When I’m Cleaning Windows
By George Formby


Now I go clean-in’ win-dows to earn an hon-est bob.
F . . . | . . . | . . . . | Bb . . .
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.

Refrain: 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.

Refrain: 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.


. |C7 . . . | . . . |F . . . |F7\ . . |


There’s a fam-ous talk-ie queen, looks like a flap-per 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.


Refrain: In my pro-fes- sion I work hard, but I’ll ne-ver stop.
. |C7 . . . | . . . |F . . . |F7\ . . |

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.


*(spoken)* When I’m cleanin’ windows!

San Jose Ukulele Club
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