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Glasgow Lullaby

Hush wee babby, for yer daddy's comin' in
Stumblin' up the stairs and missin' every yin
Rotten wi' beer and stinkin' o' gin
He's drunk again as usual

Chorus:

Oh my God, it's a weary, weary life
Who would be a drinkin' man's wife
Who would thole a' this trouble and strife
Who but a silly woman?

Hush wee baby, he's comin' in the door
Drunken big feet skitin' ower the floor
He's had a bucket and he's thirstin' for more
He disnae ken when he's beaten

Hush wee babby, listen tae him sittin' there
Wi his bloodshot eyes and tangled hair
Mooth fu' o' big talk and eyes fu' o' despair
And blamin' me as usual

Hush wee babby, yer daddy's gone tae bed
The morn he'll no' remember a' the thing he said
But his tongue was sharp. and a' the wounds they bled
But then I'm used tae bleedin'

Hush wee babby, and close yer weary eyes
Cuddle intae mammy, and stop yer tired wee cries
And in the mornin' when ye decide tae arise
Yer mammy will be here waitin'