

Clifford T. Ward "Prams"

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When I was young
I got married 'cause we needed a pram
We were so young
So foolish, just bread and no jam
Since then I notice prams
Everywhere I seem to go
In every shape and size
No matter how disguised.

I've seen 'em dyin'
Stripped of the wheels for a cart
An' I've seen 'em tryin'
Carryin' coal from the yard
I used to see one sweat
Pullin' on a rag and bone
Cardigans and coats and dresses
Overflowin' in a mess.

Prams, some big and some small
Takin' little children out for a walk
Prams, some light and some dark
Showin' all the babies out in the park.

I've seen 'em glide
Leading ladies in blue motif
An' I've seen 'em stride
Kids on top and underneath
I've even watched 'em bite
Leapin' out at motor cars
Crazy how those drivers drive
Amazin' how those prams survive.

In Dublin town
In a cafe window leant
A sign that read

'No prams' and I wondered what it meant
Right outside Switzers, down
In Grafton Street an old pram stood
Better times he'd long forgot
Waitin' there for God knows what.

Prams, some big and some small
Takin' little children out for a walk
Prams, some light and some dark
Showin' all the babies out in the park.

Prams, some smart and some dumb
Teachin' little children how it's all done
Prams, some rich and some poor
Showin' little babies all that's in store.

Prams, some good and some bad
Teachin' all the children not to be sad
Prams, some fat and some thin
Showin' little babies how they can win.

Prams, some walk and some run
Takin' all the children out in the sun
Prams, some light and some dark
Showin' all the babies how to get smart.

Prams, some rich and some poor
Teachin' little children . . . (fade).

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