

The Man That Waters The Workers' Beer

Chorus:

C

I'm the man, the very fat man,

G7

C

That waters the workers' beer.

Dbdim7

Yes, I'm the man, the very fat man,

G

D7

G

That waters the workers' beer,

F

And what do I care if it makes them ill,

C

G7

C

If it makes them terribly queer,

G7

C

I've got a car and a yacht and an aeroplane,

F

G

C

And I waters the workers' beer.

Now when I makes the workers' beer,
I puts in strychnine,
Some methylated spirits
And a drop of paraffin;
But since a brew so terribly strong
Might make them terribly queer,
I reaches my hand for the water tap,
And I waters the workers' beer.

Now ladies fair beyond compare,
And be ye maid or wife,
O, sometimes lend a thought for one
Who leads a sorry life;
The water rates are shockingly high,
And malt is shockingly dear,
And there isn't the profit there used to be
In wat'ring the workers' beer.

Now a drop of good beer is good for a man
Who's thirsty and tired and hot,
And I sometimes has a drop for myself
From a very special lot;
But a fat and healthy working class
Is the thing that I most fear,
So I reaches my hand for the water tap,
And I waters the workers' beer.