

Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Inbetweenies

In the mirror, when I'm debonair
My reactions are my own affair
A body likes to be near the bone
Oh Nancy, Leslie, Jack and Joan
I die when I'm alone, alone

Shake your booty when your back is bent
Put your feelings where my mouth just went
As serious as things do seem
At least you've put me on the team
And friends do rule supreme, ok

Oh, pardon you, me
With a capital 'C'
And who would have thought
With a capital nought?
In between the lines

Ooohhhhhhhhhh

Spread your chickens when you think of next
What the Dickens if they're highly-sexed?
Through channels that were once canals
Do lift the heart of my morale
To know that we are pals, yes

Oh, vanity fair
With a capital 'V'
You give me a share
You take it from me
Oh, jolly good show
With a capital 'O'
It's terrific to go
Hellooo

Hello, hello, hello
Hello, hello, hello