

Ian Dury And The Blockheads "Thank You Mum"

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Thank you, mum
Your rascal son
Has seen the error of his ways
I stole your purse and smashed the crocks
You done my trousers washed my socks
Dragged me screaming to the doc's
Drink your medicine, chicken pox
Put your toys back in their box
Didn't mean it
Thank you, mum

Thank you, mum
Your naughty boy
Will do his best to make amends
I hurt you merely to amuse
You wiped my nose and cleaned my shoes
Put witch-hazel on my bruise
Have you done your number twos?
Mind you watch your P's and Q's
Got a fiver?
Thank you, mum

Thank you, mum
You dear old girl
Through thick and thin you knit and purl
There isn't any better mum
Than my mum in this whole world

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