

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.