

Ian Dury And The Blockheads "Father"

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Father's very noisy with his vines
Says "there all the same, it makes you sick"
Need a bleeding boot up their behinds
That would bloody shift them double quick

Father drops his toffee after tea
all them monkeys sprouting their advice
Bleeding bloody berks, believe you me
Twenty times as much for half the price

Into the kitchen, mother (mother)
The kettle's got a hard-on
You can't call this dripping
It hasn't got no lard on (father)
(father)
(father)
(father)
(father)

Father's in the khazi half-an-hour
"What's it all about?", is what I think
Shove them all inside the bloody Tower
Blinking, bloody, bleeding sappy pink (?)

Into the kitchen, mother (mother)
The kettle's got a hard-on
You can't call this dripping
It hasn't got no lard on (father)
(father)
(father)
(father)
(father)

Hahahahaha
Hahahahaha
Hahahahaha...

Father's drops his toffee after tea
"What's it all about?", is what I think
Bleeding load of berks, believe you me
Shove them all inside the bleeding clink

Get them off you, mother
And see what's on the telly
The buttons on your nightie
Are getting on my nelly

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