

WITH HER HEAD TUCKED UNDERNEATH HER ARM

By Weston, Lee & Weston

In the Tower of London large as life
The Ghost of Ann Boleyn walks, they declare
Poor Ann Boleyn was once King Henry's wife
Until he made the headsman bob her hair
Ah yes, he did her wrong long years ago
And she comes up at night to tell him so.

Chorus: *With her head tucked underneath her arm she walks the bloody Tower
With her head tucked underneath her arm at the midnight hour
She comes to haunt King Henry she means to give him what for
Gad Zooks, she's going to tell him off for having spilt her gore
And just in case the headsman wants to give her an encore
She has her head tucked underneath her arm.*

With her head tucked underneath her arm she walks the bloody Tower
With her head tucked underneath her arm at the midnight hour
Along the draughty corridors for miles and miles she goes
She often catches cold, poor thing, it's cold there when it blows
And it's awfully awkward for the Queen to have to blow her nose
With her head tucked underneath her arm.

Sometimes King Henry gives a spread
For all his gals and pals, a ghostly crew
The headsman carves the joint and cuts the bread
Then in comes Ann Boleyn to 'queer' the do
She holds her head up with a wild war whoop
And Henry cries, 'Don't drop it in the soup.'

Chorus: *With her head tucked underneath her arm she walks the bloody Tower
With her head tucked underneath her arm at the midnight hour
The sentries think that it is a football that she carries in
And when they've had a few they shout 'Is Arsenal going to win?'
They think it's Alec James instead of poor old Ann Boleyn
With her head tucked underneath her arm.*

With her head tucked underneath her arm she walks the bloody Tower
With her head tucked underneath her arm at the midnight hour
One night she caught King Henry, he was in the canteen bar
Said he, 'Are you Jane Seymore, Ann Boleyn or Catharine Parr?
For how sweet san fairy ann do I know who you are
With your head tucked underneath your arm.'