

MY OLD MAN'S A DUSTMAN

Now here's a little story to tell it is a must
About an unsung hero that moves away your dust
Some people make a fortune, other's earn a mint
My old man don't earn much, in fact he's flippin' skint

Oh! My old man's a dustman he wears a dustman's hat
He wears cor blimey trousers and he lives in a council flat
He looks a proper nana in his great big hob nailed boots
He's got such a job to pull em up that he calls them daisy roots

Some folks give tips at Christmas and some of them forget
So when he picks their bins up he spills some on the steps
Now one old man got nasty and to the council wrote
Next time my old man went round there he got him by the throat

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Though my old man's a dustman he's got a heart of gold
He got married recently though he's 86 years old
We said, "Ere hang on Dad, you're getting past your prime,"
He said, "Well when you get to my age, it helps to pass the time!"

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Now one day while in a hurry he missed a lady's bin
He hadn't gone but a few yards when she chased after him,
"What game do you think you're playing?" she cried right from the heart
"You've missed me... Am I too late?" "Nah... Jump up on the cart!"

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