

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