

My Old Man's An All Black – Howard Morrison

G Bm E A D
Now here's a story full of woes, You've heard it all before

G Bm E A A7 D
It's all about me old man, And the game that he adored

A D /
As he kicked the ball

A D //
As he scored a try

A D G7
You'll always here me cry-y-y-yyyyyyyy

G D
Oh, my old man's an All Black, He wears the silver fern,
D7 G
But his mates just couldn't take him, So he's out now for a turn.

C
He made them all look silly, As he tackled all and all
D D7 G
And all the girls went crazy, As this Hori took his score
D D7 G
Da-dit-dit-da, da-dit-dit-da, da-dit-dit-da-da-da *Whistle*

G D
Now the soccer union, offered Dad a part
D7 G
In a team to go to Scotland, to play against the heart
C
But to our dear Papa, it was just a silly joke
D D7 G
To kick a ball around all day, was not for this old bloke
D D7 G
Da-dit-dit-da, da-dit-dit-da, da-dit-dit-da-da-da *Whistle*

SPOKEN

I say I say old Jerry me boy

I believe they gave your old man a trial, is that right? Is that right?

That's right Howard, but they didn't tell me it was a dog trial

D D7 G
Da-dit-dit-da, da-dit-dit-da, da-dit-dit-da-da-da *Whistle*

G D
Well a little girl came up to Dad, and said so quietly
D7 G
"Will you please play for us sir, Our goalie you will be"
C
"What game is this my little girl?" "Why basketball of course"
D D7 G
And everybody heard him yell "Hey, get me off these courts"

D D7 G
Da-dit-dit-da, da-dit-dit-da, da-dit-dit-da-da-da *Whistle*

SPOKEN

I say old Jerry me boy

*"I suppose your old man is a little disappointed
his mates left him behind? Is that right?"*

"Well actually Howard, he wasn't CRAVIN' to go!"

D D7 G
Da-dit-dit-da, da-dit-dit-da, da-dit-dit-da-da-da *Whistle*

G D
Well the All Black team is leaving, and the best of luck to them

D7 G
And if they find things tricky, they'll have to play like men,

C
'cause the Springboks will be watching, from Transvaal to Capetown,

D D7 G
For the team that ain't got Horis, to score their last touchdown.

D D7 G
Da-dit-dit-da, da-dit-dit-da, da-dit-dit-da-da-da *Whistle*

Oh.....

G D
Oh, my old man's an All Black, He wears the silver fern,

D7 G
But his mates just couldn't take him, So he's out now for a turn.

D D7
So he's out---- now----- for----- a

G
Tahe rua toru wha, They won't take my ol' Papa

D D7
So he's out---- now----- for----- a

G
Fi fifa lula, give him pork and puha

D D7
So he's out---- now----- for----- a

G
Fee-fee Fi-fi Fo-fo Fum,
"Hey Howie" "Yeah...what?"
"There's no Horis in this scrum."

D D7 G
So he's out---- now----- for----- a turn----- !