

Liverpool Lullaby

Cilla Black

Oh you are a mucky kid
Dirty as a dustbin lid.
When he hears the things that you did
You'll get a belt from yer dad.

Oh, you have your father's nose
So crimson in the dark it glows.
If you're not asleep when the boozers close
You'll get a belt from yer dad.

You look so scruffy lying there
Strawberry jam tarts in your hair.
In all the world you haven't a care
And I have got so many.

It's quite a struggle every day
Livin' on yer father's pay.
The beggar drinks it all away
And leaves me without any.

Although you have no silver spoon
Better days are coming soon.
Our Nelly's working at the loom
And she gets paid on Friday.

Perhaps one day we'll have a splash
When Littlewoods provide the cash.
We'll get a house in Knotty Ash
And buy your dad a brewery.

Oh you are a mucky kid
Dirty as a dustbin lid.
When he hears the things that you did
You'll get a belt from yer dad.

Oh you have your father's face
You're growing up a real hard case.
But there's no one can take your place
Go fast asleep for your mummy.