

ALEC - The Dorty Work

~ Words by Will Coombes ~ Music by Keith Swailes ~

Intro & Break

Keith Swailes

A7 G D B7 Em A7 DGDA7

Verse

D Em A7 Em A7 D D7 She's the
G D B7 Em A7 D G D A7

CHORUS

lass I love the best and she's lined wor lit - tle nest with
love and com - fort here for aal to see. It
might not suit a par - ky man but it's wor aan, wor ver - y aan there's
nee - where else that Aa wad rath - er be.
Em A7 D G D

- 1 Noo the wife's as gud** as gowld, and aa dee whaativor aa'm towld,
So we get along as weell as weell can be,
But when she meets wi' trouble, she seeks me at the double.
She aalwiz leaves the dorty work to me.

CHORUS

*But she's the lass aa luv the best, and she's lined wor little nest
Wi' luv and comfort there for aall to see,
It might not suit a paaky man, But it's wor aan, wor varry aan,
And there's newhere else that aa wad rather be.*

- 2 Noo, the man across the** way hit wor bairn the other day
And the wife says, "Noo ye knaa what ye can dee"
So aa went to see the man, Aa didn't want to gan,
But she aalwiz leaves the dorty work to me.

CHORUS

- 3 Well, aa tapped upon his** door, quite civil, asked what for,
He'd clouted the bairn, insteed o' cummin to me,
He says "Ye've saved me the job" and he punched me in the gob.
She aalwiz leaves the dorty work to me.

CHORUS

- 4 When she went away to** shop, Aa says, "Noo divven't stop"
She'd left the youngest bairn wi' me, ye see,
She says, "She'll hev to be fed, afore ye put her to bed".
She aalwiz leaves the dorty work to me.

CHORUS

- 5 Aa struggled wi' her feed,** it was boily, milk and breed,
There was less in her than what there was on me,
But smilin', gurglin', happy, she filled her flamin' nappy.
She aalwiz leaves the dorty work to me.

CHORUS

- 6 Then she quarreled wi' Mrs** Moore, she's the wife that lives next door.
The blud and snots and hair began to flee,
Aa waatched them for a time, 'twas gud as a pantomime,
Because aa hadn't the dorty work to dee.

CHORUS

- 7 The way they claaed and** spat would hev shemmed an alley cat,
Till the woman's husband came, he's six feet three,
He spied me ahint the door, gave me a hidin' warse than before,
Oh why in the hell are these dorty things done to me?

CHORUS