eels.

(Excuse me a minute while I just get this newspaper off
this bit of jellied eel here).
Mmm - that's lovely;
Here, you with the winkle barrow, "hello"
as far as I'm concerned you can stick your perishing
winkles right... back in the sea
- it's jellied eels for me.

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