

The Tiger Lillies, Mummy

Mummy my mummy my mummy's in a mental home

She was living in suburbia in a nice big house
All the bills were paid for the garden faced south
The carpet was a thick and shaggy pile
Neighbours drank her coffee were polite and smiled

Husband in insurance earned a tidy sum
Children all happy having lots of fun
One-day mummy woke up and said what does it all mean
Now she's in the mental home thinks she is the Queen

One day mummy woke up said what's it all about
Now she's in the nut house throws herself about
On her tombstone you can read the lie
She was a good mummy till the day she died