When I'm Cleaning Windows
By George Formby

Intro: Bb ... |Bb7 ... |Cm7 ... |C7 ... |Bb ... |G7 ... |Gdim ... |Bb ...

Now I go clean-in' wind-ows 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 wind-ow clean-er you would be.

If you could see what I can see when I'm clean-in' wind-ows.

The hon-ey-moon coupl-es too. You should see 'em bill and coo.

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

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 rather have his job than mine when I'm clean-in' wind-ows.

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' wind-ows.

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' wind-ows.

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-jamas ly’-n’ 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-strumental: |
(bridge chords) |

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.

Re-frain: 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.


(spo-ken) When I’m cleanin’ windows!

San Jose Ukulele Club
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