

## Ian Dury And The Blockheads "Pam's Moods"

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When me and Pam  
Are hand in hand  
We make a lovely pair  
But when we fight  
Her awful spite  
Is more than I can bear

she gives me the business, I loose all self control  
the curse of fifty wintches making wormwood of my  
soul

a life of broken china and sneering yellow hate  
Ooh, derision and contusion and things that nauseate

ruptures of the psyche, Vexation in the head  
poison in my coffee and needles in my bed  
mischief in the midriff, tensions of the spine  
ooh, underhand aspersions that really are unkind

pam's moods  
(yeah, come on now)  
pam's moods  
pam's moods  
pam's moods

An abject little toady her skolding makes of me  
ooooh, why is she so bitter every time we disagree?

pam's moods  
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