

Rolf Harris, Jake The Peg

I'm Jake the Peg, deedle eedle eedle um,
With my extra leg, deedle eedle eedle um.
Wherever I go through rain and snow,
The people always let me know:
There's Jake the Peg, deedle eedle eedle um,
With his extra leg, deedle eedle eedle um.
The day that I was born, oh boy, my father nearly died.
He couldn't get my nappies on, no matter how he tried,
'Cause I was born with an extra leg, and since that day begun,
I had to learn to stand on my own three feet,
Believe me that's no fun.

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I had a dreadful childhood, really,
I s'pose I shouldn't moan,
Each time they had a three legged race,
I won it on my own.
And also I got popular,
When came the time for cricket,
They used to roll my trousers up,
And use me for the wicket.

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I was a dreadful scholar,
I found all the lessons hard,
The only thing I knew for sure was three feet make a yard.
To count to ten I used my fingers,
If I needed more,
By getting my shoes and socks of,
I could count to twenty-four.
(Pause...count: 1 2 3 4 5....) To twenty-five!

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Whatever I did they said was false,
They said 'Quick march,' I did a quick waltz.
Then they shouted at me 'Put your best foot forward.'
'But which foot?' I said.
'It's very fine for you, you only got a choice of two, but me!

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