Bell-Bottomed Trousers

G D7
Once I was a lady's maid way down in Drury Lane,
G
My master was so kind to me, my mistress was the same.
D7
Along came a sailor as happy as can be,
G
And he was the cause of all my misery.

Chorus:

D7
Singing, "Bell-bottomed trousers, coats of navy blue,
G
"He'll climb the rigging like his daddy used to do."

He asked me for a kerchief to tie around his head,
He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed,
And I like a silly maid, thinking it no harm,
Jumped right in beside him to keep the sailor warm.

Early in the morning before the break of day,
A one-pound note he gave me, and this to me did say:
"Maybe you'll have a daughter, maybe you'll have a son;
"Take this, oh, my darling, for the damage I have done.

"And if you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee;
"But if you have a son, send the rascal off to sea."
The moral of the story is as plain as plain can be:
Never trust a sailor an inch above your knee.