

Bell Bottom George

George Formby

Now I can guess that some of you are wondering at my navy blues

Or how I came to be - oh a sailor on the sea.

You may think that I'm too daft to know what's forward and which is aft,

But when I've sung my song - Oh, you'll all agree you're wrong.

A happy-go-lucky A.B. on the land or the sea

I know a few nautical games and my name's Bell Bottom George

A girl in each port may be true of the boys dressed in blue,

A sailor I know has got three and it's me, Bell Bottom George

It's the same to me as we sail to Tripoli or we go back home to Dover

I can go ashore and have one or two more till I'm feeling half-seas-over.

Adventures I've had by the score, what a life, what a war.

If ever you get in a scrap I'm your chap, Bell Bottom George

When others are up to their necks pulling ropes, scrubbing decks,

Who slips on the soap and goes - whiz - down on his Bell Bottom George.

The Admiral's not a bad guy, we get on, he and I,

He speaks when we meet on the stair, "Gangway there Bell Bottom George."

And the chief is grand so I always lend a hand

With a grin and a smart "Aye, Aye Sir",

And it's fun by 'gum' when I've had a tot of rum,

I'm the champion main brace splicer.

I've sailed the Dead Sea and the Med, and the Black and the Red,

There's only the suck it and see left for me Bell Bottom George.