

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

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