

## Ian Dury And The Blockheads "Apples"

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Delilah the dancer from Soho  
Was making her way down the lane  
Simpson from Harrow  
Had fruit on his barrow  
He sold it for love and for gain

Simpson said, "Hello, young woman"  
"My Pippins are lovely today"  
"Don't be suspicious"  
"Of Golden Delicious"  
"Whatever your granny might say"

There only apples, red and green  
Apples, lovely, ripe and juicy and especially for you  
Right off me barrow, me old cock sparrow  
Apples, red and green

Delilah the dancer from Soho  
Took ages to make up her mind  
Simpson said, "Madam,"  
"You'd know if you'd 'ad 'em"  
"That these are the very best kind"

"This is the pick of the orchard"  
"Forgive me a figure of speech"  
"But apples like these here"  
"Just don't grow on trees, dear"  
"And this one is really a peach"

There only apples, red and green  
Apples, lovely, ripe and juicy and especially for you  
Right off my barrow, my old cock sparrow  
Apples, red and green

Simpson picked out a green apple  
He polished it up on his sleeve  
He said, "Do me a favour"  
"And savour the flavour"  
"Of what you're about to receive"

Delilah the dancer from Soho  
Accepted his gift with a smile

She said, "It looks like a good 'un"  
"It'll do for my pudden"  
"I'll get round to it after a while"

There only apples, red and green  
Apples, lovely, ripe and juicy and especially for you  
Right off my barrow, my old cock sparrow  
Apples, red and green

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