

Ian Dury And The Blockheads, My Old Man

my old man wore three peice whistles
he was never home for long
drove a bus for London Transport
he knew where he belonged
number 18 down to Euston
double decker move along
double decker move along
my old man

later on he drove a Roller
chauffeuring for foreign men
dropped his aitches on occation
said 'Cor Blimey!' now and then
did the crossword in the Standard
at the airport in the rain
at the airport in the rain
my old man

wouldn't never let his guv'nors
call him 'Billy', he was proud
personal reasons make a difference
his last boss was allowed
perhaps he had to keep his distance
made a racket when he rowed
made a racker when he rowed
my old man
my old man

my old man was fairly hansome
he smokes to many cigs
lived in one room in Victoria
he was tidy inhis digs
had to have an operation
when his ulcer got to big
when his ulcer got to big
my old man

seven years went out the window
we met as one to one
died before we'd done much talking
but realtions had begun
all the while we though about each other
all the best mate from your son
all the best mate from your son
my old man
my old man