

Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Dance Little Rude

Hey, with your natty threads and your nifty dreads
And your Dagenham royal swagger
With your tricky spiels and your Cuban heels
And the face of a carpet-bagger

With your sweet cologne and your mobile phone
And the moves of a desperado
You will cut a swathe on your gangster's lathe
And an overdose of bravado

We see your double hip to the trippy tip
And your searching every quarter
You can throw more shapes than a jackanapes
To someone's lovely daughter

So dance little rude boy, dance
Dance little rude boy, dance
Dance little rude boy, dance
You've got to know something

Drive me to distraction
Drive me really mad
Drive me to the action
Take me one more tad

Drive me to the west wing
Drive me to the right
Drive me to the best thing
That has happened to me all night

Hey, you turned up trumps in your purple pumps
And a little bit of made to measure
With your shiny frock and your yellow socks
You're addressing it to your pleasure

With an urchin crop and a skimpy top
You've got to have a good thing going
With your lazy grace and your crazy face
Who cares if your slip is showing?

Now we can see you're hip to the mother ship
When you pop into the north horizon
You're the one who's having all the fun
With everybody's eyes on

So dance little rude girl, dance
Dance little rude girl, dance
Dance little rude girl, dance
You've got to know something

Make me go bananas
Make me feel so right
Take me to Navana
And leave me there all night

Make me hit the ceiling
Send me round the bend
Take me back to Ealing
When the evening ends

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