

Hindoo Man

George Formby

Over there in India a Hindoo resides smoking his hoakam
all day

Opium and bits of rope and fag ends besides, a wise man
from the East Whitechapel way.

He's got a lovely palace on the beach

He's the Hindoo, Howdoo, Hoodoo, Yoodoo man.

He's got twelve bedrooms with eight wives in each,

He's the Hindoo, Howdoo, Hoodoo, Yoodoo man.

He's got one wife who wears a veil, it covers half her
face,

From her nose right to her toes you'll see nothing else
but space.

She'll dance and waggle her "San Fairy Ann"

For the Hindoo, Howdoo, Hoodoo, Yoodoo man.

He practices his magic in the Eastern bazaar

Slave girls come under his spell

When he puts on the fluence,

They don't know where they are

He does Indian tricks and dirty tricks as well.

Now what he fancies always does him good

He's the Hindoo, Howdoo, Hoodoo, Yoodoo man.

He lives on rice, roast beef and Yorkshire pud

He's the Hindoo, Howdoo, Hoodoo, Yoodoo man.

He wears a dishcloth round his waist,

His favourite wife called Nellie

Said, "You'd look well if the darned thing fell

You'd have nowt to cover your...

He said "Who cares, I could always wear a fan

I'm a Hindoo, Howdoo, Hoodoo, Yoodoo man.

He looks just like a Nabob of renown

He's the Hindoo, Howdoo, Hoodoo, Yoodoo man

A Nabob, two bob, three bob, half a crown.

He's a Hindoo, Howdoo, Hoodoo, Yoodoo man.

A Princess brought him jewels and said

"For all your love I yearn"

But jewels could not compare with what

He went and gave her in return.

He's ninety nine, but he does all he can.

For a Hindoo, Howdoo, Hoodoo, Yoodoo Man.