

Any Old Iron

Ted Heath Big Band Swing

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 kelt

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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