My Old Man

Ian Dury

My old man wore three piece whistles
He was never home for long
Drove a bus for London Transport
He knew where he belonged
Number 18 down to Euston
Double decker move along
Double decker move along
My old manLater on he drove a Roller
Chauffeuring for foreign men
Dropped his aitches on occasion
Said, "Cor blimey!" now and then
Did the crossword in the Standard
At the airport in the rain
At the airport in the rain
My old manWouldn't ever let his governers
Call him 'Billy', he was proud
Personal reasons make a difference
His last boss was allowed
Perhaps he had to keep his distance
Made a racket when he rowed
Made a racket when he rowed
My old man
My old manMy old man was fairly handsome
He smoked too many cigs
Lived in one room in Victoria
He was tidy in his digs
Had to have an operation
When his ulcer got too big
When his ulcer got too big
My old man
My old man

Songwriters
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