

Ian Dury & The Blockheads

"Dance Of The Screamers"

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So I'm screaming this to you, waaagh
From the last place in the queue, waaah, waaah
I really think you'd like me given half a chance
But since we ain't got that, I'll do the screamers' dance

Some of us are ugly angel, some of us are only small
Some of us are useless sailor, they haven't got the
where with all
We went and missed the ending, babe, we never quite
caught the bus
We never speak our minds, my love, we ain't got
nothing to discuss

Some of us are useless, love it comes from facing up
to facts
It's hard to be a hero handsome when you've had your
helmet cracked
Cheerfulness is catching sweetie when the fevers you
have got
We've got a temperature, my dear, but we simply
haven't got the hots

So I'm screaming this to you, waaagh
Silly season, skies are blue, waaah, waaah, waaah
I hardly ever think, I've made a small advance
I keep my elbows in and do the screamers' dance,
dance

Waw, some of us are stupid sister, some of us are very
shy
Some of us get nervous chicken when you look us in
the eye
We're ever so pathetic, chickie, we know quite well that
we try too hard
Some of us were born like this while others got it by the
yard

So I'm screaming this to you, waaagh
'Cos I haven't got a clue, wuaarh
I really think I'd like you given half the chance
As we ain't got that, I'll do the screamers dance

Waaagh, waaagh
Waaagh, waaagh
Waaagh

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