Follow the Band

Follow the Band

My husband's a mason, a mason, a mason
My husband's a mason, a mason is he
All day he lays bricks, he lays bricks,
He lays bricks
And at night he comes home and drinks tea.

Hey rig-a-jig, kiss a little pig
Follow the band
Follow the band with your tool in your hand
Hey rig-a-jig, kiss a little pig
Follow the band
Follow, follow the band

My husband's a plumber, a plumber, a plumber
All day he screws pipes, he screws pipes,
And at night he comes home and drinks tea

My husband's a carpenter, a carpenter, a carpenter
All day he bangs boards, he bangs boards
And at night he comes home and drinks tea

My husband's a jockey, a jockey, a jockey
All day he mounts horses, he mounts horses
And at night he comes home and drinks tea

My husband's a postman, a postman, a postman
All day he licks stamps, he licks stamps
And at night he comes home and drinks tea

My husband's an executive, an executive, an executive
All day he succeeds, he succeeds
And at night he comes home and drinks tea

My husband's a folk singer, a folk singer, a folk singer
All day he plucks strings, he plucks strings
And at night he comes home and drinks tea

My husband's a loafer, a loafer, a loafer
All day he drinks tea, he drinks tea
And at night la da dada dada

Note: or "Frig a little pig"

RG

Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.