Bell Bottom Trousers

Bell Bottom Trousers

cho: Singing bell bottom trousers,
Coat of navy-blue.
Let him climb the rigging
Like his daddy used to do.

Once there was a waitress
In the Prince George Hotel,
Her mistress was a lady
And her master was a swell,

They knew she was a simple girl
And lately from the farm.
And so they watched her carefully
To keep her from all harm

The Forty Second Fusiliers
Came marching into town.
And with them came a complement
Of rapists of reknown.

They busted every maidenhead
That came within their spell.
But they never made the waitress
From the Prince George Hotel

Next came a company
Of the Prince of Wales' Hussars
They piled into the whore house
And they packed along the bars.

Many a maid and mistress
And wife before them fell.
But they never made the waitress
From the Prince George Hotel.

One day there came a sailor.
Just an ordinary bloke.
A bulging at the trousers.
With a heart of solid oak.

At sea without a woman

For seven years or more.
There wasn't any need to ask
What he was looking for.

He asked her for a candlestick
To light his way to bed.
He asked her for a pillow
To rest his weary head.

And speaking to her gently.
Just as if he meant no harm.
He asked her if she'd come to bed
Just so's to keep him warm

She lifted up the blanket
And a moment there did lie.
He was on her. He was in her
In the twinkling of an eye.

He was out again. and in again.
And plowing up a storm.
And the only words she said to him:
"I hope you're keeping warm."

Then early in the morning
The sailor he arose
Saying here's a two pound note.
My dear, for the damage I have done

If you have a daughter.
Bounce her on your knee.
If you have a son.
Send the bastard out to sea.

DT #319
Laws K43
From Bawdy Sea Songs, Oscar Brand
Note: An update on Home, Dearie, Home
JY

Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.