

Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Fucking Ada

Moments of sadness, moments of guilt
Stains on the memory, stains on the quilt
Chapter of incident, chapter and verse
Sub-heading chronic, paragraph worse

Lost in the limelight, backed in the blaze
Did it for nine pence, those were the days
Give me my acre and give me my plough
Tell me tomorrow, don't bother me now

Fucking Ada, fucking Ada
Fucking Ada, fucking Ada

Times at a distance, times without touch
Greed forms the habit of asking to much
Followed at bedtime by builders and bells
Wait 'til the doldrums which nothing dispels

Idly, mentally, doubtful and dread
Who runs with the beans shall not stale with the bread
Let me lie fallow and dormant dismay
Tell me tomorrow, don't bother today

Fucking ada, fucking ada
Fucking ada, fucking ada

Tried like a good 'un, did it all wrong t
Thought that the hard way was taking to long
To late for regret or chemical change
Yesterday's targets have gone out of range

Failure infolds me with clammy green arms
Damn the excursions and blast the alarms
For the rest of what's natural I'll lay on the ground
Tell me tomorrow if I'm still around

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