## **Keep Your Receipts**

It seems like only yesterday When my father sat me down, and said: "Have a good gig at the Prince Pat tomorrow night." It was actually this morning And he got the dates confused (My Dad... he's a f\*\*kwit! )

I remember another time When my father sat me down and said: "The people in the row behind can't see." I said, "Dad, we're on a bus, And there's nothing much to see." And he said, "The landscape, son. The landscape."

When I reached a certain age As all the young boys do My body started changing I grew another head I had an operation And I had that head removed Which was fortunate 'cause at the time there was a shortage of head donors

My Dad took really good care of me Sat by my side every day When I started to recover Dad told me I was old enough To hear some of the things he had to say Hey hey hey

My Dad said "Son, you've turned out nice You're old enough to hear my advice You're a man now And so I want to tell you what I know

"Son, keep your receipts Keep your receipts If money is a cash cow, then planning is the meat, So son, keep your receipts Keep your receipts

"Son, keep your receipts Keep your receipts. If life's a bog in Ireland, then wisdom is the peat So son, keep your receipts Keep your receipts."

## Tripod