

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Lazy Lout

Lazy Lout

When I was young and under ten  
A silly wee fool was I  
The morning that I left the school  
I heard my mother cry

cho: Get up, get out, you lazy lout  
Get into your working clothes  
Up to your knees in oil and grease  
And a grindstone to your nose

I bought me a clock, a pretty good clock  
To help me to tell the time  
It awakened me every morning  
With a very poetic rhyme

I married me a wife, a pretty good wife  
And kept her many a year  
Come what may, she'd begin each day  
By whispering in my ear

Now some get to lie as long as they like  
They're luckier men than me  
I never get to lie very long  
I'm only four foot three

DG