

WITH HER HEAD TUCKED UNDERNEATH HER ARM

In the tower of London large as life, the ghost of Ann Boleyn
walks they declare

Poor Ann Boleyn was once King Henry's wife, until he made
the headsman bob her hair

Ah yes she did her long long years ago, and she comes up at
night to tell him so.

Dm

With her head tucked underneath her arm, she walks the
A7
bloody tower,

G

Dm

Am

With her head tucked underneath her arm, at the midnight hour.

She comes to haunt King Henry, she means giving him what for
Gadzooks she's going to tell him off, she's feeling very dore
And just in case the headsman wants to hear her an encore,
She has her head tucked underneath her arm - Chorus

The sentries think that it's a football that she carries in,
And when they've had a few they shout is Army going to win,
They think that it's Red Grange instead of poor old Ann Boleyn,
With her head tucked underneath her arm - Chorus

Sometimes gay King Henry gives a spread, for all his pals a
ghostly crew,
The headsman carves the joints and cuts the bread, then in
comes Ann Boleyn to queer the do,
She holds her head up with a wild war hoop, and Henry cries
drop it in the soup - Chorus