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