Mother's Lament

Cream

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 a 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:

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.

Do you want to do it again?

Lyrics submitted by Rob.

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