

My Little Son

The Dubliners

Come my little son
And I will tell you what we'll do
Undress yourself and get into bed
And the tale I'll tell to you
It's all about your daddy
He's a man you seldom see
For he's have to roam
Far away from home
Away from you and me

[Chorus:]

Remember laddie he's still your dad
Though he's working far away
In the cold and heat all the hours of the week
On England's motorway

Now when you fall
And hurt yourself
And get a feeling bad
It isn't any good to go running for your dad
For the only time since you were born
He's had to spend with you
He was out of a job
And he hadn't a bob
He was signing on the brew

[Chorus]

Sure we'd like your Daddy here
Yes sure it would be fine
To have him working nearer home
And to see him all the time
But beggars can't be choosers
And we'll have to bear our load
For we need the money your daddy earns
By working on the road

Remember laddie he's still your dad
And he's soon be home to stay
For a week or two with me and you
When he's built the motorway