

"The Worst Singer In Town"

by Paul Moore

I sits home every evening, strumming my guitar
I have dreams of being, a rock 'n roll star.
I write nice little tunes, from time to time
trouble is this irritating voice of mine.

Chorus

I've had singing lessons, they cost me 20 quid
(what a waste of money, what a ruddy waste of money)
I've had singing lessons, but still it must be said
I'm the worst singer in town

I wrote my little daughter, a song with words so fair,
but when I sang it to her, she puked in her high chair.
Her mother she chastised me for making such a row
no more singing in the house will she allow

Chorus

I went for an audition, to join a Celtic band
I sang the Fields of Athenroy, a bhodran in my hand.
They asked me if I could learn for a party trick
how to sing a song just as bad in Gaelic

Chorus

Instrumental

I thought if I increased my lung capacity,
It might improve my vocals up to mediocrity
I joined the gym and gave up, booze 'n fags 'n weed
I'm louder now, but still somehow, I cannot sing in key

Chorus

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