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Cream "Mother's Lament"

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Are we rolling?
A one, a two, a three, a four

A mother was washing her baby one night
The youngest of ten and a delicate mite
The mother was poor and the baby was thin
'Twas naught but an skeleton covered with skin

The mother turned 'round for a soap off the rack She was only a moment but when she turned back Her baby had gone, and in anguish she cried "Oh, where has my baby gone?", the angels replied (Plied)

Oh, your baby has gone down the plug hole Oh, your baby has gone down the plug The poor little thing was so skinny and thin He should have been washed in a jug, in a jug

Your baby is perfectly happy
He won't need a bath anymore
He's a-muckin' about with the angels above
Not lost but gone before

{Thank you, thank you Thank you Do you wanna do it again?}

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