

# 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 phsychedelic 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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