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Easy And Slow
Gordon Bok
[Intro]
D A E
[Verse]
             E7
It was down by Christchurch I first met with Annie
A neat little girl, oh, and not a bit shy
                    D
               E7
She told me her father had come from Dungannon
And he d take her back in the sweet bye-and-bye
[Chorus]
   D
                                       Α7
And what s it to any man, whether or no
Whether I m easy or whether I m true
As she lifted her petticoat, easy and slow
                                                   DAE
And I rolled up me sleeves for to buckle her shoe
[Verse]
               E7
                          D
Now, in city or country, a girl is a jewel
And well built for gripping, the most of them are
                 E7
                             D
Ah, but any young fellow would sure be a fool
                 Α
If he tried it the first time, to go a bit far
[Chorus]
And what s it to any man, whether or no
Whether I m easy or whether I m true
As she lifted her petticoat, easy and slow
And I rolled up me sleeves for to buckle her shoe
[Verse]
                             D
We wandered by Thomas Street, down by the Liffey
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