

## Milburn "Brewster"

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Where are you going now, our Davey?  
Don't be late now, our Davey  
And all his friends say "Why do you act that way?"  
But all the boys say "You coming out to play?"  
And all the pretty girls they're singing  
La de da, de da de, da de da  
Davey boy is such a pretty little boy  
But don't you think about your mother, all alone?  
She's waiting for your call  
She's waiting, she's tired, she's bored  
So give her a call, a call

He gets it all from his father's blood,  
Who used to be a casual, as casual as they come  
Now he's gone to live in Liverpool  
Yeah, Davey does whatever Davey see's  
He'll give you a good kicking and he'll bring you down  
to your knees  
If you don't believe in what he does

And all his friends say "Why do you act that way?"  
But all the boys say "You coming out to play?"  
And all the pretty girls they're singing  
La de da, de da de, da de da  
Davey boy is such a pretty little boy  
But don't you think about your mother, all alone?  
She's waiting for your call  
She's waiting, she's tired, singing  
La de da, de da de, da de da  
Davey boy has found a brand-new toy  
He's often playing in the rubbish bins, smashing all the  
windows in  
Fighting in car parks and he's fucking up the flat he  
calls home  
Why don't you go home?

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