

Ivor Biggun

"My Baby Loves My Yorkshire Pudding"

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My baby loves my Yorkshire pudding
And that's all right with me
She knows my puddin' is a good 'un
'Cause it stretches down to my knee
When it starts steaming
You can hear her shout
"Ooh I love it with the gravy running out"
My baby loves my Yorkshire pudding
And it's a loving recipe

My baby loves my big black pudding
And she can have a piece for free
It ain't no vegetable spud 'un
It's meat most definitely
I keep it bubbling
I serve it hot
"Ooh that portion really hits the spot"
My baby loves my big black pudding
And it's a loving recipe

Well my baby loves my christmas pudding
It's so big and fruity you see
She knows my puddin' ain't a dud 'un
And she lights up like a christmas tree
Now hold on baby
I think you'd better stop
"It looks so pretty with holly on the top"
My baby loves my christmas pudding
And it's a special recipe

Well my baby loves my chocolate pudding
It's just about two foot three
She found out all of a sudden
It's strange as any pudding can be
Though she eats with vim and vigour
"The more I eat the more it gets bigger"
My baby loves my chocolate pudding
And it's a special recipe

I said "Baby I've got so much pudding
I think there's enough for three"
Well she said she would and then she wouldn't

But she finally did agree
She shared her dumplings
With one of my chums
"He's got more treacle and much bigger plums"
I guess I was misunderstood'n
But now she goes there for dinner and tea
Oh yeah, and she don't get no breakfast from me
Oh no, that P-U-D-D-I-N-G

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