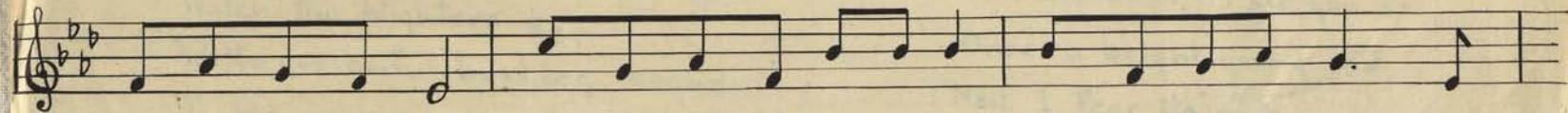


"Fly-Flappy."

Revised Street
2nd Oct. 1942.
Egypt.



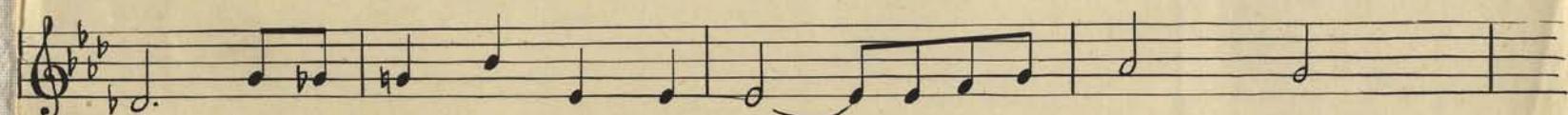
V.1. Six-teen oun-ces make a pound, Three feet make a yard, Sil-ent thoughts don't make a sound,



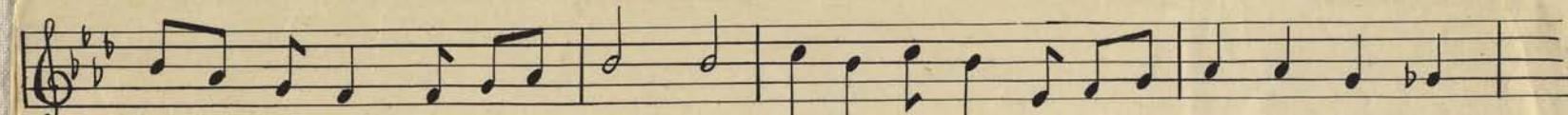
Con-crete's ve-ry hard: We all know why we are dry, Why the grass is green; But



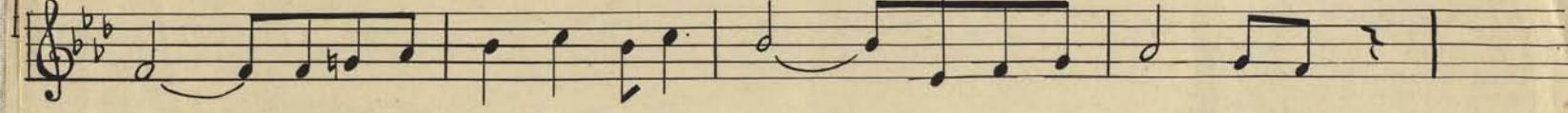
can you tell me why the fly should have cre-at-ed been? Twenty flies in my tea to-



day - There were ten there yes-ter-day - The sit-u-at-ion



trul-y is bad, The crazy things are driv-ing me mad; So when you see me dance and



yell - Have pi-ty on me, can't you tell - That I am sand hap-py!



Fly flap-py! Some-one shoot me dead!

V.2. From the dawn till setting sun,
Every day the same;
They have got me on the run
With their silly game;
Dive bombing all day long
As no Stuka can!
Down forty thousand strong
Right into the jam.

V.3. Rabbits breed six times a year,
"Woqs" are just the same!
Fish lay their eggs I fear
Millions without shame.
But the fly has got them beat,
There's no need to bluff;
Give him filth and give him heat,
Watch him da his stuff!