

What D'you Know, We've Got a Show / Vaudeville Routine

Cliff Richard

Take a kid who can't sing
A song with a zing
That makes a whole audience glow
Add some dancers in tights
Some costumes, some lights
And what d'you know, you've got a show

A comic whose nose is red as a rose
Whose tie can revolve on its bow
He'll laugh and he'll clown
Then he'll fall down
And what d'you know, you've got a show

One moment you're going berserk and
It's one of those terrible days
Next moment, the magic, it's working
And that's show business, to coin a phrase

Some gals and some guys with stars in their eyes
A spirit of "Get up and Go"
A curtain will rise and to our surprise
Well what d'you know, we've got a show

All right, quiet on stage
Overture and beginners please
Get ready for your cues
House lights down. OK lights

Have a smile for everyone you meet
And everyone will have a smile for you
Every mile along life's fancy street
Is filled with wretched proof

Each tomorrow brings new sorrows
So why bother to borrow tears
The thing to do is
Have a smile for everyone you meet
And they will have a smile for you

And now a little recitation entitled "She was only..."
I say, I say, I say
Kindly, don't interrupt while I'm entertaining the people
I've just been playing cards with some Africans
Oh really, Zulus? Oh no, I won five pounds

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
What did the raindrops sprinkle
Tie a little bit to your dancing shoes
And the sun will shine

I say, do you know what a mountain calls its young?
Say, no, what does the mountain call its young?
Simple. Hi, Cliff!

He's very well known as Algy
To the ladies on the stage
A jolly good chap is Algy

Just now he's all the rage

And a jolly good theory, that's Algy
With the barmaids at the cry
He's very well known, that's Algy
As the Piccadilly Johnny with the little glass eye

Ginjah, Ginjah, the young Captain Ginjah
Jolly old pot, owned a yacht
In [?], he said wot wot
I love the ladies, not one of them would I endanger
All the girls love Ginjah, Ginjah Ginjah Ginjah

Joshuah, Joshuah, why don't you call and see my Ma
She'll be pleased to know, you are my best beau
Joshuah, Joshuah, nicer than lemon squash you are
Yes by gosh you are Joshu-osh-uah

Where did you get that hat? Where did you get that tie?
Isn't it a lovely one? It's just the proper style
I should like to have one just the same as that
Where I do go they shout, where did you get that hat

I say, there's a man at the door with a dog called Fred
Oh really, what's the man's name

Please notice our feet never leave our ankles

Does Fred Astaire have a sister?
Boy was he glad to get rid of it

Shall we dance
Make it change
Mr. Arthur Murray we could use you in a hurry

What d'you know, we gotta a show
What d'you know, he's got a
Crying, talking, sleeping, walking Living Doll
We've got a free and glorious
Gay uproarious
What d'you know, we've got a show