

My Father

Gilbert O'Sullivan

I shudder to think what my father would think
If he came home and found me in bed
With more than just one
But several of some
Lovely big strawberries

He'll probably shout
Give me a hell of a clout
Or perhaps a good kick up the rear
But one thing's for sure
I'll have to endure
A great deal of pain so to speak

I know it's not right
But for a laugh every night
I knock on people's doors
And shout things like up yours

I'll never know why
But for some reason I
Never did well at school
All I did was break rules and tell lies

His birthday's next week
So I thought as a treat
I would buy him his favourite book
It's not one of those poetic prose
Just full frontal nudity