

# DON'T DILLY DALLY ON THE WAY

*Sung by Marie Lloyd. Music & Lyrics by Charles Collins & Fred Leigh.(Arr. for Uke by DL)*

(Voice starts on 'A')

We [F]had to move away, 'cos the rent we couldn't pay.

The moving van came round just [Gm]after [C7]dark.

There was me and my old man shoving [F]things inside the van,  
which we'd [G7]often done before let me re[C]mark!

We packed [Gm]all that could be [C7]packed In the [F]van,  
and [A7]that's a [Dm]fact -

and we [Gm]got inside all [C7]we could get in[F]side.

Then we [G7]packed all we could pack on the [C]tail board at the back  
till there [Dm]wasn't any [G7]room for me to [C7]ride![C7]

(>>>>>>>>>> Slow down progressively, ending on sustained C7 for 'ride'.)

**All sing Chorus:** .....

[F]My old man said [G7]follow the van and

[C7]don't dilly-dally on the [F]way.

[A7]Off went the van with my home packed [Dm]in it;

[G7] I walked behind with me [C7]old [G7]cock [C7]linnet.

But I [F]dillied and [C7]dallied, [F]dallied and [C7]dillied;

[F]Lost the van and [G7]don't know where to [C7]roam.

You [F]can't trust the "Specials" [F7]like the [Bb]old [D7]time

[Gm]"Coppers" when you [C7]can't find your way [F]home.

.....

( *End final*

*chorus with [C!] [F!] )*

DL-14Feb2022

I [F]gave a helping hand with the marble wash-hand stand  
And straight we wasn't getting [Gm]on so [C7]bad  
All at once the carman bloke Had an [F]accident and broke  
Well, the [G7]nicest piece of china that we [C]had  
You'll [Gm]understand of [C7]course I was [F]cross a-[A7]bout the [Dm]loss  
Same as [Gm]any other [C7]human woman [F]would  
But I [G7]soon got over that, what with [C]'two-out' and a chat  
'Cos its [Dm]little things like [G7]that what does you [C7]good.

### (Chorus)

Oh [F]I'm in such a mess; I don't know the new address  
Don't even know the blessed [Gm]neighbour[C7]hood  
And I feel as if I might have to [F]stay out all the night  
And it [G7]ain't a going to do me any [C]good  
I [Gm]don't make no com[C7]plaint But I'm [F]coming [A7]over [Dm]faint  
What I [Gm]want now is a [C7]good substantial [F]feed  
And I [G7]sort o' kind o' feel If I [C]don't soon have a meal  
I shall [Dm]have to rob the [G7]linnet of its [C7]seed.[C7]

### (Final Chorus)

( *End final chorus with [C!] [F!]*  )

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