**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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