

Fad Gadget

"Bridge St. Shuffle"

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I was found in a white chapel
Playing chess with the Elephant Man
And delivered by a midwife
In the shell of a giant clam
My best friends were a sewer rat
And a city fox
At the age of ten
I developed a yen for
Dismantling clocks
I biked in whistling from the East
Wearing an open mind
Wondering about my future
And the treasures I would find
But some trendy cat from Chelsea
Looked at me in fright
Said I needed elocution
I chewed my tongue all night

So meet me by the old bridge
When the sun is getting low
There's a new gambling game
They call the Lemming Show
I've got two tickets front row seats
For the river side
We can take a picnic
And watch the suicides

Well I pulled up by the kerb
And parked my bicycle
In the snow was a red faced man
Selling icicles
I asked why coals to Newcastle
He said demand and supply
I said I didn't see the point in that
Then he poked me in the eye
Then I came across a theatre queue
Waiting to get in
To see Unemployment Benefit
By a writer with a pseudonym
So I played them a tune
By the light of the moon

And then held out my hat
But all I got was a pile of bills
All Including VAT

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When the sun is getting low
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For the river side
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So I had a dance with my shadow
But I don't think he was impressed
His legs and arms were twenty foot long
And he was badly dressed
It was then the howling squad car
Pulled up by my side
And two laughing policemen in one coat
Asked me to take a ride
They arrested me for Indocency
As I was dancing a jig
And took me in for chemistry
As a guinea pig
They dragged me into the back room
And injected a disease
But when I showed no symptoms
They offered me some cheese

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The doctor said see here boy
We know you're anti-state
But give us some of those anti-bodies
And we'll secure your fate
So I made a deal all signed and sealed
And waited for my pay
While the private eye cured the town
And made a kill that day
I saw Big Doc's rise to fame
On the T. V. in the lounge
And I said to the nurse
That takes the biscuit

Is there some tea that I can scrounge
But she kicked me out on the street
With only two pints of blood
So I played my pipe to my friends the rats
And the city began to flood

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