**The Man in Question**
Nancy McCallionTwas five months ago when my breakfast talked back to me
You’ve done it now said the egg on the plate
And my little secret will soon be no secret
The first time I done it the first time I’m late

But I will say nothing, nothing, nothing
Nothing to show but my own wicked grin
With me mother a granny, me brother an uncle
And the man in question
We’ve had no tale of him

Twas two months ago my protrusion proceeded me
Made itself known to old Biddy McCann
And she might’ve strained herself reaching the telephone
Mum’s at the table her face in her hands

My brother’s the good cop my mother’s the bad one
Each morning and evening they’re calling me in
But I can’t believe they’d suggest old Tom Kelly
Now I’m almost tempted to say it was him

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