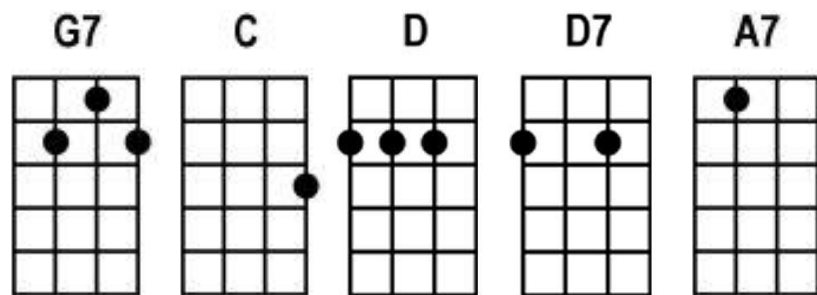


# Hookie Street Only Fools and Horses



[G7] Stick a pony in me pocket,  
I'll fetch the suitcase from the van.  
'Cos if you want the best 'uns, but you don't ask questions,  
Then brother; I'm your man.

[C] 'Cos where it all comes from is a mystery,  
It's like the [G7] changin' of the seasons  
and the tides of the sea.  
But [C] here's the one that's drivin' me beserk;  
[G7] Why do only fools and horses work?

[C] La-la-la-laaa,la, la-la-la-la,laa  
[G7] La-la-la-laaa,la, la-la-la-la,laa  
[C] La-la-la-laaa,la, la-la-la-la,laa  
[G7] La-la-la-laaa,la, la-la-la-la,laa

*break*

[C] We've got some half price cracked ice,  
And miles and miles of carpet tiles.  
T.V.s, deep freeze and David Bowie L.P.s,  
Ball games, gold chains, whassa-names,  
And at a push some Trevor Francis track suits,  
From a mush in Shepherds Bush,  
[D] Bush, bush, bush, bush,[D7] bush, bush, bush...  
[G7] No income tax, no V.A.T., no money back, no  
guarantee.

**Black or white, rich or poor, [D7] we'll cut prices at a stroke...**

**[A7] God bless Hookie Street, viva Hookie Street, long live Hookie Street.**

**C'est [G7] magnifique,[A7] Hookie [G7] Street, [A7] magnifique, Hookie Street.**

**[A7] Hookie Street, Hookie Street, Hookie Street "Hookie Street"**