

Chris Farlowe, Handbags And Gladraggs

Ever seen a blind man cross the road,
Try'na make the other side?
Ever seen a young girl growing old,
Try'na to make herself a bride?

So what becomes of you my love,
When they have finally stripped you of,
The handbags and the gladraggs,
That your poor old Granddad had to sweat to buy you?

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 bought 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 gladraggs,
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 them 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 gladraggs,
That your poor old Granddad had to sweat to buy,

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