# Sing Along

## Mitch Miller

I've Got Sixpence/I've Been Workin' On The Railroad/That's Where My Money Goes

Mitch Miller
I've got sixpence
Jolly, jolly sixpence
I've got sixpence to last me all my life
I've got tuppence to spend
And tuppence to lend
And tuppence to send home to my wife-poor wife.

(CHORUS)
No cares have I to grieve me
No pretty little girls to deceive me
I'm happy as a king believ-ee-ve me
As we go rollinâ€™, rollinâ€™ home
Rollinâ€™ home
(rolling home)
Rolling home
(rolling home)

By the light of the silvery moo-oo-oo-on
Happy is the day when a soldier gets his pay
As we go rollinâ€™, rollinâ€™ home.

I've been working on the railroad
All the live-long day.
I've been working on the railroad
Just to pass the time away.
Don't you hear the whistle blowinâ€™?
Rise up so early in the morn;
Don't you hear the captain shoutinâ€™?
"Dinah, blow your horn!"

Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow,

Dinah, won't you blow your hor-or-rn?

Dinah, won't you blow,

Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Someone's in the kitchen I kno-oo-oo-ow
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinaaaaah
Strummin' on the old banjo!

And singin' fee, fie, fiddly-i-o
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o-o-o-o
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-ooooooooo

Strummin' on the old banjo.

Thatâ€™s where my money goes
To buy my Baby clothes
I buy her everything
To keep her in style,
Well, well, well

Sheâ€™s worth her weight in gold
I love the la-a-dy
Say, boys, thatâ€™s where my money goes.
Goes, goes, goes.

Sheâ€™s got a pair aâ€™ hips,
Just like two battleships
I buy her everything
To keep her in style,
Well, well, well.

She wears silk underwear
I wear my last yearâ€™s pair
Say, boys, thatâ€™s where my money goes.
Goes, goes, goes.

I've got no-pence
Jolly. jolly no-pence
I've got no-pence to last me all my life
I've got no-pence to spend
And no-pence to lend
And no-pence to send home to my wife-poor wife.

(CHORUS)
No cares have I to grieve me

No pretty little girls to deceive me
I'm happy as a king believ-ee-ve me
As we go rollinâ€™, rollinâ€™ home
Rollinâ€™ home
(rollinâ€™ home)

Rollinâ€™ home
(rollinâ€™ home)
By the light of the silvery moo-oo-oo-on
Happy is the day when a soldier gets his pay
And he goes
[slowly]
rollinâ€™, rollinâ€™ home.
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Lyrics submitted by Jack R Stanley.

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