

## Clare Bowditch And The Feeding Set "Homage To My Dad And The ABC"

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Year was 19... 1980... 1985.  
Me and my Dad (he's the only one I had),  
We were driving beside... beside the ocean.  
That man he would not swim.  
Very few things kept him afloat.  
He like to listen to the AB... to the ABC,  
And their words became like our moat.

Like a freight-train, like a board-game,  
My Dad he takes his time, says "All will be fine."

On the AB... on the ABC every Sat-dee afternoon,  
They'd play Goon Show... Goon Show repeats.  
The Old Man, he laughs like a loon.  
We kept driving, did some business;  
He saw his locksmith and we moved on,  
Rolling like the wind down past Brighton.  
Pretty soon we struck home.

Like a freight-train, like a board-game,  
My Dad he takes his time, says "All will be fine."

He cooks meatloaf. My Dad cooks meatloaf,  
A mean chop-suey and scones.  
And on the weekend, the old man rules the kitchen.  
He's got the ABC constantly on.  
His tastes are fairly plain; he's not so big on the  
gourmet,  
Though he does top his pizzas with jam.  
He never feels the need to say much.  
His love lives in the simple stuff.  
My Dad's an ordinary man.

Like a freight-train, like a board-game,  
My Dad he takes his time, says "All will be fine."

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