

Down on Old Bum Knees

Tune: [Rolling Down to Old Maui](#)

It's a damn hard life, full of toil and strife
We morris men undergo
We don't give a damn when the ale is done,
How hard the ground below

For we're homeward bound to the piper's sound,
And a caper taught for three
And we don't give a damn when we drink our ale
Going down on old bum knees

Chorus: *Going down on old bum knees, me boys
Going down on old bum knees
We're homeward bound,
ace bandage bound
Going down on old bum knees*

Once more we're found sitting on the ground
With ice upon the sprain
Our mainspring sprung, our flailing done,
We soon will feel the pain

Even now the big black welts rise up
Where our kneecaps used to be
If I ever get cured, I'll praise the Lord,
Going down on old bum knees

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