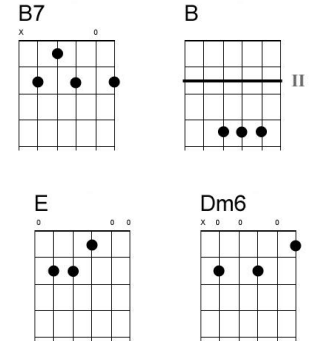


# Bell Bottom Trousers traditional

*E*                      *E*                      *B7*<sup>(3/4)</sup>                      *Dm6*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *B7*  
 Once there was a little girl, who lived next to                      me  
*B*                      *B*                      *E*<sup>(3/4)</sup>                      *B7*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *F*  
 And she loved a sailor boy, when he was only                      three  
*E*                      *E*                      *B7*<sup>(3/4)</sup>                      *Dm6*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *B7*  
 Now he's on a battleship, in his sailor                      suit  
*B7*                      *B7*                      *E*<sup>(3/4)</sup>                      *B7*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *F*  
 Just a great big sailor but she thinks he's very                      cute



*E*                      *E*                      *B7*<sup>(3/4)</sup>                      *Dm6*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *B7*  
 (With his bell bottom trousers, coat of navy                      blue  
*B*                      *B*                      *E*<sup>(3/4)</sup>                      *B7*<sup>(1/4)</sup> *F*  
 She loves her sailor and he loves her                      too)

When her sailor boy's away on the ocean blue  
 Soldier boys all flirt with her but to him she's true  
 Though they smile and tip their caps and they wink their eyes  
 She just smiles and shakes her head, then she softly sighs

(Oh, bell bottom trousers, coat of navy blue  
 She loves her sailor and he loves her too)

When her sailor went to sea to see what he could see  
 She saw that he ate spinach, now he's big as he can be  
 When he's home they stroll along, they don't give a hoot  
 She won't let go of his hand, even to salute

(Oh, bell bottom trousers, coat of navy blue  
 She loves her sailor and he loves her too)

If her sailor she can't find on the bounding main  
 She is hopeful he will soon come home safe again  
 So they can get married and raise a family  
 Dress up all their kiddies in sailor's dungarees

(Oh, bell bottom trousers, coat of navy blue  
 She loves her sailor and he loves her too)

Once there was a waitress in the Prince George Hotel,  
Her mistress was a lady and her master was a swell,  
They knew she was a simple girl and lately from the farm.  
And so they watched her carefully to keep her from all harm

Singing bell bottom trousers, coat of navy-blue.  
Let him climb the rigging like his daddy used to do

The Forty Second Fusiliers came marching into town.  
And with them came a complement of rapists of reknown.  
They busted every maidenhead that came within their spell.  
But they never made the waitress from the Prince George Hotel

Next came a company of the Prince of Wales' Hussars  
They piled into the whore house and they packed along the bars.  
Many a maid and mistress and wife before them fell.  
But they never made the waitress from the Prince George Hotel.

One day there came a sailor just an ordinary bloke.  
A bulging at the trousers with a heart of solid oak.  
At sea without a woman for seven years or more.  
There wasn't any need to ask what he was looking for.

He asked her for a candlestick to light his way to bed.  
He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head.  
And speaking to her gently. Just as if he meant no harm.  
He asked her if she'd come to bed just so's to keep him warm

She lifted up the blanket and a moment there did lie.  
He was on her. He was in her in the twinkling of an eye.  
He was out again. and in again and plowing up a storm.  
And the only words she said to him: "I hope you're keeping warm."

Then early in the morning the sailor he arose  
Saying here's a two pound note, my dear, for the damage I have done  
If you have a daughter bounce her on your knee.  
If you have a son send the bastard out to sea.