

Boiled In Lead "My Son John"

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My son John was tall and slim
And he had a leg for every limb
Now he's got no legs at all
They're both shot away with a cannonball
Well were you drunk or were you blind
To leave your two fine legs behind
Or was it from walking upon the sea
That took your legs from the ground to the knee
I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind
To leave my two fine legs behind
Was a cannonball on the fifth of May
Took my two fine legs away
And all the foreign wars I'll now denounce
'Twixt this king of England or that king of France
I'd rather my legs as they used to be
Than the king of Spain and his whole navy
For I was tall and I was slim
And I had a leg for every limb
Now I've got no legs at all
You can't win a race with a cannonball
For I was tall and I was slim
And I had a leg for every limb
Now I've got no legs at all
You can't win a race with a cannonball
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