

Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Honeysuckle Highway

Exploring every avenue of love on the honeysuckle highway
Eschewing every vestige of regret we gaily slip along
Displaying all the evidence of mirth on the daffodyllic byway
And needing no excuse to have a laugh 'cos we're doing nothing wrong

You want magic? I'll provide it
You want daydream? I'm inside it
You want mystery? It will find you
You've got a moonbeam right behind you

Cruising down carnality canal in my canoe can I canoodle?
Rounding every bending that we're wending in a loopy disarray
Evinced all the properties of rapture with a sybaritic splendour
And shedding every nagging little fettle that is getting in the way

You want magic? I can do it
You want lovelight? Nothing to it
You want everything to be groovy?
You got me now, let's get moving

Come with me where the air is free
And spirits can in harmony unite
Swim with me in the rainbow sea
We're strangers to catastrophe tonight

Where all the clocks tell different times
And no-one finds the time to be uptight
Where sweet suggestions grow on trees
And love explodes as well indeed it might

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You want magic? Well, you've got it
You want licence? I forgot it
You want romance? Let's get busy
I've got magic to make you dizzy

Come with me to the special place
The first thing you get on your face, a smile
As secrets flourish in their space
So love will cherish every grace and style

When pressure's on another case
We get along without a trace of bile
Though memories we'll ne'er erase
Our happiness can run apace meanwhile

You wore a bandana, I wore navy blue
We met in Havana at quarter past two
Across the Savannah and down to the beach
You munched a banana, I nibbled a peach

You played a small solo, I muffled a drum
You offered a polo, I stuck with my gum
I danced a light polka, you threw a few hoops
I was Oscar Homolka, you were Marjorie Proops