

Ian Dury, Poo-Poo In The Prawn

I took a sudden notion
To go down to the ocean
I'd got my sun-tan lotion
My flippers and my mask

In proper distribution
Of fully-formed ablutions
Formed an ocean of pollution
In which I daredn't bask

Some turds were teeny-tiny
And some were big and shiny
But they all fucked up the briney
In which I dipped my toe

If you go swimming in the shite-us
You'll get worse than dermititis
From the sea of grey detritus
Where the sewage ebbs and flows

There's no respite
From the cess-pit
No shelter from the pong
The poor old ocean
Is full of motions
Where the hell did we go wrong?

Like a lamb off to the slaughter
Pored myself a glass of water
I failed to spot I'd caught a
Little creature in my cup

I was well and truly bolleaux-ed
From the fires of hell that followed
T'was the cup of life I'd swallowed
And it almost did me up

Something coming
Through the plumbing
That should not be there at all
The glass is brimming
And things are swimming
And quite frankly, I'm appalled

I was a very hungry fella
I defrosted my paella
Came down with Salmonella
Three weeks intensive care

They failed to send technicians in
To check the air-conditioning
Which was unfortunately transmissioning
A case of Legionnaires

There's a malaise
In the mayonnaise
There's a poo-poo in the prawn
Where we missed them
In the system
Little germs are being born
There's no respite
From the cess-pit
There's no shelter from the pong
Where the hell did we go wrong?

