We All Go To Work But Father

Sung by J. C. HEFFRON

Words and Music by LESLIE REED

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model group that meets round our fireside, But father he is
liver, then he'll hug his toe, and cry, "Good gracious! Here's my
on a truck, at twelve at night we went, But father was an

such a lazy man. He has not done a day's work since the
old complaint, the gout!" It seems at work he wasn't worth a-
obstinate old coon— He wouldn't move an inch—he wouldn't

morning he was wed, And that is five-and-twenty years ago.
above a pound a week, Though his always was "a very trying job;"
let us take his chair, So that we left him there you may rely;

Dm7 G7 C C7 F Dm
Spoken after 1st Verse:

Lazy! why he’s bone idle! — never does anything at all. I wouldn’t care if we set him a bad example; but we don’t. In fact — (Chorus)

Spoken after 2nd Verse:

Yes, he belongs to the ‘Anti-work-yourself-to-death Association’, he’s the secretary of it. Ah! and he abides by the rules to the very letter, and that’s one reason why — (Chorus)

Spoken after 3rd Verse:

There’s cheek for you! — “our heartless conduct,” “miss him when he’s gone,” and so on! But he didn’t stop long. When we’d got the new place cosy — all the pictures hung, carpets down and bedsteads fixed, a knocking came at the street door, and there were two boys, with father stuck on his chair, and two long poles shoved underneath, like Guy Fawkes. He’d just waited till he thought all the work was done, and then he gave the boys twopence to bring him home. I wouldn’t care if he did something sometimes; but he doesn’t. He was standing outside our door one day with his hands in his pockets, when a gentleman asked him the way to the post-office. Just to show how lazy he is, he pointed with his foot and said, “Up there!” The gentleman said, “If you can show me a lazier trick than that I’ll give you half-a-crown.” Our old man replied, “All right, come and put it into my waistcoat pocket.” I expect when he’s pegging out he’ll want somebody else to draw his last breath for him. So now you can believe me when I say — (Chorus)
We all go to work but father, And he stays at home all day,
He sits by the fire with a quart of beer And he smokes a ten inch clay.

Mo-ther works at the wash - tub So does my sis-ter Fan; I've met la-zymen in my
time, now and then, but a cham-pi-on is our old man. We man.