

# 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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