

Above One's Bend

We are all friends with no end
And spend days with our ways on
the old field with stars above our head
The ace in the hole with quite some sole
just as we sing our tune to the ole dune
Annex and argy is just a party at sea You look at me and
grab our bait down above one's bend with no end we head to the beeves
With some knees and look down at the bilker and bend an elbow and look at the
slow bill show and bime-by
I back at the thought of leaving again but you never know above one's bend the
bobbery and boodle to see the boosily lie and die is one of the boom alongs my
friend so come down here button and come with cuttin by a hook or a crook
down be one's bend grab your cady and go get the ladies above one's bend