

# Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Oh Mr. Peanut

Oit, rotten hat  
Where'd you get that haircut?  
Brent Cross Shopping Centre?  
I bet your mother feeds you with a catapult

Oh, Mr. Shagnasty  
A bit of give and take  
You call me a divvy  
And I think you're a snake

Oh, Mr. Knittingcrutch  
Come on for heaven's sake  
Stick your finger up your nose  
'Cos you give me the ache

Oh, Mr. Peanut  
I don't like you at all  
Not only are they poisonous  
But your eyes are much too small

Oh, Mr. Pastrydraws  
You haven't got a clue  
So stick you finger up your nose  
And paint your money blue

I sure monsieur of course you must joking  
Oh yeah mein hier you must be up the creek  
What's more signor the finger that you're poking  
That finger stands to reason so to speak

Oh, Mr. Horribleness  
That's enough of that  
You'll call me a ninny  
And you're a stupid twat

Oh, Mr. Horsebreath  
Why don't you piss right off?  
Stick your finger up your nose you toff

I'm sure monsieur I know that you're a jubbly  
Oh yeah mien hier for certain that you're cracked  
What's more signor you look a little bit wobbly  
And we suggest you put your finger back

For all your life's offences you ain't nothing but a creep  
You're mouth is full a sugar, you're guts are fast asleep  
So stick your finger up your nose and leave it there for keeps  
I hate you Mr Peanut you really make me weep, hahahaahaahahahhahah