

Ian Dury And The Blockheads "Twenty Tiny Fingers Sore Throat Mix"

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she put on the light in the middle of the night
the wet stuff's here let's go
I grabbed a sock and called the doc
he told me don't be slow
I got down there with time to spare
and then I sat on pins
until the doctor shook my hand
and told me you've got twins

twenty tiny fingers
twenty tiny toes
two angel faces
each with a turnedup nose

one looks like the mummy
with the cutest little curl on top
the other one got a big a bald spot
exactly like his pop

pop, pop,
pop. pop. pop
pop. pop.,pop, pop. pop-pop

oh we got the bibs and a bottles and cribs
'round our dear old flat
no time to see what's on TV
no-where to hang my hat
we're never alone, we are never done
it's like a steeple chase
well they came in, and they took over
like they own the place

twenty tiny fingers
twenty tiny toes
two angel faces
each with a turnedup nose

one looks like the mummy
with the cutest little curl on top
the other's one got a big bald spot
exactly like his pop

pop, pop,
pop. pop. pop
pop. pop, pop, pop. pop-pop

twice the laundry, twice as bibs
twice the baby-grows
double this and double that
oh how the money goes

mum and me we both agree
when all is said and done
we've got twice the headache
and we got double fun

twenty tiny fingers
twenty tiny toes
two angel faces
with a turned up nose

one looks like the mummy
with the cutest little curl on top
the other's one got a big bald spot
exactly like his pop

pop, pop, pop pop pop
pop, pop, pop, pop, pop
pop, pop, pop--pop

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