

# Daddy's Whistling Home

Ralph McTell

Daddy's whistling home from work  
Mamma's ironing daddy's shirt  
Tea is on the table, baby's in his cot  
Money's tight for everyone and they ain't got a lot

But what they got's their own  
Rent's paid on their basement home  
And from the chilly kitchen she's gazing at the moon  
Looking for the stars and wishing she did hear the tune  
Of daddy whistling home

She seems to spend so much time on her own  
He swallows down his tea then it's off to evening school  
He's doing it for the family, but sometimes life is cruel  
Lately he seems so tired, too tired for making love  
Shouts out loudly in his sleep sometimes  
She's scared he'll wake the neighbours on the floor above

Or baby in his cot  
He's got his daddy's eyes, he doesn't cry a lot  
The war is over now, it'll take a little time  
Till he can say that we are his and she can say he's mine

Maybe we're all too tired  
Expecting too much so soon  
Through the black-out curtain she can see some stars  
But can't explain the hurting while she's searching for the moon

Baby's lying in his bed  
Trying to remember what was said  
Something about a letter dropped behind a back  
But someone pulls a curtain and the whole scene fades to black

Mama's ironing kiddie's clothes  
Nothing's ever said but everybody knows  
Singing in the kitchen, wonderin' who he's kissing  
Wonderin' if he ever talks about me  
And listening for daddy whistling home