

“Am gooin wom ,“ mi mam sed,when erd cooked mi faither’s tay,  
 “Am gooin wom, so listen tert things have got ter say,  
 am teckin Fred, un Sissy too, un Charlie un eawr Sid  
 un cat, unt dog, unt goldfish, un mi bonnie little brid

then thee con sup ar neet, un lay i bed ar day,  
 fer me, am gooin wom, when have sidied up thi tay,  
 un clennd eawt mi oven, un donkey stoned mi step,  
 so don't thi try un stop mi, cos have had enough by eck

am fed up wi thi pit clooers, thrown deawn ont kitchen floor,  
 un am fed up er hangin um, ont nail ert back ert door,  
 am fed up wi thi pit dirt, thi clogs, un dirty hands,  
 un am sick er listnin trumpit, tha plays int colliery band.

am fed up wi thi whippet, cos its never won a race,  
 un am fed up wi thi pigeons, cos loft’s a sheer disgrace,  
 am fed up wi thi drinkin, black stout un raisin beer,  
 so am gooin ter mi mams, un tomorrow al not bi here

al just finish Sissy’s bedroom off, cos er lino needs er shine  
 then al do eawr Charlie’s washin, un hang it eawt ont line,  
 then when have pur ort kids ter bed, un bathed um ont peg rug,  
 un made sure thiv sed the prayers, al tuck um up reet snug.

un crawl inter mi cosy nook, un darn thi holey sock  
 before a tackles th'ironin, cos eawr Sissy needs er frock,  
 then when’t fires last embers deed deawn int fire grate  
 al clamber up that wooden hill, cos am tired, un it's ter late

un don't try any funny business, cos am sick to dearth er thee  
 sittin theer int rockin cheer as quiet as con be,  
 what's that tha sez, tha luvs mi, neaw, don't look at mi like that,  
 fer tha knows am gooin wom, so al fotch mi coat an hat

have pur um theer ont sideboord, so ther ready fer int morn,  
 then when thas on thi own, thal know that thas bin born,  
 neaw am gooin up to bed, cos am tired, an it's ter late  
 un al bi off tomorrow mornin, when ave clennd that dirty grate,

un scraped eawt th' esshole, un got thi jack bit tin,  
 un pur in thi jam butties, then browt thi pit clogs in,  
 neaw have towd thi Jack fert last time, am gooin ter mi mams  
 so Jack don't look at mi like that, cos a don't know weer a am,

but ones thing fer certin, when tha looks at mi a knows,  
 this luv that wi have allus shared has thorns just like er rose  
 so al put mi hat un coat back, fer a remember’t day wi wed  
 un promises wi made Jack, so ferget them things a sed.”