

# Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Twenty Tiny Fingers

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

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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

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