

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,
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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

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

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