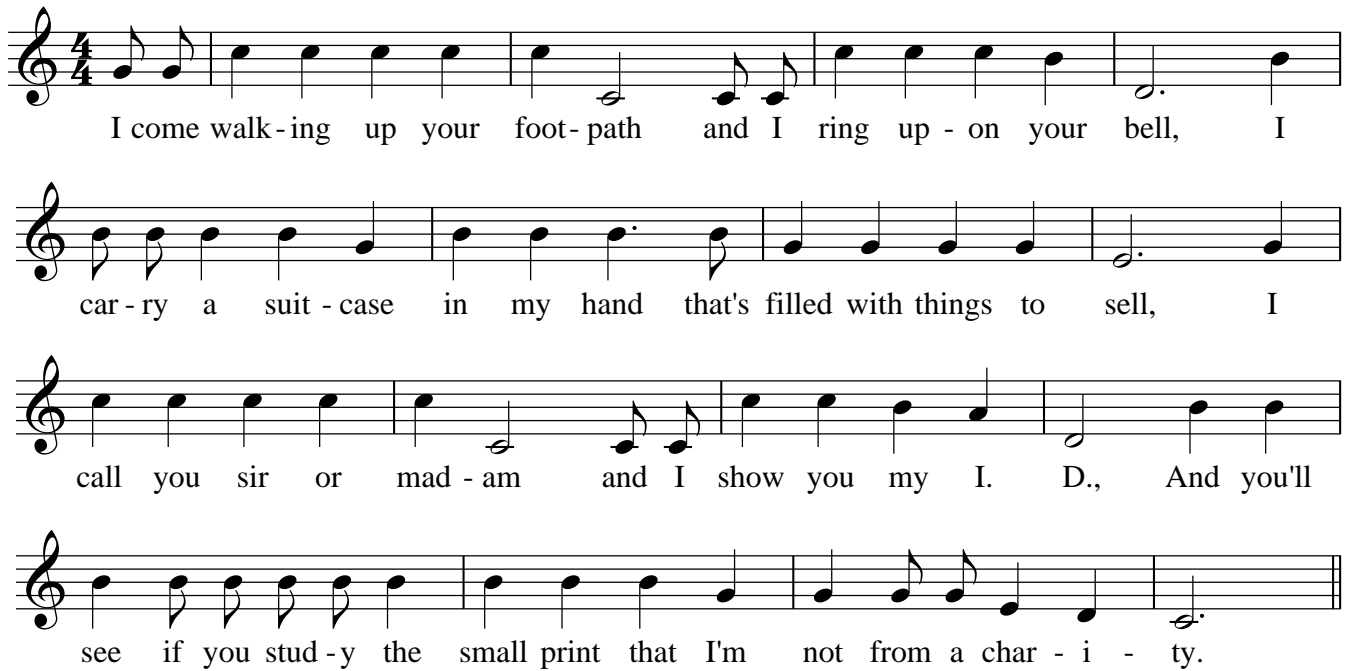


# Oven Mitts

TYG 133

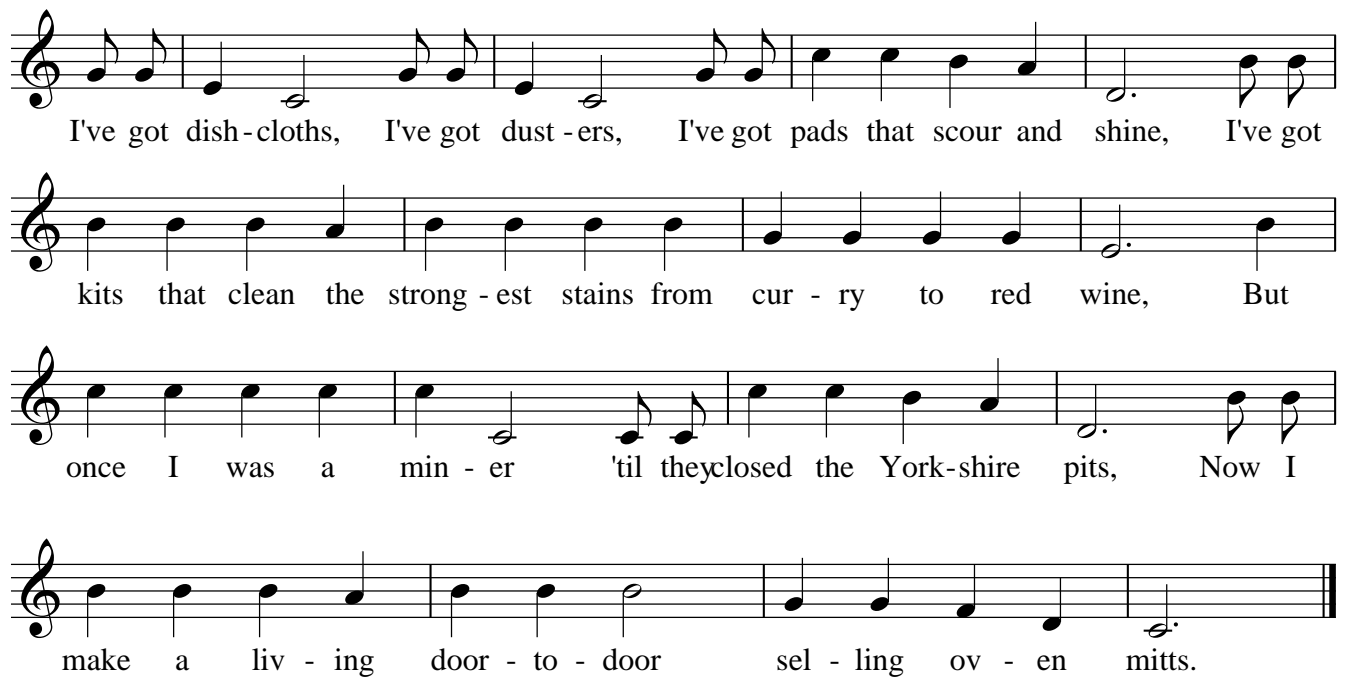
Verse:

Words and music by  
Geoff Lawes



I come walk - ing up your foot - path and I ring up - on your bell, I  
car - ry a suit - case in my hand that's filled with things to sell, I  
call you sir or mad - am and I show you my I. D., And you'll  
see if you stud - y the small print that I'm not from a char - i - ty.

Chorus:



I've got dish - cloths, I've got dust - ers, I've got pads that scour and shine, I've got  
kits that clean the strong - est stains from cur - ry to red wine, But  
once I was a min - er 'til they closed the York - shire pits, Now I  
make a liv - ing door - to - door sel - ling ov - en mitts.

Lyrics



## Oven Mitts

1. I come walking up your footpath and I ring upon your bell,  
I carry a suitcase in my hand that's filled with things to sell,  
I call you Sir or Madam and I show you my I.D.,  
And you'll see if you study the small print that I'm not from a charity.

Chorus: I've got dishcloths, I've got dusters, I've got pads that scour and shine,  
I've got kits that clean the strongest stains from curry to red wine,  
But once I was a miner, 'til they closed the Yorkshire pits,  
Now I make a living door-to-door selling oven mitts.

2. A mini-bus from Sheffield brings us to your town,  
We seek the well-off suburbs before it sets us down,  
Then it's 'Off you go, good hunting, mind you're all back here for five',  
It's a way to make a living but no way to be alive.
3. I smile and tell my story as you hold the door ajar,  
Some are kind and some don't mind that I'm charging four times par,  
And some cut out the middle-man by giving a quid as a perk,  
But some are hard, refuse my card and tell me to go and get work.
4. Sometimes we're down in Bristol, in Lowestoft or Leeds,  
It doesn't do much for family life but it meets material needs,  
The day the D.S.S. finds out is the day yours truly quits,  
But until then I'll be round again selling these oven mitts.