DADDY'S WHISTLING HOME
Ralph McTell

Daddy's whistling home from work
Mamma's ironing Daddy's shirt
Tea is on the table, baby's in his cot
Money's tight for everyone, they ain't got a lot.

But what they got's their own
The rent's paid on their basement home
And from the chilly kitchen she's gazing at the moon
Looking for the stars and wishing she could hear the tune

Of Daddy whistling home.
She seems to spend so much time on her own
He swallows down his tea then it's off to evening school
He's doing it for the family, but sometimes life is cruel.
Lately he seems so tired
Too tired for making love
Shouts out loudly in his sleep sometimes
She's scared he'll wake the neighbours on the floor above

Or the baby in his cot
He's got his Daddy's eyes, he doesn't cry a lot.
The war is over now, it'll take a little time
Till he can say that we are his and she can say he's mine.

Maybe we're all too tired
Expecting too much so soon
Through the black-out curtain she can see some stars
But can't explain the hurting while she's searching for the moon.

Baby's lying in his bed
Trying to remember what was said
Something about a letter dropped behind a back
But someone pulls a curtain and the whole scene fades to black.

Mama's ironing kiddie's clothes
Nothing's ever said but everybody knows
Singing in the kitchen, wonderin' who he's kissing
Wonderin' if he ever talks about me
And listening for Daddy whistling home.