My Little Son

The Dubliners

Come my little son And I will tell you what we'll do Undress yourself and get into bed And the tale I'll tell to you It's all about your daddy He's a man you seldom see For he's have to roam Far away from home Away from you and me

[Chorus:] Remember laddie he's still your dad Though he's working far away In the cold and heat all the hours of the week On England's motorway

Now when you fall And hurt yourself And get a feeling bad It isn't any good to go running for your dad For the only time since you were born He's had to spend with you He was out of a job And he hadn't a bob He was signing on the brew

[Chorus]

Sure we'd like your Daddy here Yes sure it would be fine To have him working nearer home And to see him all the time But beggars can't be choosers And we'll have to bear our load For we need the money your daddy earns By working on the road

Remember laddie he's still your dad And he's soon be home to stay For a week or two with me and you When he's built the motorway