

The Yip Song
Robyn Hitchcock

Intro- E A D B x4 with yipping

D A E D A E
This old man, he was flesh, they wheeled him in upon a trolley

E A
Vera Lynn, Vera Lynn

D A E D E A D B
Draw a window on his skin now, Vera Lynn-nnnnn

D A E D A E
This old man, he was next, blindfolded to face the folley

E A
Vera Lynn, Vera Lynn

D A E D
Love will come of all our sins

E A D B E A D B
Paint that on my tail fin, Vera Lynn-nnnnnnn

This old man persevered, in his mind he lay with Molly
Vera Lynn, Vera Lynn
Cleanse us with your healing grin now
Septicemia always wins
Vera Lynn

D E D
Coma high, coma low
E D A D
Blood is precious, yes or no?
G A E D
I believe in surgery-and that s a fact
G A E
I believe in making it easy
G A E D
I believe in surgery, but I never act
G A E
I believe in making it easy

E D C D E D C B- E A D B
Easy... Easy... Easy..... Yip yip yip

This old man, he was gone, he was gone and I was sorry
Vera Lynn, Vera Lynn
Down I spiral, down I spin
Forces sweetheart, I m your twin now
Vera Lynn
Yip yip yip yip