

# Any Old Iron

Peter Sellers

Any old iron, any old iron, any, any, any old iron?  
You look neat, talk about a treat  
You look so 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 and chain  
Old iron, old iron

Just a week or two ago, my dear old uncle Bill  
He went and kicked the bucket and he left me in his will  
So I went around the road to see my auntie Jane  
She said, "Your uncle Bill has left you a watch and chain"

So I put it on right across my derby kell  
The sun was shining on it and it made me look a swell  
I went out, strolling round about  
A crowd of kiddies followed me and they began to shout

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I won't forget the day I went to London on the spree  
I saw the mayor of London there, that's who I went to see  
He came along in a carriage and a pair  
I shouted, "Come on boys, all throw your hats up in the air"

Just then the mayor, he began to smile  
Pointed to my face and said, "Lor Lummy, what a dial"  
Started Lord-a-mayoring and then to my dismay  
He pointed to my watch and chain and shouted to me, "Hey"

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I shan't forget the day I married miss Elisa Brown

The way the people laughed at me, it made me feel a clown

I arrived in a carriage called a hack

When I suddenly discovered I'd my trousers front to back

So I walked down the aisle, dressed in style

The vicar took a look at me and then began to smile

The organ started playing, the bells began to ring

The people started laughing and the choir began to sing

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Lyrics submitted by Joni.

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