

## **Lonnie Donegan**

# **"My Old Man's A Dustman"**

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Now here's a little story  
To tell it is a must  
About an unsung hero  
That moves away your dust.

Some people make a fortune,  
Others earn a mint;  
My old man don't earn much:  
In fact he's flippin' skint.

Oh, my old man's a dustman,  
He wears a dustman's hat,  
He wears cor-blimey trousers  
And he lives in a council flat.  
He looks a proper nana  
In his great big hobnail boots,  
He's got such a job to pull them up  
That he calls 'em daisy roots.

Some folks give tips at Christmas,  
And some of them forget,  
So when he picks their bins up  
He spills some on the step.  
Now one old man got nasty  
And to the council wrote,  
Next time my old man went round there  
He punched him up the throat.

Oh my old man's a dustman,  
He wears a dustman's hat,  
He wears cor-blimey trousers  
And he lives in a council flat.

Lonnie: I say, I say, Les.

Les: Yes?

Lonnie: I, er, I found a police dog in my dustbin.

Les: Well how do you do know he's a police dog?

Lonnie: He had a policeman with him.

Though my old man's a dustman,  
He's got an 'eart of gold,  
He got married recently

Though he's eighty-six years old.  
We said "'Ere, hang on, Dad,  
You're getting past your prime";  
He said "Well, when you get to my age  
It helps to pass the time."

Oi! My old man's a dustman,  
He wears a dustman's hat,  
He wears cor-blimey trousers  
And he lives in a council flat.

Lonnie: I say, I say, I say!  
Les: Huh?  
Lonnie: My dustbin's full of lilies.  
Les: Well throw 'em away then!  
Lonnie: I can't: Lily's wearing them.

Now one day whilst in a hurry,  
He missed a lady's bin:  
He hadn't gone but a few yards  
When she chased after him.  
"What game do you think you're playing?"  
She cried right from the 'eart,  
"You've missed me, am I too late?"  
"No, jump up on the cart!"

Oi! My old man's a dustman,  
He wears a dustman's hat,  
He wears cor-blimey trousers  
And he lives in a council flat.

Lonnie: I say, I say, I say!  
Les: Not you again!  
Lonnie: My dustbin's absolutely full with toadstools.  
Les: How do you know it's full?  
Lonnie: 'Cos there's not mushroom inside.

He found a tiger's head one day  
Nailed to a piece of wood  
The tiger looked like miserable,  
But I suppose he should.  
Just then from out a window  
A voice began to wail,  
It said "Oi! Where's me tiger's head?"  
"Four foot from his tail."

Oh my old man's a dustman,  
He wears a dustman's hat,  
He wears cor-blimey trousers  
And he lives in a council flat.  
Next time you see a dustman

Looking all pale and sad,  
Don't kick him in the dustbin:  
It might be my old dad.

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