

# Ian Dury, My Old Man

My old man wore three piece 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 occasion, 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 ever let his governors 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 racket when he rowed, my old man  
My old man.

My old man was fairly handsome, he smoked too many cigs  
Lived in one room in Victoria, he was tidy in his digs  
Had to have an operation when his ulcer got too big  
When his ulcer got too big, my old man  
My old man.

Seven years went out the window, we met as one to one  
Died before we'd done much talking, relations had begun  
All the while we thought about each other, all the best, mate, from your son  
All the best, mate, from your son, my old man  
My old man.