

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Britain's Motorways

Britain's Motorways
(Ewan MacColl)

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

But remember lad, he's still your dad
'Though he's working far away
In the cold and heat, eighty hours a week
On England's motorways

When you fall and hurt yourself
And wake up feeling bad
It isn't any use to go
A running for your dad
For the only time since you were born
He's had to stay with you
He was out of a job and we hadn't a bob
He was signing on the broo

But remember lad, he's still your dad
And he really earns his pay
Working day and night upon the site
Of England's motorway

To buy your shoes your daddy built
A length of railroad track
He built a hydro-dam to buy
The clothes upon your back
This motor highway buys our food
But the wages soon are spent
And though we have to live apart
It helps to pay the rent
But remember lad, he's still your dad
And he's toiling every day
But there's food to be had and it's thanks to your dad
On England's motorway

Sure we need your daddy here and
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
On England's motorways

So remember lad, he's still your dad
And he'll soon be here to stay
For a week or two with me and you
When he's built the motorway

by Ewan MacColl c1961
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written for BBC "Song of a Road"
recorded by Ewan MacColl
SOF