

# Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Bed O. Roses No.

I've done a lot of things I wished I hadn't  
There's other things I never hope to do  
But sliding off the map in both directions  
Is the sorry mess i've made of knowing you

I've seen a lot of things I wished I hadn't  
There's other things I never hope to see  
But no-one left alive could paint a picture  
Of the mess that knwoing you has made of me

I knew it wouldn't be a bed of roses  
I've seen the bloody grind that love entails  
But one door shuts and then anotehr closes  
And now i'm on a bloody bed of nails

Been told a lot of things I wished I hadn't  
There's other things I never hope to know  
But sliding off the scale of least remeberance  
Is the way you chose to tell me where to go

I've been a lot of things I wished I hadn't  
There's other things I never hope to be  
But no-one left alive could tell the story  
Of the mess that knowing you has made of me

I knew it might turn out to be a schtumer  
Nothing would surprise me anymore  
You robbed me of my natural sense of humour  
And then you nailed my bollocks to the door  
And you nailed my poor cojones to the door