

Ivor Biggun

"The Son Of John Thomas Allcock"

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"Can you 'ear me mother?"
"Some bloke come up to me and 'e said
'I'm a w...ank"
"When I'm cleanin' windows"
"He winked his ass'ole in and out
He made his balls inflate
'Til they resembled the giant globes
That stand at the garden gate"
"'Ere, what 'ave you got in your 'and?"
"Ooh, you are awful, but I like you..."

John Thomas Allcock
He had gigantic g*nitalia
He lived next door to mother
Then he buggered off to Australia
And nine months later I was born
And the midwife upped and said
"Shall I tie a knot in his belly-button cord
Or else in this instead?"
I never, ever looked like father
I scarcely even looked like Ma
And I was an outcast in my home
Everybody say "aaaah" (aaaah)

London - New York - Paris - Wigan
Everybody's talking about Ivor Biggun

I wandered lonely as a clod
Where folks could never find me
With several yards of pork clarinet
Trailing on the ground behind me
But then in a gent's ur*nal
In nineteen seventy-nine
I caught a glimpse of a d*nger
With a birthmark just like mine
"Allcock's the name", it's owner said
"But you can call me John
Remember me to mother"
I said "F*ck me, I'm the son of..."

The man with the biggest pl*nker in the world
He keeps it in his trousers tightly curled

It's a yard-and-a-half if it's an inch
And it's more if it's unfurled, oh woah,
He's the man with the biggest pl*nker in the world

John Thomas Allcock
He had a five foot seven incher
And I'd inherited five foot six
And balls like a doberman pinscher
Now I don't look like daddy
Or the milkman or the lodger
But I can match John Thomas in
Dimensions of the nodger
And like my Pop before me
When dirty deeds are done
The girls line up each morning
For the rising of the son of...

The man with the biggest pl*nker in the world
He keeps it in his trousers tightly curled
It's a yard-and-a-half if it's an inch
And it's more if it's unfurled, oh woah,
He's the man with the biggest pl*nker in the world

Just like John Thomas Allcock
I really am the ladies' treat
Though I only have two hands
I usually swing several feet
I'm following father's footsteps
Down the path that he once trod
I have outstanding trousers
And a job with Dyno-rod
Impressions of an elephant?
Watch me pick up that bun
They call me Ivor Biggun
But really I'm the son of...

Chorus

John Thomas Allcock he died, he did
And it seems to me
That all what I inherited
Is slappin' down below my knee
But still I see him in my dreams
With trousers chock-o-block
Pole-vaulting around the bedroom
And tripping over his c*ck
In his last Willie and T*sticle
He said "My race is run
But girls beware of that twat there
Who reckons he's the son of..."

The man with the biggest pl*nker in the world
He keeps it in his trousers tightly curled
It's a yard-and-a-half if it's an inch
And it's more when it's unfurled, oh woaah,
He's the man with the biggest pl*nker in the world
He's the man with the biggest pl*nker
What an enormous stonker
He's the man with the biggest pl*nker in the world

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