

Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Itinerant Child

I took out all the seats and away I went
it's a right old banger and the chassis' bent
it's got a great big peace sign across the back
and most of the windos have been painted black

the windshield's cracked, it's a bugger to drive
it starts making smoke over forty-five
it's a psychedelic nightmare with a million leaks
it's home-sweet-home to ssome sweet arse freaks

slow down itinerant child, the road is full of danger
slow down itinerant child, there's no more 'welcome, stanger'

soon I was rumbling through the mornign fog
with my long haired children and my one eyed dog
with the trucks and the buses and the trailer-vans
my long throw horns playing Steely Dan

we straggled out for miles along the Beggar's Hill
when the word came donw that we'd lost Old Bill
you can bet your boots i'm coming when the times are hard
that's why they keep my dossier at Scotland Yard

slow down itinernat child, you're still accelerating
slow down itinerant child, the boys in blue were waiting
itinernat child don't do what your doing
itinerant child you'd better slow down

we drove into Happy Valley seeking peace and love
with a lone helicopter hanging up above
we didn't realise untill we hit the feild
there were four hundred cozzers holding riot sheilds

they terrorized our babies and they broke our heads
it's a stone fucking miracle there's no-one dead
they turned my ramshackle home into a burning wreck
my one-eyed dog got a broken neck

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