***Who Could Want For Better?* Lyric with chords in Bb major**

Words and music by Kevin Adams

*[Intro:* **Bb F Gm Ebmaj7 – F**

 **Bb F Gm Ebmaj7 – F** *]*

*V1:*

 **Bb F/A**

We did-n’t have much but we ne-ver felt the lack,

 **Gm F**

We’d a roof and a fire and a pri-vy out the back,

**Eb Bb**

Food on the ta-ble and the good fresh air,

 **C7 F7**

Who could want for bet-ter than we had right there?

**Bb F/A**

I can smell cook-ing and the pa-ra-ffin lamp,

**Gm F**

I can smell the baby ‘cos her nappy’s damp!

**Eb Bb Gm F C9**

But no-bo-dy’s grum-bl-ing and no-one moans,

 **Eb F7 Bb**

 Who could want for better it is home sweet home.

*[Link:* **Gm Ebmaj7***]*

*V2:*

 **Bb F/A**

The cock-er-el’s crow-ing and we’re straight out-doors,

**Gm F**

Ev-ery-body bu-sy with the dai-ly chores,

**Eb Bb**

Bread and jam for break-fast as a gen-eral rule

 **C7 F7**

Now all our jobs are fin-ished so it’s off to school.

**Bb F/A**

Se-ven in the eve-ning on a work-ing day,

**Gm F**

Pap-py tells us, ‘Come on chil-dren, clear the way!’

**Eb Bb Gm F C9**

Who could want for bet-ter as we say ‘Good-night,’

 **Eb F7 Bb**

In our ti-ny lit-tle bed-room in the can-dle-light?

*[Link:* **F Gm Ebmaj7 – F**

 **Bb F Gm Ebmaj7 – F** *]*

*V3:*

 **Bb F/A**

In the mid-dle of the win-ter it can be so hard

**Gm F**

Wash-ing at the tap in the cold back yard.

**Eb Bb**

Who could want for bet-ter than a good hot scrub

 **C7 F7**

By the range in the kitch-en in the old tin tub?

**Bb F/A**

Pap-py’s in the scull-e-ry in brac-es and his vest,

**Gm F**

Soap-ing up and shav-ing for his Sun-day best

 **Eb Bb Gm F C9**

He’s go-ing into Sto-ny for a pint or two,

**Eb F7 Bb**

Who could want for bet-ter, well I’m ask-ing you!

*[Link:* **F Gm Ebmaj7 – F**

 **Bb F Gm Ebmaj7 – F** *]*

*V4:*

 **Bb F/A**

Sit-ting in the win-dow is my spe-cial place,

 **Gm F**

‘Cos when we’re all to-ge-ther well there’s not much space

**Eb Bb**

Lis-ten to the chop-sin’ and the stale old jokes

 **C7 F7**

Who could want for bet-ter than your own dear folks?

 **Bb F/A**

There’s Mum and Dad and Bet-ty, there is Bob and Dick,

 **Gm F**

There’s Ju-dy, John and Mol-ly, there is Jane and Mick,

**Eb Bb Gm F C9**

Who could want for bet-ter when we’re all crammed in?

 **Eb F7 Bb F Gm F C9**

A cot-tage full of Webbs like a sar-dine tin.

 **Eb F7 Bb**

A cott-age full of Webbs like a sar-dine tin.