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## 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"