My Friend Kate - Joan Gaffney

It often makes me wonder

It often makes me think

When I rise up in the morning

To greasy dishes in the sink

I’ve put soda on the griddle

And rashers on the pan

But Kate she’s in Majorca

Cos she never got a man.

I’ve a week in hospital

To get a nice new ba

I keep changing nappies

In the footsteps of me ma

I’ll get a day in Warrenpoint

And I’ll try to get a tan

But Kate, she’s in Jamaica

Cos she never got a man.

My man says he loves me

And it might even be true

I wonder will he say the same

When I hit fifty-two?

But the Avon lady’s calling

And I’ll look the best I can

But Kate, she’s in Bermuda

Cos she never got a man.

With scrubbing dirty collars

And stoking up the fire

My poor ould body’s aching

For I never get an hour

I’m rushing like the devil

For here comes the hungry clan

But Kate, she’s in America

Cos she never got a man.

Now do you wonder why I wonder

Do you wonder what I think

When I’m here up to the oxters

In this matrimonial sink

While Kate she’s in Africa

Australia or Japan

Lying in the lap of luxury

Cos she never got a man.