



ANY OLD IRON?

(Chas. Collins, E.A. Sheppard and Fred Terry)

Just a week or two ago my poor old Uncle Bill,
Went and kicked the bucket and he left me in his will.
The other day I popped around to see poor Auntie Jane,
She said "Your Uncle Bill has left to you a watch and chain."
I put it on, right across my vest,
Thought I looked a dandy as it dangled on my chest.
Just to flash it off I started walking 'round about,
A lot of nippers followed me and all began to shout:

Any old iron any old iron any any old, old iron?
You look neat - talk about a treat,
You look dapper from your napper to your feet.
Dressed in style, brand new tile, and your father's old green tie on,
But I wouldn't give you tuppence for your old watch chain,
Old iron, old iron?

Shan't forget when I got married to Selina Brown.
The way the people laughed at me, it made me feel a clown.
I began to wonder, when their dials began to crack,
If by mistake I'd got my Sunday trousers front to back.
I wore my chain, on my darby kell,
The sun was shining on it and it made me look a swell.
The organ started playing and the bells began to ring,
My chain began to rattle so the choir began to sing.

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