

Handbags and Gladrag

Stereophonics

Ever seen a blind man cross the road
Trying to make the other side?
Ever seen a young girl growing old
Trying to make herself a bride? So what becomes of you, my love?
When they have finally stripped you of
The handbags and the gladrag
That your poor old granddad
Had to sweat to buy you, baby Once I was a young man
And all I thought I had to do was smile
Well, you are still a young girl
And you've borne everything in style So once you think you're in, you're out
'Cause you don't mean a single thing without
The handbags and the gladrag
That your poor old granddad
Had to sweat to buy you Sing a song of six-pence for your sake
And drink a bottle full of rye
Four and twenty blackbirds in a cake
And bake 'em all in a pie They told me you missed school today
So what I suggest you just throw them all away
The handbags and the gladrag
That your poor old granddad
Had to sweat to buy They told me you missed school today
So what I suggest you just throw them all away
The handbags and the gladrag
That your poor old granddad
Had to sweat to buy you

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