## Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Pardon

New digs and prospects of a job New digs and prospects

Have I been half interested 'till now?
Breath and armpits stink
For Christ's sake please stay sweet
The ever present threat of hands that want to sweat
My head aches and I 'm bursting for a piss
Why should I subject myself to this?

Pardon, sort of, oh Pardon, y'know, oh Pardon, urm, oh Pardon, err, oh

My dreams will come true if I make the right impression Hope it looks okay I had it done today Was that me who laughed? Oh God I feel so daft Think I've got a new one on my nose Don't I look a lemon in these clothes?

Pardon, sort of, oh Pardon, y'know, oh Pardon, urm, oh Pardon, err, oh

Dear Jesus I doubt it's up to me
Must not look like a prawn
Dear dandruff do not form
My stomach's heaving, chaps
Made me a proper prat
My headaches and I need to be excused
Tell the truth you don't seem to amused

Pardon, sort of, oh Pardon, y'know, oh Pardon, urm, oh Pardon, err, oh Pardon, sort of, oh Pardon, y'know, oh Pardon, err, oh Pardon, sort of, oh Pardon, y'know, oh Pardon, urm, oh Pardon, urm, oh Pardon, err, oh