

Come My Little Son

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I Come my little **IV** son

And I **I** will tell you **IV** what we'll **I** do

Undress yourself and get **IV** into **I** bed

And a **vi** tale I'll tell to **IV** you

It's **I** all about your **IV** daddy

He's a **I** man you seldom **vi** see

For he **I** had to roam, far **IV** away from home

A **I** way from **IV** you and **I** me

I Remember laddie, **IV** he's still your **I** dad

*Though he's working far **vi** away*

*In the **I** cold and heat, all the **IV** hours of the week*

*On **I** England's **IV** motor **I** way*

Now when you fall and hurt yourself

And get a feeling bad

It isn't any good

To go a running for your dad

For the only time since you've were born

He's had to spend with you

He was out of a job, and we hadn't a bob

He was signing on the brew

Ah 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 have to bear our load

For we need the money your daddy earns

A-workin' 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