## 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.