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You'll never be an angel, Daddy

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You'll never be an Angel, Daddy.

Sung by George Robey

I quite agree that every child, should learn the golden rule,
But my kid's just a bit too good, had too much Sunday School
He even starts to lecture about my wicked ways
Last night he caught me going in a pub and then he says—

You'll never be an angel Daddy, with wings up in the sky,
You'll never be an angel Daddy, along with Ma and I,
You told her you came straight home from work now that's a
great big lie,

You'll never be an angel Daddy, and so you needn't try.

Of course like other boys of playing pranks he has a tack,
The other day into my chair he stuck a great big tack.
It ran into my "Honi soit qui mal y pense" and when
I yelled Why, who the, which the, what, he grinned and said
"now then,"

You'll never be an angel Daddy, with wings up in the sky,
You'll never be an angel Daddy, along with Ma and I,
I heard you passing those rude remarks when that tack made
you cry,

You'll never be an angel Daddy, and so you needn't try.

Some pals of mine got up a competition just for fun,
We started telling naughty tales the naughtiest story won.
Each told a yarn but everybody said I'd won the prize
And then a squeaky little voice in through the keyhole cries—

You'll never be an angel Daddy, with wings up in the sky,
You'll never be an angel Daddy, along with Ma and I,
I heard you telling that naughty tale you spoke a bit too high
You'll never be an angel Daddy, and so you needn't try.

One night I took him for a walk when he was nicely dressed,
By chance we went up Regent Street and round about the West
We met no end of ladies fair, one said she'd lost her way,
I might have helped her find it, but the kid nudged me to say—

You'll never be an angel Daddy, with wings up in the sky,
You'll never be an angel Daddy, along with Ma and I,
I saw you snurking when all those naughty ladies winked
their eye

You'll never be an angel Daddy, and so you needn't try.