

Uncle Sam

words & music by
Peter Tranchell

INTRO

Not too fast

Un-cle Sam, Un-cle Sam, Un-cle Sam, we're in a jam. You

8

3

3

3

lend us money but things look black, & it is-n't funny 'cos we can't pay back. Un-cle Sam, Un-cle Sam,

3

3

Un - cle Sam, we're in a jam. We're hot be-neath the collar we've spent the bottom dollar & there's

3

nothing more to follow from Un - cle Sam. You make us buy your luxury goods just when we shouldn't

8

8

8

8

8

8

need'em, You give us plans for ec - onomy, then force us to ex - ceed'em. Our government buyers

find you sweet, but somehow you mis - lead'em. And step by step you're whitt-ling down our her - i-tage of

Freedom! Un-cle Sam, Un-cle Sam, Un-cle Sam, we're in a jam. We're well aw-are you

put us there, so have a care, Un-cle Sam! Britannia may rule the waves. Who cares how the

sea behaves? No matter how anyone scrimps and saves. we're Uncle Sam's financial slaves!

Un - cle Sam, Un - cle Sam, Un - cle Sam, we're in a jam. You've the tin, can afford to lend it but it wears a bit thin, when you tell us how to spend it. Un - cle Sam, Un - cle Sam, Un - cle Sam, we're in a jam. It would be hate-ful to

ford to lend it but it wears a bit thin, when you tell us how to spend it. Un - cle Sam, Un - cle Sam, seem un - grate - ful but we've had our plateful of Unc - le Sam! Un - cle Sam, Un - cle Sam,

second time rit.

Un - cle Sam, we're in a jam. The Mar - shal Aid's a cunning wheeze to fix our trade just Un - cle Sam, we're in a jam. Your plans for aid have lost their "glam". While we're sink - ing,

how you please. Hea-ven help us, for we're on our knees, at the mercy of Un-cle Sam!
you can scam, & all we can say is "Blast and Damn, the dollar's from Un-cle Sam!"

TRIO

Stip-u-la - tions, reg-u-la - tions, mul-ti-ply ev - 'ry week. Your

talks with debt - or na-tions are so char-ming tho' ob-lique. And when you've ach-ieved our dis-tress. You

tell us in your press that John Bull & Uncle Sam are dan - cing cheek to cheek!

When we've some - thing mea - ty, a trade - trea - ty in the air, then you get in - ter - est - ed, but pre -

tend not to in - ter - fere. Of course there's no ill - feel - ing, but it's just a bit re - veal - ing, when you

send us quietly reeling with a flea in our ear! You're build - ing us up with films, with tinn'd

herr - ing and tinn'd beans. We have to buy your most cost - ly raw ma - ter - i - al for our mach - ines, But you're

ma-king it clear we've no-thing to fear, and we know just what that means! We're

grate-ful for all this kind-ness with the Reds just be-hind the scenes! What that's for, is, we're a cat's paw!

We must lo-wer our stan-dard of liv-ing, our cur-ren-cy fa-ces di-sas-ter, We'll soon be a lit - tle co-lon-y with a

trans-at-lan - tic mas-ter, and as our cul-ture des-cends, we're bound to be life-long friends, tho' you

tell us we're apa - thetic, and ought to work hard-er and fast-er. You can blame your con - sti - tution, and

gent-ly walk out of a pact. Your claim to be a new na - tion still earns def - er - en - tial tact, for

all are ag - reed, you've gained the lead with a nas - ty lit - tle fact:— that teeny weeny Bi - kini, where the

Tempo Primo
(subito) D.S. al Fine

at - om bombs are stacked! While as for Harwell,— Ah well!