

Ian Dury, Plaistow Patricia

Arseholes, bastards, fucking cunts and pricks
Aerosol, the bricks
A lawless brat from a council flat, oh-oh
A little bit of this and a little bit of that, oh-oh
Dirty tricks.

From the Mile End Road to the match-stick Beacontree
Pulling strokes and taking liberties
She liked it best when she went up west, oh-oh
You can go to hell with your 'well, well, well', oh-oh.

Who said good things always come in threes ?
Reds and yellows, purples, blues and greens
She turned the corner before she turned fifteen
She got into a mess on the NHS, oh-oh
It runs down your arms and settles in your palms, oh-oh.

Keep your eyeballs white and keep your needle clean
Plaistow Patricia, Plaistow Patricia
Plaistow Patricia, Plaistow Patricia.

Her tits had dropped, her arse was getting spread
She lost some teeth, she nearly lost the thread
She did some smack with a Chinese chap, oh-oh-oh
An affair began with Charlie Chan, oh-oh.

Well, that was just before she really lost her head, aow
Now she owns a showroom down the Mile End Road
And her outer garments are the latest mode
There's a Siamese cat in the council flat, oh-oh
The finest grains for my lady's veins, oh-oh.

And when it gets out of order, she goes away for a bit
Plaistow Patricia, Plaistow Patricia
Plaistow Patricia, Plaistow Patricia
Plaistow Patricia, Plaistow Patricia
Ohh, go on, girl.