

## Ian Dury And The Blockheads "My Old Man"

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my old man wore three peice whistles  
he was never home for long  
drove a bus for London Transport  
he knew where he belonged  
number 18 down to Euston  
double decker move along  
double decker move along  
my old man

later on he drove a Roller  
chauffeuring for foreign men  
dropped his aitches on occation  
said "Cor Blimey!" now and then  
did the crossword in the Standard  
at the airport in the rain  
at the airport in the rain  
my old man

wouldn't never let his guv'nors  
call him 'Billy', he was proud  
personal reasons make a difference  
his last boss was allowed  
perhaps he had to keep his distance  
made a racket when he rowed  
made a racker when he rowed  
my old man  
my old man

my old man was fairly hansome  
he smokes to many cigs  
lived in one room in Victoria  
he was tidy in his digs  
had to have an operation  
when his ulcer got to big  
when his ulcer got to big  
my old man

seven years went out the window  
we met as one to one  
died before we'd done much talking  
but realtions had begun  
all the while we though about each other

all the best mate from your son  
all the best mate from your son  
my old man  
my old man

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