When I'm Cleaning Windows
By George Formby

**Intro:**


Now I go clean-in' win-dows to earn an hon-est bob.

For a nose-y park-er, it's an in-ter-es-tin' job.

Now it's a job that just suits me. A win-dow clean-er you would be

If you could see what I can see when I'm clean-in' win-dows.

The hon-ey-moon-ing coup-les too, You should see 'em bill and coo.

You'd be sur-prised at things they do, when I'm clean-in' win-dows.

**Bridge:**

In my pro-fes-sion I work hard, but I'll ne-ver stop.

I'll climb this blink-in' lad-der 'til I get right to the top!

The blush-ing bride, she looks div-ine, the bride-groom he is do-in' fine.

I'd rath-er have his job than mine when I'm clean-in' win-dows.

The cham-ber-maid, sweet names I call, it's a won-der I don't fall.

My mind's not on my work at all, when I'm clean-in' win-dows.

I know a fel-low, such a swell. He has a thirst, that's plain to tell.

I've seen him drink his bath as well, when I'm clean-in' win-dows.
Bridge: In my pro-fes-sion I work hard, but I'll ne-ver stop.

I'll climb this blink-in’ lad-der ‘til I get right to the top!

Pa- ja-mas ly-in’ side by side, la- dies night-ies, I have spied,
I’ve of- ten seen what goes in-side, when I’m clean-in’ win-dows.

In-stru-mental: (bridge chords)

There’s a fam-ous talk- ie queen, looks like a flap-er on the screen.

She’s more like eight-y than eight-een, when I’m clean-in’ win-dows.

She pulls her hair all down be-hind, then pulls down her… never mind,

and af- ter that pulls down the blind, when I’m clean-in’ win-dows.

Bridge: In my pro-fes-sion I work hard, but I’ll ne-ver stop.

I'll climb this blink-in’ lad-der ‘til I get right to the top!

An old maid walks a- round the floor. She’s so fed up one day I’m sure,
she’ll drag me in and lock the door, when I’m clean-in’ win-dows.


Bb . . . | G7 . . . | Gdim . . . | Bb Bb\ --- --- | (-- tacit ---------------------------)
(spo-ken) When I’m cleanin’ win-dows!