

# Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Crippled With Nerves

I could give her the respect she deserves  
But I can't cos I'm crippled with nerves  
Just to take in my arms, hold her tight  
But I'm sorry, I'm shaking with fright

I could touch her  
I could tell her  
I'm a very lucky fella  
I'd cancel all proper reserves  
But my hope is all gone  
Got the fears coming on  
And I'll die cos I'm crippled with nerves

How I wish she'd ask for a smile  
She won't, I tremble a while  
She's gone to my luck and my shame  
Silly trying to stifle the pain

Could have touched her  
Could have told her  
The weight is on my shoulder  
My sadness my purpose deserves  
And the day turns to grey  
The pain turns this way  
I'll die cos I'm crippled with nerves