

Clifford T. Ward, Prams

When I was young

I got married 'cause we needed a pram

We were so young

So foolish, just bread and no jam

Since then I notice prams

Everywhere I seem to go

In every shape and size

No matter how disguised.

I've seen 'em dyin'

Stripped of the wheels for a cart

An' I've seen 'em tryin'

Carryin' coal from the yard

I used to see one sweat

Pullin' on a rag and bone

Cardigans and coats and dresses

Overflowin' in a mess.

Prams, some big and some small

Takin' little children out for a walk

Prams, some light and some dark

Showin' all the babies out in the park.

I've seen 'em glide

Leading ladies in blue motif

An' I've seen 'em stride

Kids on top and underneath

I've even watched 'em bite

Leapin' out at motor cars

Crazy how those drivers drive

Amazin' how those prams survive.

In Dublin town
In a cafe window leant
A sign that read
'No prams' and I wondered what it meant
Right outside Switzers, down
In Grafton Street an old pram stood
Better times he'd long forgot
Waitin' there for God knows what.

Prams, some big and some small
Takin' little children out for a walk
Prams, some light and some dark
Showin' all the babies out in the park.

Prams, some smart and some dumb
Teachin' little children how it's all done
Prams, some rich and some poor
Showin' little babies all that's in store.

Prams, some good and some bad
Teachin' all the children not to be sad
Prams, some fat and some thin
Showin' little babies how they can win.

Prams, some walk and some run
Takin' all the children out in the sun
Prams, some light and some dark
Showin' all the babies how to get smart.

Prams, some rich and some poor
Teachin' little children (fade).