

Mummy's Boy

Madness

In the pub, about seven thirty
Mother makes sure that his face ain't dirty
Him and mother go everywhere
Holds her hand without a care

Lived with mother for fourty years
The neighbourhood said that he must be queer
Normal folk just ain't like that
Glad he can't hear behind his back

When mother dies, he will have a cry
'cos he'll be on his own
He's frightened stiff, would it come to this?
Will he lose her to the heavenly home?

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Once went out with a London girl
Dirty weekend in a hotel
Broke it off when she got shirty
She was twelve and he was thirty

Right after that he was dead sore
He wouldn't go out with girls no more
From that day since, he never has
He wants to do something dirty