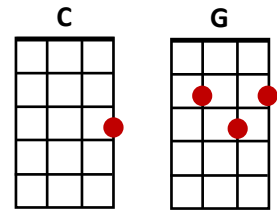


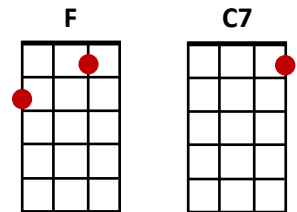
Fing's Ain't What They Used To Be – Lionel Bart

Intro. **Moderate 4/4 C X 4**

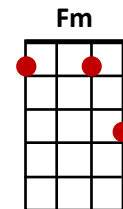
C G C G
They changed our local Palais into a bowlin' alley and-
C F C F G
Fing's ain't what they used to be.



C G C G
There's Teds in drainpipe trasi's and Deb's in coffee ase's and
C F G C C7
Fing's ain't what they used to be.



F
There used to be tram's, not very quick-
Fm
gotcha from place to place. But now there's just jam's-
C↓ G↓
'alf a mile thick, stay in the 'uman race, I'm walkin'.



C G C G
They stuck parkin' meter's outside our doors to greet us now-
C F G C F G
Fing's ain't what they used to be.

C G C G
Coorr, monkey's flyin' round the moon, we'll be up there with 'um soon,
C F G C F G
Fing's ain't what they used to be.

C G C G
Once our beer was frothy but na' it's frofy coffee well,
C F G C C7
Fing's ain't what they used to be.

F
It used to be fun, Dad and 'ol Mum, paddlin' down Saafend,
Fm
but now it ain't done, never mind chum,
C↓ G↓
Paris is where we spend our aatin's.

Go to page 2



