

# 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)