

# Handbags & Gladrag's

Rod Stewart

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.  
And what becomes of you my love,  
When they have finally stripped you of,  
The handbags and the gladrag's,  
That your Grandad had to sweat so you could buy.

Once I was a young man,  
And all I thought I had to do was smile.  
So listen all you young girls,  
Who have bought everything that's in style.  
'Cos once you think you're in you're out,  
For you don't mean a thing without,  
The handbags and the gladrag's,  
That your Grandad had to sweat so you could buy.

Sing a song of six-pence for your sake,  
And take 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 I suggest you just throw away,  
The handbags and the gladrag's,  
That your Grandad had to sweat so you could buy.

And what becomes of you my love,  
When they have finally stripped you of,  
The handbags and the gladrag's,  
That your Grandad had to sweat so you could buy.

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