

Mother's Lament

The Wild Oats

Are we rolling?
A one, a two, a three, a four
A mother was washing her baby one night
The youngest of ten and a delicate mite
The mother was poor and the baby was thin
'Twas naught but an skeleton covered with skin
The mother turned 'round for a soap off the rack
She was only a moment but when she turned back
Her baby had gone, and in anguish she cried
"Oh, where has my baby gone?", the angels replied
(Plied)

Oh, your baby has gone down the plug hole
Oh, your baby has gone down the plug
The poor little thing was so skinny and thin
He should have been washed in a jug, in a jug
Your baby is perfectly happy
He won't need a bath anymore
He's a-muckin' about with the angels above
Not lost but gone before
{Thank you, thank you
Thank you
Do you wanna do it again?}

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlrics.com/>