Milburn, Brewster

Where are you going now, our Davey?
Don't be late now, our Davey
And all his friends say "Why do you act that way?"
But all the boys say "You coming out to play?"
And all the pretty girls they're singing
La de da, de da de, da de da
Davey boy is such a pretty little boy
But don't you think about your mother, all alone?
She's waiting for your call
She's waiting, she's tired, she's bored
So give her a call, a call

He gets it all from his father's blood,
Who used to be a casual, as casual as they come
Now he's gone to live in Liverpool
Yeah, Davey does whatever Davey see's
He'll give you a good kicking and he'll bring you down to your knees
If you don't believe in what he does

And all his friends say "Why do you act that way?"
But all the boys say "You coming out to play?"
And all the pretty girls they're singing
La de da, de da de, da de da
Davey boy is such a pretty little boy
But don't you think about your mother, all alone?
She's waiting for your call
she's waiting, she's tired, singing
La de da, de da de, da de da
Davey boy has found a brand-new toy
He's often playing in the rubbish bins, smashing all the windows in
Fighting in car parks and he's fucking up the flat he calls home
Why don't you go home?