Goldfinger, Up The Junction

I never thought it could happen
With me and that girl from Clapham
Out on the windy collumn
That night I ain't forgotten
While she dreamt of the rations
With some or other passion
I said you are a lady
Perhaps she said I may be

We moved into a basement
With thoughts of our engagement
We stayed in by the telly
Although the room was smelly
We spent our time just kissin'
The Runway Arms we'd missin'
I licked her in the evening
And then again this morning

I got a job with Stanley
He said I'd come in handy
He started me on Monday
So I had a bath on Sunday
I worked eleven hours
And bought the girl some flowers
She said she'd seen a doctor
And nothing now could stop her

I worked all through the winter
The weather brass and bitter
I put away a tenner
Each week to make her better
And when the time was ready
We had to sell the telly
And evenings by the fire
And little kicks inside her

This moring at 4:50
I took her rather nifty
Down to an incubator
And thirty minutes later
She gave birth to a daughter
Within a year I walk her
She looked just like her mother
If there could be another

And now she's two years older
Her mother's with a soldier
She left me when my drinking
Became a proper stinging
The devil came and took me
From bar to street to bookie
No more nights by the telly
No more nights nappies smelling

Alone here in the kitchen
I feel there's something missing
I'd beg for some forgiveness
But beggin's not my business
And she won't write a letter
And though I always tell her
And so it's my assumption
I'm really up the junction