

A Lad From Lancashire

George Formby

No matter where I go, London, Paris, Mexico.
Anywhere on Earth, they know my place of birth.
I met a girl from London when she sat on Blackpool
Pier,
She said she could tell, Im a Lad from Lancashire.
She said, "Are you a nudist?" So I blushed and said,
"No fear".
Im covered up like a Lad from Lancashire.
North or South, when I open my mouth, they know that Im
not Dutch,
They can tell I come from Lancashire, but they can't
tell me much.
I whispered, "Ill be nudist if you'll be the same my
dear."
She said, "No fear, with a Lad from Lancashire.
A widow nice and young and gay said, "Come to tea my
dear,
Ive something nice for a Lad from Lancashire."
We sat down on the sofa and I felt her creeping near,
I said, "Hee Hee! take care, Im a Lad from Lancashire."
North and South, when I open my mouth, they know that
Im not Dutch,
They can tell I come from Lancashire, but they can't
tell me much.
The widow started kissing me and tickling my ear,
I tickled her, like a Lad from Lancashire.
I went with Jane down Lovers Lane, she whispered in her
ear,
"Now do your best for a Lad from Lancashire."
She said to me when on my knee, "You can't do that
there ere."
I said, "Hey Hey! I can, Im the Lad from Lancashire."
North and South, when I open my mouth, they know that
Im not Dutch,
They can tell I come from Lancashire, but they can't
tell me much.
That night when Jane got home again her Ma said, "You
look queer,
Ill bet thas been with that Lad from Lancashire.