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What A Mouth - Tommy Steele
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1. Jimmy Bean was a funny lookin' fellah, if he had another mouth, he'd look much sweller
               DD----- DD
  But the <u>race</u> / / queered <u>him</u> / / from winning a beauty show.
  C
  It was like a steamboat funnel or a railway arch, or the Blackwall Tunnel,
                  D D - - - - D D
  When you can't / / see Jim / /, when he opens his mouth, you'll know.
  Slowly G ----- G7 ---- G
       And as poor Jim goes walkin' about,
               G - - - - G7 - - - G
       You can hear the kids all 'ollerin' out. Spoken (What?) What? Ooh, um....
"What a mouth! What a mouth! What a North and South!
"Blimey, what a mouth he's got"!
Now when he was a baby, well, oh Gawd luv 'er!
His poor old muvver used to feed him with a shovel.
-----C C C-----C C
What a gap! / / Poor chap! / / He's never been known to laugh (Oy!)
                                                      G
                                                                    C-G-F-C-F-G-C
<u>If he did, it's a penny</u> to a <u>quid</u> that his <u>face</u> would <u>fall</u> in <u>half</u>!
                                                                    (hum last line)
  C
2. Mouth so large, oh Lord! oh Lumme! He can whisper in his own ear, ain't it funny?
                  D D - - - - D D
  And to <u>quench</u> / / his <u>thirs</u>t / /, now he's <u>gotta</u> take a drink o' <u>mine</u>.
  He got so drunk one foggy morn, he lay in the road and started to yawn,
              DD----- DD
  And a poor / / old man / / was delivering coals close by.
               G----- G7---- G
  Slowly
          And as he went to shoot the load,
             G - - - - - G7- - - G
  Slowly
          He saw Jim's mouth out in the road. Spoken (What?) Eh? Ooh, what? Oh, yes....
         C
"What a mouth! What a mouth! What a North and South !
"Blimey, what a mouth he's got"!
Now the <u>poor</u> old man, bein' a <u>short</u> sighted fellah,
when he saw Jim's mouth, he took it for the cellar.
     . - - - - - - C C - - - - C C
And he shot / / the lot / /, right into his mouth, no joke! (Oy!)
<u>Jim</u>, poor <u>soul's</u> got a <u>tummy</u> full of <u>coal</u> and he <u>corfs</u> up <u>lumps</u> o' <u>coke</u>! (Oy!)
C-G-F-C-F-G-C
(hum last line)
                       (Oy!)
               + C - G - F - C - F - G - C Oy!(2x)
CHORUS
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