

# Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Father

Father's very noisy with his vines  
Says 'there all the same, it makes you sick'  
Need a bleeding boot up their behinds  
That would bloody shift them double quick

Father drops his toffee after tea  
all them monkeys sprouting their advice  
Bleeding bloody berks, believe you me  
Twenty times as much for half the price

Into the kitchen, mother (mother)  
The kettle's got a hard-on  
You can't call this dripping  
It hasn't got no lard on (father)  
(father)  
(father)  
(father)  
(father)

Father's in the khazi half-an-hour  
'What's it all about?', is what I think  
Shove them all inside the bloody Tower  
Blinking, bloody, bleeding sappy pink (?)

Into the kitchen, mother (mother)  
The kettle's got a hard-on  
You can't call this dripping  
It hasn't got no lard on (father)  
(father)  
(father)  
(father)  
(father)

Hahahahaha  
Hahahahaha  
Hahahahaha...

Father's drops his toffee after tea  
'What's it all about?', is what I think  
Bleeding load of berks, believe you me  
Shove them all inside the bleeding clink

Get them off you, mother  
And see what's on the telly  
The buttons on your nightie  
Are getting on my nelly