

Ee-Ba-Gum but I'm Cowd. (Translation)

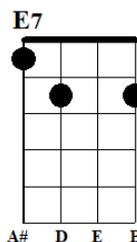
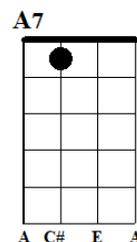
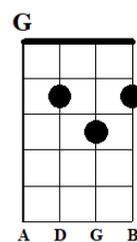
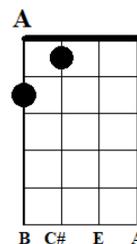
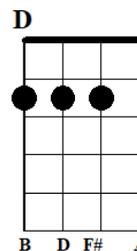
Meeks, Radcliffe, Crotty (Paraphrased by Ukulele-Joe 2019)

Original Record by Fivepenny Piece 1972

[D] [A] [D] [A] [D] [A]

Verse 1 and Chorus

[D] Oh Dear [A] I feel [D] cold, [G] Oh Dear I feel [A] cold,
My [G] hands are like [A] stone, my [G] feet are like [A] lead,
I [E7] haven't been warm since I [A7] got out of bed.
I [D] sit close [A] to the [D] fire, As [G] near as I can [A] go.
Then I [G] might get nicely [A] warm a-[A7]-gain,
[G] Oh Dear [A] I feel [D] cold.



Now [D] Johnathan [A] Pratt was a [D] decent [A] chap,
With a [G] passion for real [A] ale.
That's [G] why his nose was [A] always red,
And his [G] cheeks were always [A] pale.
And [D] if you [A] stopped him [D] on the [A] street,
To [G] pass the time of [A] day.
With [G] drink slurred words as he [A] raised his hat,
[G] this is what he'd [A] say-[A7]-ay. -----Chorus

A [D] full glass at [A] night was his [D] de-[A]-light
As it [G] warmed him up you [A] know.
But [G] often over the [A] danger line, old [G] Johnathan used to [A] go.
The [D] parson [A] said "Now [D] look here [A] John!
you're [G] on your downwards [A] way"
But [G] Johnathan said "I [A] don't much care,
It's [G] warm down there they [A] say-[A7]-ay" -----Chorus

But [D] Jonathan [A] took [D] a drink too [A] far
With a [G] yard of ale they [A] say.
They [G] buried him with twelve [A] cans of Bass,
To [G] warm him on his [A] way.
The [D] Devil [A] welcomed [D] him,
And [G] showed him all his [A] charms.
But [G] Jonathan said- "If [A] this is Hell,
Then it's [G] not so very [A] wa-[A7]-rm. -----Chorus

OUTRO:

Slowing to single strum - I [G] feel so [A] very [D] ↓ cold.