

Cream, Mother's Lament

"Are we wallin'? A-one, a-two, a-three, a-four..."

A mother was washing her baby one night,
The youngest of ten and a delicate mite.
The mother was poor, and the baby was thin;
'Twas naught but a skeleton covered with skin.

The mother turned 'round for a soap off the rack.
She was only a moment, but a-when she turned back,
Her baby had gone, and in anguish, she cried,
"Oh, where 'as my baby gone?" The angels replied,

"Oh, your baby has gone down the plug-'ole.
Oh, your baby has gone down the plug.
The poor little thing was so skinny and thin,
He should 'ave been washed in a jug, in a jug.

Your baby is perfectly happy;
He won't need a bath anymore.
He's a-muckin' about with the angels above,
Not lost, but gone before."

"Thank you.
Do you wanna do it again?"