

7 Old Ladies

Oh, dear, what can the matter be
Seven old ladies got locked in the lavat'ry
They were there from Sunday 'till Saturday
Nobody knew they were there

The first to come in was the minister's daughter
(The first was the Bishop of Chichester's daughter)
She went in to pass some superfluous water
She pulled on the chain and the rising tide caught her
And nobody knew she was there

The next to come in was dear Mrs. Mason
The stalls were all full so she pissed in the basin
And that is the water that I washed my face in
And nobody knew she was there

The third old lady was Amelia Garpickle;
Her urge was sincere, her reaction was fickle.
She hurdled the door; she'd forgotten her nickel,
And nobody knew she was there

The forth to come was old Mrs. Humphrey
She shifted and jiggled to get herself comfy
Then to her dismay, she could not get her bum free
And nobody knew she was there

The fifth to come in, it was old Mrs. Draper
She sat herself down, and then found there was no paper
She had to clean up with a plasterer's scraper
And nobody knew she was there

The sixth old lady was Emily Clancy;
She went there 'cause something tickled her fancy,
But when she got there it was ants in her pantsy
And nobody knew she was there

The seventh old lady was Elizabeth Bender;
She went there to repair a broken suspender.
(But how in the world she got a suspender)
It snapped up and ruined her feminine gender,
(Caught up in the site of the feminine gender)
And nobody knew she was there
(I 'aven't the slightest idea.)

The janitor came in the early morning.
He opened the door without any warning,
The seven old ladies their seats were adorning,
And nobody knew they were there.

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