

I'm A Froggie-1936

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Regal Zonophone MR2270 Hargreaves/Dammerell

Through saving up the coupons in Day and Martin's tea
I won a weekend ticket to gay Paree.
My clothes will tell you I am a continental swell.
I'm so French now that I no speak the English very well
The young French women, ee they're fast, on Monday one sweet pet
She smiled and asked me if I'd like to see her maisonette.
I wired back home for fourpence more, but mother wouldn't part
So I was whacked or as we French say in the a-la-carte.

I'm a Froggie, I'm a Froggie, I'm a Frenchie dirty doggy.
I speak the French tongue most fluidly, they all know me when I say "wee wee"
I'm a maisong, I'm a tres bong; thats a can can Im not sure.
The shirt that Im now wearing is pomme de tearing
I'm a Froggie, I'm a Froggie, I'm a Lancashire main sewer (monsieur).

The Frenchie girls all call me a chick I don't know why,
Unless it's my fine feathers that caught their eye.
I smiled once at a French girl, she smiled back at me too,
But her old man to make things worse had fought at Waterloo.
He said we'd have to fight a duel and I turned white as chalk.
He gave me choice of weapons so I chose a knife and fork.
And as I turned to run away, the coward stabbed me hard.
Then picked his missus up and smacked her on the boulevard.

I'm a Froggie, I'm a Froggie, I'm a Frenchie dirty doggy.
Our knocker-up calls me her "apache", she gets very rash, swings on my tash.
I'm a flirter, bit of skirter, ruined homes lie at my door.
The girls call me deceiver, the kids call "viveur" (rake - fast liver).
I'm a Froggie, I'm a Froggie, I'm a Lancashire main sewer.
I'm a Froggie, I'm a Froggie, I'm a Frenchie dirty doggy.
The girls say when my hat I raise, what polished ways, so mayonnaise.
Women chase me and embrace me and I blame my "rougette noix" (red nut).
They say I make 'em goosey, their eyes go juicy.
I'm a Froggie, I'm a Froggie, I'm a Lancashire main sewer.