

# My Son John

## Boiled In Lead

My son John was tall and slim  
And he had a leg for every limb  
Now he's got no legs at all  
They're both shot away with a cannonball  
Well were you drunk or were you blind  
To leave your two fine legs behind  
Or was it from walking upon the sea  
That took your legs from the ground to the knee  
I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind  
To leave my two fine legs behind  
Was a cannonball on the fifth of May  
Took my two fine legs away  
And all the foreign wars I'll now denounce  
'Twixt this king of England or that king of France  
I'd rather my legs as they used to be  
Than the king of Spain and his whole navy  
For I was tall and I was slim  
And I had a leg for every limb  
Now I've got no legs at all  
You can't win a race with a cannonball  
For I was tall and I was slim  
And I had a leg for every limb  
Now I've got no legs at all  
You can't win a race with a cannonball

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