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## Advice to the Lovelorn

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(John Fryer)

I'm Blue-eyes of Scunthorpe, I need some advice,  
For I've been a bad girl (why was it so nice?),  
I've no one to turn to in this modern age;  
So all that is left is the Lonely Hearts Page,  
And Miss Home, Home, Evelyn Home.

Dear Evelyn Home, I've a problem for you,  
I've slept with my boyfriend (he slept with me too),  
His parents found out and blamed it on me,  
And completely ignore me when I go to tea,  
Dear Miss Home, Home, Evelyn Home.

Should I say I'm sorry, not do it again,  
Refrain from all romance and be home by ten?  
My boy says, ``Don't do it, you might drive them to  
Informing your parents, then what would you do?"  
Dear Miss Home, Home, Evelyn Home.

Dear Blue-eyes of Scunthorpe, I can't understand  
Why you and you only are taking a stand,  
It takes two to go wrong, apportion the guilt;  
Your boyfriend was in it, right up to the hilt,  
Says Miss Home, Home, Evelyn Home.

Dear blue-eyes of Scunthorpe, hear what I must state,  
For grief and contrition it's really too late,  
Unless you get married as soon as you can,  
You'll regret having had carnal knowledge of man,  
O dear, sighs Miss Home, as she lays down her pen,

The troubles these young women have with their men;  
It's sordid, immoral, and I really can't see  
Why the hell all these things never happened to me,

