

Humble Pie "Beckton Dumps"

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Baby!
I can't seem to open my eyes
But I must get out of this bed
'Cause the phone keeps ringing downstairs
And I know that this ain't no place for a sleepy head
I go down to my chest
Oh! Yer!
Put on my old string vest
Swing it on baby
Well I feel like I'm in need
So I go back up for a smoke
And then I slip back in my easy chair
Then I give my lucky dog a stroke
Well he just gives me a wink
And I know what that mean now
Well it mean that I need to put on his lead
If I don't want a mess on my cheap pan
That's cool
'Cause I know I can trust him
To grab the fuzz if they bust in
Get him boy! Oh! yer!
Well what does it take
To make a jelly roll?
Who can you sell?
When I wake up to a grey day
How do I ship away so easily?
Oh!
Baby!
Baby!
Well I feel too old to get a hair cut
And I ain't had a shave in months
Now when I don't go out
I keep my door shut
And I get on back to good old Beckton Dumps
Drowning!
Now warn ya!
I'll be right back!
I won't go there!

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