

The Emperor Of Lancashire

George Formby

I've got a feeling it's my lucky day, come on fellers I'm on my way,
I'm going right up to the top of the tree, so come right in and have a drink with me.
It won't be long till I make my pile, then I'll live in the grandest style.
I'll be a Cotton King yes sir, I'll be the Emperor Of Lancashire

I'll have a retinue ten miles long, and an army ten million strong
Big white elephants, by the score, and a fleet at anchor off the Wigan shore
Don't you recognize who I am? You've got to give me a big salaam.
You've got to end with a vote of thanks, to the Emperor Of Lancashire...

Now bow down everyone here I come, bang that cymbal and hit that drum.
Bow down everyone, yes sir, I'm the Emperor Of Lancashire.

Who's this gentleman flashing dough?
Is he somebody we should know?
Is he somebody? Woah sir! I'm Emperor Of Lancashire

Who's this gentleman talking loud? Is he one of the usual crowd?
Who's this gentleman? Yes sir! I'm the Emperor Of Lancashire

Don't you recognise who you've seen? He's the boss of the whole chabine.
He's the fellow who broke the banks.
That's me, I'm the Emperor of Lancs.

Who's that fellow they're crowding round
Who's that sucker the boys have found
Who's that sucker? My dear sir, I'm Emperor Of Lancashire

Now I'm going back to my native town, with my millions I'll knock 'em down
I'll have everything in my power and I'll build a palace on the Blackpool tower
On my birthday the crowds will cheer, all the fountains will flow with beer.
Blackpool wakes will run all year, for the Emperor Of Lancashire

I'll hold a banquet for fifty score, tripe and onions and whelks galore
Stewed pigs trotters, aye and mutton shanks for the Emperor of Lancs.
Bow down everyone, here I come, bang that cymbal and hit that drum.
Bow down everyone, yes sir, I'm the Emperor Of Lancashire.