

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 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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