

Ian Dury, Fly In The Ointment

Fly in the ointment
Stain on the character
Dust on the wainscot
Hair on the gate

Bee in the bonnet
Ash on the waistcoat
Flake on the shoulder
Crack in the plate

Eye on the clock
Bat in the belfry
Head in the sand
Kick up the arse

Smudge on the collar
Hands in the paint
Flea in the ear
Snake in the grass

I thought that you love me
'Cos that's what you said
Climb on the table
Pat on the bed

The further you love me
You were taking the piss-tic
Out of the frying pan
Into the mystic

Rock in the carpet
Gap in the market
The open umbrella
But wait in the hall

An old bit of gum
With nowhere to park it
Soldier of fortune
Ear on the wall

I thought that you loved me
Cos that's how I felt
Kick in the bollocks
Under the belt

I thought that you loved me
Now I know I'm a prune
I wish through the window
(this line is so mumbled I doubt he knows what he said)

Knot in the hanky
Rat on the landing
Little bit hanging
Pain in the bum

Mind your own business
Only one standing
Wrong side of the bed
Terrible hum

I thought that you loved me
Cos that's what you said
Grub on the table
Hat on the bed

I thought that you loved me
You were taking the piss-tic
Out of the frying pan
Into the mystic

(note: the noises in the last verse and chorus are just him making
Rolf Harris type noises, he doesn't actually say any proper words)