

# My Old Man's a Dustman

The Irish Rovers

Now here's a little story, to tell it is a must  
About an unsung hero, who moves away your dust...  
....and garbage!  
Some people make a fortune, others make a mint  
But my old man don't earn that much, in fact he's  
flippin' skint!

CHORUS: My old man's a dustman,  
He wears a dustman's hat  
He wears "gor blimey" trousers,  
And he lives in a Council flat!

He looks a proper nabob in his great big hobnail boots  
He has such a job to pull 'em up that he call's 'em  
"daisy roots!"

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

CHORUS

One day, whilst in a hurry, he missed a lady's bin  
He hadn't gone but a few yards, when she chased after  
him  
She cried out to him loudly, in a voice right from the  
heart  
"You missed me; am I too late?" "No, hop up on the  
cart!"

CHORUS

Now my old man's a dustman, he's got a heart of gold  
Now he got married recently, tho he's 86 years old!  
We said "Here! Hang on, Dad! You're getting past your  
prime!"  
He said "Well, when you reach my age, it's just to pass  
the time!"

CHORUS

He found a tiger's head one day, nailed to a piece of  
wood  
The tiger looked quite miserable, but I suppose he  
should  
Just then, from out a window, a voice was heard to  
wail:  
"'Ere! Where's me tiger's 'ead?" "Four foot from his  
tail!"

CHORUS

Next time you see a dustman, a-lookin' all pale and sad

Don't kick him in the dustbin, it might be my old  
daaaaaaad! HEY!