

Paul McCartney

"1882"

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Good morning, young master, it's 1882
Your mother is hungry, what will you do?
There is bread in the kitchen of the big house upstairs
But I warn you, don't take it from them

Na na na na, du du, du du, na na du
You'll be tarred, you'll be feathered, you'll be hung like
a ham
And I warn you, don't do it, young man

Your mother is calling, she wants you by the bed
So get up, young master, go shake your sleepy head
"Darling son, I am dying, and I leave it to you
I'm leaving, tell me, what did I do?"

Du du du, du du du, du du du, du du du
I'm dying, tell me, what did I do?"

Boy, he steals the bread, now that's enough, and
heads for the door
Man, he hears him coming, "Boy, you won't be running
no more"
Boy, he gets arrested and the case is tested that day
Judge, he guilty makes him and the jailer takes him
away

Du du du du, du du du du du, du du du du
Du du du du, du du du, du du du du du du
Good night to the outlaw, but you want to be free
Good morning, oh, it's late, too late again

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