

Bill Bailey

"Unisex Chip Shop"

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I used to buy my chips from an oppressive chip shop regime.

The girl who worked there, she seemed happy,
But I knew it was not what it seemed.

"Do you want salt and vinegar", was what they made her say,
But in the language of the ghetto,
That means, "Help, I'm a woman in chains"

I wanted to free her.
In my dreams I would see her.
Running naked through the woods round Rainham,
If I had some tigers I'd train 'em.
To protect her

From the sexual fascism that was lurking, round the gherkins
(yeah)

I'd lean across the counter and we would talk,
I carved the name "Debbie" on a little wooden fork.

But into the shop came a skinhead gang,
They snatched the fork from my hand.

Debbie, she looked at me, to assert my masculinity.
I said "Oi!", they said "What?", I said "Nothing..."

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