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Ain't We Got Fun

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Here's a tale that's shocking,
Landlord's knocking
At the cottage next door,
Butchers, bakers and milkmen too,
With accounts overdue,
But within a happy girl and chappie,
Married only a year
Seem to keep quite cheerful
here's an earful
of the chatter you hear.

Ev'ry morning, ev'ry evening,
Ain't we got fun,
Not much money, oh, but honey
Ain't we got fun.
The rent's unpaid, dear,
We haven't a sou,
But smiles were made, dear,
For me and for you.

Tho' there's nothing in the larder,
Don't we have fun;
Times are hard and getting harder
Still we have fun.
There's nothing surer,
The rich get rich and the poor get nothing,
In the meantime, in the between time,
Ain't we got fun.

Ev'ry morning, ev'ry evening,
Ain't we got fun.
Twins and cares, dear, come in pairs, dear,
Ain't we got fun.
We've only started
Our family tree,
We're not downhearted
We might have had three.

Landlord's mad and getting madder,
Ain't we got fun;
Times are so bad and getting badder,
Still we have fun.
There's nothing surer
The rich get rich and the poor get children,
In the meantime, in between time,
Ain't we got fun.