

Mrs. Murphy

The Walker Brothers

Hello Mrs Murphy
That's a lovely dress you're wearing
Is it new
Why, thank you Mr Wilson
But I've had that same old dress about a year or two
Upstairs in bed, the tall boy stretched just like a cat
Put his hands behind his head
And lay there thinking of a dream that he had
I hear that the Johnsons had a baby, Mrs Murphy
Is that true
Why yes, but it's rumoured that the little tot's real
daddy lives in 22
In 22, the boy lay whistling out of tune
Fighting on the seas
Dreaming of a thousand things he'd like to be
Poor Mr Johnson being married to a wife who should be
caged
It's the child who will suffer
And to think that young man is less than half her age
Upstairs he sits, he hears a knock, and nothing more
Come on in, you're late
Well, don't just stand there Mrs. Johnson
Close the door