

Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Ballad Of The Sun

are we rolling?
here we go then
and 1,2, 3
2, 2, 3

a boy was born to Jack and Marge
In 1951
and what is love, is love, is love
and what is done, is done
the baby grew in size and rage
beyond his normal years
and when there's blood on every page
the diary ends in tears

1-2-3-4
and I won't forget the 'Strangler
he's a lesson to us all
a night in shinning armor
and nearly ten feet tall
I won't forget the 'Strangler
he's the Bournemouth Buckaroo
his freinds will always weep for him
and this I tell you true

I met him up in Finchly the man from TFA
he drove a balck three-tonner containing our PA
he wore a thousand earings and a diamond on his tooth
his multi-hued probosis betrayed a stormy youth
the 'Strangler on his roller-skates was over 6 foot ten
he had a double set of documents in the names of other men
been on the road or off the road a thousand times sinse then
I only wish there'd come a chance to do it all again

and I won't forget the 'Strangler
and nor will many more
salute the Mighty 'Strangelr
hear the might 'Strangler roar
I wont' froget the 'Strangler
he's as volotile as wind
if no-one's getting loopy, then no-one's getting chinned

later in the saga, we come to chapter two
of big Pete Rush the 'Strangler, the Bournemouth buckaroo
we hit the road together, the Blockheads and thier crew
a gramm of wiz, a drop of vod, a can of special brew
from Spain to San Fransico we blazed the funky trail
with occational diosbursements to keep the Strangler out of jail
when we got to New York City we had to let him go
'cose the dramas going on backstage were better than the show

and I won't forget the 'Strangler
and this point we drift apart
he said you placed a dagger now
right in my strawberry tart
full bound for death or glory
and worth his wieght in gold
when the devil made the 'Strangler, he threw away the mold

these are the scars of the life that I lead
the veins are drink and the nose is from speed
a Stanley knife here which had me well geed
do I get cut and do I not bleed?
each purple patch upon my face
shall rudley chart my fall from grace

I will not pass the loving cup until the patches all join up!

then Jenny came and told the news that big Pete Rush had died
and me and Baxter were so sad, it was a pity, how we cried
the mighty Sulphate Strangler was the last on of his breed
now he's got a white three-tonner and he's knocking out Godspeed

and I won't forget the Strangler
and nor will many more
salute the might Strangler
hear the might Strangler roar
I won't forget the Strangler
he's as volotile as wind
he takes the world's incumberence
when it wasn't him who sinned

I won't forget the Strangler
I wish he hadn't died
Now he's hanging out with Lynott across the great devide
I won't forget the strangler
he's worth his wieght in gold
when the devil made the strangler he threw away the mold

and I won't forget the Strangler
and I won't forget the Strangler
and I won't forget the Strangler
and I won't forget the Strangler