Squeeze, To Be A Dad

(Difford/Tilbrook)

I lost the children But they can be found Home in a red house just across town Sitting in boxes Of opened up toys Watching The Simpsons And making some noise I lost the children But they're in great hands When I cook the dinners Right out of tin cans I lost the children And I have to pay Some heavy duty on life everyday Cupboards need filling With deadlines to meet Here in my cheque book My fountain pen weeps I should be thankful And thankful am I I went to the cleaners And came back with my life

For a moment it all looked so grim It looked like I would not get a thing For a moment it all looked so sad But now it's so good to be a dad

I lost the children
They haven't lost me
We're still together and happy to be
Out in the summer
On beaches in parks
Home in the winter and up with the larks
I should be thankful
And thankful am I
I went to the cleaners
And came back with my life

From pushchairs to games of football My back was against every wall For a moment it all looked so sad But now it's so good to be a dad

For a moment it all looked so grim It looked like I would not get a thing For a moment it all looked so sad But now it's so good to be a dad

I lost the children They haven't lost me