

My Man's Got a Cold

Paul Kelly

My man's got a cold
Oh, such a cold
Could be the worst ever cold
In the history of the world
And I've got a front seat row
To the whole sorry show
My man's got a cold
Everybody's been told
Oh, he's so blue and weebegone
He don't want to get it on

My man's got a cold
Mmmm...

My man's got a bug
It's a nasty little bug
And he's taken every drug
But they just won't kill that bug
Now he's worried it might get worse
He's thinking about the hearse
My man's got a bug
And it's got him in such a fug
Oh, is there nothing nobody can do
Up against the man flu?

My man's got a cold
Mmmm...

My man's got a cough
It's a stubborn kind of cough
He just can't shake it off
It's raspy and it's rough
He's off his wine and bread
He even said no to head (Oh-oh)
My man's got it bad
Like nobody else has ever had
Well, if he don't come 'round soon
I just might have to put him down soon

My man's got a cold
Mmmm...
Mmmm...
Mmmm...