

# Chas & Dave, The Sideboard Song

Mother phoned up last night, she was going spare, she was in a temper pulling out her hair  
You're sister's courtin' a scruffy looking ted, father don't give a monkeys and this is what he said:  
I don't care, I don't care, I don't care if he comes round here  
I've got my beer in the sideboard here let Mother sort it out if he comes round here  
I said to me mother let me 'ave a talk to dad, so he comes to the telephone, he wasn't half mad  
Said she's got no sense silly little cow and if he comes round here there's gonna be a row  
I'll tell ya something else and all he's never got a job, he hangs around the betting shop the lazy litt  
Mother says calm down now, he's alright, but they're out there snogging in the passage all night  
I don't care, I don't care, I don't care if he comes round here  
I've got my beer in the sideboard here let Mother sort it out if he comes round here  
If he comes round here, I've got my beer, let Mother sort it out,  
In the sideboard here, got my beer, let Mother sort it out  
I don't care if he comes round here,  
You'd think he was a tramp with the stubble on his chin, he looks like something that the cat's brou  
Never got no money, smokes all my fags, got holes in his soles and he's hanging in rags  
On top of that he said to tell ya why I've got the 'ump, she had a skinny little belly now its sticking o  
Nothing seems to fit her and she's running out of clothes, if he keeps on taking liberties I'll punch hi