

Fish, Punch And Judy

Washing machine, pinstripe dream stripped the gloss from a beauty queen
Punch and Judy, Judy, Judy
Found our nest in the Daily Express, met the Vicar in a holy vest
Punch and Judy, Punch and Judy
Brought up the children, Church of E, now I vegetate with a color TV
Worst ever thing that happened to me, oh for D-I-V-O-R-C-E
Oh Judy
Whatever happened to pillow fights?
Whatever happened to jeans so tight? Friday nights?
Whatever happened to Lover's lane?
Whatever happened to passion games? Sunday walks in the pouring rain?
Punch, Punch, Punch and Judy
Punch, Punch, Punch
Curling tongs, mogadons
I got a headache baby, don't take so long
Single beds, middle age dread, losing the war in the waistlands spread
Who left the cap off the toothpaste tube, who forgot to flush the loo?
Leave your sweaty socks outside the door
Don't walk across my polished floor.
Oh Judy
Whatever happened to morning smiles?
Whatever happened to wicked wiles? Permissive styles?
Whatever happened to twinkling eyes?
Whatever happened to hard fast drives? Compliments on unnatural size?
Punch, Punch, Punch and Judy
Punch, Punch, Punch
Propping up a bar, family car, sweating out a mortgage as a balding clerk
Punch and Judy
World War Three, suburbanshee, just slip her these pills and I'll be free
No more Judy, Judy, Judy no more