

BATH NIGHT



I ALWAYS LOVED a Friday night,
As, sometime after tea,
Before the days of 'telly',
It was bath night for Dad and me.

With pots and pans of water,
A-bubbling on the hearth,
In front of a roaring coal fire,
I'd splash in the old tin bath.

Private parts covered with my flannel,
I'd sit there and have a soak,
Mum'd give my back a good old wash,
Dad would give the fire a poke.

You can keep all your central heating,
All your piped hot water too,
For me it's the tin bath in front of the fire,
And nothing else will do!