

Ian Dury And The Blockheads "Oh, Mr. Peanut"

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Oit, rotten hat
Where'd you get that haircut?
Brent Cross Shopping Centre?
I bet your mother feeds you with a catapult

Oh, Mr. Shagnasty
A bit of give and take
You call me a divvy
And I think you're a snake

Oh, Mr. Knittingcrutch
Come on for heaven's sake
Stick your finger up your nose
'Cos you give me the ache

Oh, Mr. Peanut
I don't like you at all
Not only are they poisonous
But your eyes are much too small

Oh, Mr. Pastrydraws
You haven't got a clue
So stick you finger up your nose
And paint your money blue

I sure monsieur of course you must joking
Oh yeah mein hier you must be up the creek
What's more signor the finger that you're poking
That finger stands to reason so to speak

Oh, Mr. Horribleness
That's enough of that
You'll call me a ninny
And you're a stupid twat

Oh, Mr. Horsebreath
Why don't you piss right off?
Stick your finger up your nose you toff

I'm sure monsieur I know that you're a jubbly
Oh yeah mien hier for certain that you're cracked
What's more signor you look a little bit wobbly

And we suggest you put your finger back

For all your life's offences you ain't nothing but a
creep

You're mouth is full a sugar, you're guts are fast
asleep

So stick your finger up your nose and leave it there for
keeps

I hate you Mr Peanut you really make me weep,
hahahaahaahahahhahah

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