

Declan Galbraith

"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 other's 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 nanner in his great big hob nailed
boots
He's got such a job to pull em up that he calls them
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
steps
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

I say I say Duncan! I 'er...I found a police dog in my
dustbin
(How do you know he's a police dog?) He had a
policeman with him

Though my old man's a dustman he's got a heart of
gold
He got married recently though he's 86 years old
We said 'Ear! Hang on Dad you're getting past your
prime'
He said 'Well when you get to my age it helps to pass
the time'
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

I say I say I say! My dustbins full of lillies
(Well throw 'em away then) I can't Lilly's wearing them

Now one day while 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 heart

'You've missed me...am I too late?' 'No... jump up on the
cart'

Oh!

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