Chim Chim Cher-ee

Louis Prima

Chim chiminey
Chim chiminey
Chim chim cher-ee!
A sweep is as lucky
As lucky can be

Chim chiminey
Chim chiminey
Chim chim cher-oo!
Good luck will rub off when
I shakes 'ands with you
Or blow me a kiss
And that's lucky too

Now as the ladder of life
'As been strung
You may think a sweep's
On the bottommost rung

Though I spends me time
In the ashes and smoke
In this 'ole wide world
There's no 'appier bloke

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Chim chim cher-ee!
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A sweep is as lucky

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Chim chim cher-oo!
Good luck will rub off when
I shakes 'ands with you

I choose me bristles with pride
Yes, I do
A broom for the shaft
And a broom for the flume

Up where the smoke is
All billered and curled
'Tween pavement and stars
Is the chimney sweep world

When the's 'ardly no day
Nor 'ardly no night
There's things 'alf in shadow
And 'alf way in light
On the roof tops of London
Coo, what a sight!

Though I'm covered with soot
From me 'ead to me toes
A sweep knows 'e's welcome
Wherever 'e goes

Chim chiminey
Chim chiminey
Chim chim cher-ee!
When you're with a sweep
You're in glad company

No where is there
A more 'appier crew

Than them wot sings
"Chim chim cher-ee
Chim cher-oo!"
On the chim chiminey
Chim chim cher-ee
Chim cher-oo!

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