

I'M HENERY THE EIGHTH, I AM

Written and composed by Murry & Weston

You don't know who you're looking at
Now have a look at me
I'm a bit of a nob I am
Belong to Royaltee
I'll tell you how it came about
I married widow Burch
And I was King of England
When I toddled out of church
Outside the people started shouting, "Hip hooray"
Said I, "Get down upon your knees its Coronation Day.

I'm Henery the eighth I am, Henery the eighth I am, I am
I got married to the widow next door
She's been married seven times before
Everyone was a Henery she wouldn't have a Willie or a Sam
I'm her eighth old man named Henery, I'm Henery the eighth I am.

I left the Duke of Cumberland a pub up in the town
Soon with one or two moochers I was holding up the Crown
I sat upon the bucket that the car men think their own
Surrounded by my subjects I was sitting on the throne
Out came the potman saying, "Go on home to bed"
Said I, "Now say another word and off'll go your head.

I'm Henery the eighth I am, Henery the eighth I am, I am
I got married to the widow next door
She's been married seven times before
Everyone was a Henery she wouldn't have a Willie or a Sam
I'm her eighth old man named Henery, I'm Henery the eighth I am.

Now at the waxworks exhibition not so long ago
I was sitting among the Kings I made a lovely show
To good old Queen Elizabeth I shouted, "Wotcha Liz!"
While people poked my ribs and said, "I wonder who this is?"
One said, "Its Charlie Peace." and then I got the spike
I shouted, "Show your ignorance!" as waxy as you like.
I'm Henery the eighth I am, Henery the eighth I am, I am
I got married to the widow next door
She's been married seven times before
Everyone was a Henery she wouldn't have a Willie or a Sam
I'm her eighth old man named Henery, I'm Henery the eighth I am.