

Five New Heads

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To be sung in the style of London Music Hall performers

I keeps me 'aas quite tidy
Each thing has its place.
And a little dust and polish
puts a smile upon me face.
Then out the back I sally
To tend the plants and shrubs
And my trusty broom goes flying
around the pots and tubs....

Five new 'eads and six new 'andles
Nothing else for me'll do!
Five new 'eads and six new 'andles
makes my old broom sweep like new.

Then I dons me cap and jacket
and I saunter down the lane, to
join me chinass down at Dolly's
for a bevvie and a game
But when it comes to payin'
Dolly's happy to accept
and my trusty broom goes flying
When there's sawdust to be swept

Five new 'eads and six new 'andles
Nothing else for me'll do!
Five new 'eads and six new 'andles
makes my old broom sweep like new.

Now if the King should ask me
How I would rule this land.
I'd tell him "Mate let's cut out waste
we'd all make do and mend".
No man gets rich through squander.
Nor yet by splashin' out.
But honest thrift and providence
Will sort this country out

Five new 'eads and six new 'andles
Nothing else for me'll do!
Five new 'eads and six new 'andles
makes my old broom sweep like new.