

Ian Dury "Eugenius"

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Now here's a story of a little lad
With a Polish Mum and a Russian Dad
Whose bosses said this love was bad
They sent his Dad to Leningrad

His Mum got ill and soon she died
A Polish orphan was certified
They stuck the little boy inside
For years and years he cried and cried

Eugenius, you're a genius
Eugenius, you're a genius

Eugenius grew to be eighteen
With a father he'd not heard nor seen
A Polish Dad for whom love was mean
Set his sights on stage and screen

An actor now in a traveling show
The troupe performed in old Moscow
The father whom he did not know
Turned up and begged him not to go

Eugenius, you're a genius
Eugenius, you're a genius

Two days of vodka drunken race
With vodka tears upon his face
His father to his own disgrace
Said "Poland's such a little place"

"While over here I've got it made
The Russian rules must be obeyed
I investigate the black market trade
And I'm the one who must be obeyed"

Eugenius, you're a genius
Eugenius, you're a genius

A voice said "No, I'll go alone
To the only home I've ever known
To start a family of my own

Such is the seed that you have sown"

And then he heard that his Dad was dead
With a Russian bullet in his head
So he wrote to Moscow for some bread
"Forget it son", was all they said

Eugenius, you're a genius,
Eugenius, you're a genius,
(repeat to end)

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