

Ian Dury, Byline Brown

I'm here to find out what makes you tick
I'm here to discover the secret you
I intend to reveal you're crooked and sick
I don't give a damn if none of it's true

There's a Byline Browne from the national press
That is how I earn my wages
I bring exposure and distress
As I spread your guts across the centre pages

I'm here to solicit your innermost thoughts
I'm fuelled by jealousy, venom and drink
I poke in your dustbins and I lurk round the courts
I puke up your portrait in bright yellow ink

There's a Byline Browne of the popular press
The man who bought you babies for sale
I'll blackmail your neighbour and look up your dress
But come what may I'll tell my tale

I cover each item as issues arise
With a stain on the fabric of tissue of lies
I fuck up your family, your future and friends
And I'll see you in hell before my story ends

I'm a reporter with senses and hunches
Somebody's daughter's turned into a junkie
I'm a reporter with expenses and lunches
And a whiskey and water, and I don't give a monkey's