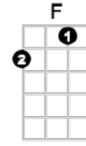
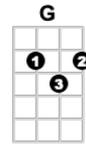
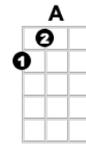
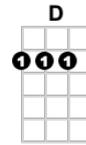


Hev You Got A Loight Boy?

The Singing Postman - Alan Smethurst



1-2 1-2-3-4

Intro: D/// D/// D/// D///

D I had a girl, really nice girl, down in Wroxham Way,
A
D She were wholly nice ter me back in the old school days,
A
D She would smile all the while, but Daddy dint know all,
D
D What she used ter say ter me behind the garden wall.

G "Hev yew gotta loight boy? Hev yew gotta loight?"
D

G Molly Windley, she smook loike a chimley,
D
A But she's my little nicoteen gal.

A Then one day, she went away, I dun't see har no more,
D
D Till by chance I see har down along th' Mund'sley shore,
A
A She wuz there, twice as fair. Would she now be trew?

D So when she sees me passin' by, she say, "I'm glad thass yew!"

G "Hev yew gotta loight boy? Hev yew gotta loight?"
D

G Molly Windley, she smook loike a chimley,
D
A But she's my little nicoteen gal.

A Now you'll see, har an' me, never more t' part,
D
D We would wander hand in hand together in the park,
A
D Then one night I held har tight, in th'ole back yard,
D
D But when I tried to hold har close, she say, "Now hold yew hard!"
G "Hev yew gotta loight boy? Hev yew gotta loight?"
D

G Molly Windley, she smook loike a chimley,
D
A But she's my little nicoteen gal.
D
A By and by, we decide, on th' wedding day,
D
 So we toddle orff ter chu'ch ter hear the preacher say,
A
 "Do yew now tearke this vow, ter honour all the time?"
D
 Afore I has th'chance ter stop har, she began ter pine.
G
D "Hev yew gotta loight boy? Hev yew gotta loight?"
G
D Molly Windley, she smook loike a chimley,
A
D But she's my little nicoteen gal.
D
A Now the doctor tells me a daddy I will be,
D
 So when I arsk him, "Woss th' score?", he say there's only three,
A
 So here I go, chario, ter see how she do fare,
D
 I know what she will say ter me as soon as I git there
G
D "Hev yew gotta loight boy? Hev yew gotta loight?"
G
D Molly Windley, she smook loike a chimley,
A
D But she's my little nicoteen gal.
G
D Molly Windley, she smook loike a chimley,
A
D But she's my little nicoteen gal.
G
D "Hev yew gotta loight boy? Hev yew gotta loight?"
G
D/// D F D
 "Hev yew gotta loight boy? Hev yew gotta loight?"