

Ian Dury And The Blockheads

"Poor Joey"

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I'm Joey the Budgie, I'm a boy or a girl
I'm probably the most typical caged bird in the world
In Cranham or Hounslow I sit on my perch
Old Mother Nature's left me right in the lurch

This is my routine: first I ponder and peck
I look in the mirror and I shit on the deck
I try to fly, I bang my head
I think of something creative instead

I ruffle my feathers and have a good scratch
Spend at least half an hour trying to undo my catch
Not as though I want to be deleted by an owl
I've got to fight this awful situation somehow

Poor Joey *who's a pretty boy then?*

Poor Joey
Poor Joe
Poor Joey
A bundle of joy then
Poor Joey *hello!*

How the ruddy hell does she expect me to speak
With half a ton of cuttlefish stuck in my beak?
I go into a moody, disdainfully preen
Iâ€™m just to upset to mutter something obscene

I appreciate the difficulties of owning a pet
Speaking as a budgie, it's like Russian Roulette
I was bred for the purpose and I shouldn't complain
I know you'll forgive me when I sing this refrain

Poor Joey *she's a right bastard!*

Poor Joey
Poor Joe
Poor Joey
Every Christmas they try to get me plastered
Poor Joey *hello!*

Joey the Budgie, I'm a boy or a girl
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Old Mother Nature's left me right in the lurch

Poor Joey *who's a pretty boy then?*

Poor Joey

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A bundle of joy then

Poor Joey *hello!*

Poor Joey

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Poor Joey *who's a pretty boy then?*

Poor Joe *hello!*

Poor Joey

Poor Joe *cheerio!*

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