

Chinese Laundry Blues

George Formby

Now Mr. Wu was a laundry man in a shop with an old green door.
He'll iron all day your linen away, he really makes me sore.
He's lost his heart to a Chinese girl and his laundry's all gone wrong.
All day he'll flirt and scorch your shirt, that's why I'm singing this song.
Oh Mr. Wu, what shall I do, I'm feeling kind of Limehouse Chinese Laundry Blues.
This funny feeling keeps round me stealing
Oh wont you throw your sweetheart over do.
My vest's so short that it won't fit my little brother.
And my new Sunday shirt has got a perforated rudder.
Mr. Wu, what shall I
I'm feeling kind of Limehouse Chinese Laundry Blues.
Now Mr. Nu, he's got a naughty eye that flickers.
You ought to see it wobble when he's ironing ladies blouses.
Mr. Wu, what shall I do, I'm feeling kind of Limehouse Chinese Laundry Blues.
Now Mr. Wu, he's got a laundry kind of tricky,
He'll starch my shirts and collars but he'll never touch my waistcoat..
Mr. Wu, what shall I do, I'm feeling kind of Limehouse Chinese Laundry Blues.