

# GF - You're Everything to Me

artist:George Formby , writer:MacDougal

I sometimes sit and wonder just why I am able,  
to get the lucky breaks I do.  
I'm luckier than Roosevelt, or Nuffield or Gable,  
they've never been in love with you  
They may have lots of money and importance,  
I know I'd fail where they succeed,  
But though my worldly wealth are only - fourpence,  
what more do I need?  
They can take away the chairs, the carpet from the stairs and  
all that they can see.  
It won't mean anything, so long as I've got  
you, you're everything to me.

They can take away the slates, the number from the gate  
and even take the key,  
It won't mean anything so long as I've got  
you, you're everything to me.  
I can do without cigars and Rolls Royce motor cars and  
walk the way I've done  
And although the weather's damp I can do without my gamp  
When you're everything rolled into one.  
I can give up all I bought, without a single thought, it's  
not so hard you see.  
It won't mean anything so long as I've got you,  
you're everything to me.

I can do without my fags or the bottom to my bags  
(budadabum), I'd even go T.T.  
I don't need anything so long as I've got you,  
you're everything to me.  
I can get along with now't - aye, and can even do without  
me Auntie Maggie's Remedy  
I don't need anything so long as I've got  
you, you're everything to me.

I'd give up without a shock, my stick of Blackpool Rock  
Although it gives me lots of fun.  
I can do without my pipe or my weekly plate of tripe  
For you're everything rolled into one.  
I can do without my boots or without my swimming suit,  
I'd undress in the sea, brrrrr  
I don't need anything so long as I've got you,  
you're everything to me.  
You see - you're everything to me.