

## Mummy's Boy

Madness

In the pub, about seven thirty  
Mother makes sure that his face ain't dirty  
Him and mother go everywhere  
Holds her hand without a care

Lived with mother for forty years  
The neighbourhood said that he must be queer  
Normal folk just ain't like that  
Glad he can't hear behind his back

When mother dies, he will have a cry  
'cos he'll be on his own  
He's frightened stiff, would it come to this?  
Will he lose her to the heavenly home?

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Once went out with a London girl  
Dirty weekend in a hotel  
Broke it off when she got shirty  
She was twelve and he was thirty

Right after that he was dead sore  
He wouldn't go out with girls no more  
From that day since, he never has  
He wants to do something dirty