

Bowie David

"Please Mr. Gravedigger"

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There's a little churchyard just along the way
It used to be Lambeth's finest array
Of tombstones, epitaphs, wreaths, flowers all that jazz
Till the war came along and someone dropped a bomb
on the lot

And in this little yard, there's a little old man
With a little shovel in his little bitty hand
He seems to spend all his days puffing fags and
digging graves
He hates the reverend vicar and he lives all alone in his
home

Ah-choo ! excuse me

Please Mr. Gravedigger, don't feel ashamed
As you dig little holes for the dead and the maimed
Please Mr. Gravedigger, I couldn't care
If you found a golden locket full of some girl's hair
And you put it in your pocket

God, it's pouring down

Her mother doesn't know about your sentimental joy
She thinks it's down below with the rest of her toys
And Ma wouldn't understand, so I won't tell
So keep your golden locket all safely hid away in your
pocket

Yes, Mr. GD, you see me every day , stah choo !
Standing in the same spot by a certain grave
Mary-Ann was only 10, full of life and oh so gay
And I was the wicked man who took her life away
Very selfish, Oh God

No, Mr. GD, you won't tell
And just to make sure that you keep it to yourself
I've started digging holes myself
And this one here's for you

Lifted our girl, she apparently doesn't know of it

Hello misses, thought she'd be a little girl
Bloody obscene, catch pneumonia or something in this
rain

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