

Gilbert O'Sullivan, Permissive Twit

Oh Heaven help our Linda
She's really done it now
What's more it's all so obvious
I mean her stomachs sticking out
If father tells me' mother
She's bound to have a fit
Followed by a neat convulsion
Thanks to our permissive twit
She thinks his name was Ronald
Or was it Sid or Len
The only thing that's certain
Is that it wasn't Bill or Ben
Our parish priest God bless him
The very reverend Father Pitt
Will no doubt be preaching sermons
To our dear Permissive Twit
By now the word
Will no doubt have been heard
By almost every bleeding nosy parker in our alley
all except that is
Our own great aunt Liz
Who I hear's been deaf since the day our Grace
recorded Sally, Sally, Sally

(Break)

Unless we raise the money
She'll have to let it out
What I mean is she will have to
Have it the right way wrong way about
In other words let nature
Take its course and do its bit
For the sake of those concerned with
Own dear permissive
Dear permissive twit