

Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Profoundly In Love

My mother's heart and soul
Have gone halfway up the pole
My father's on the dole
This is taking its toll
My friend Bert is much too old
And his dog's beyond control
Though it sometimes seems they're droll
It's a nuisance on the whole

I'm profoundly in love with Pandora
My poem has an intellectual theme
The tenderness with which I adore her
Goes all bouncy in my dreams

Yesterday my chin was clear
Now a new spot has appeared
Barry Kent had cost me dear
Till my Grandma interfered
The BBC know I'm sincere
In making writing my career
Wish my mum would come back here
Lots of ups and downs this year

I'm profoundly in love with Pandora
She's got knee-socks and treacle-coloured hair
The tenderness with which I adore her
Is something fine and rare

But, my father's in a mess
And there's a great deal of stress
At our house
And my major concern
Is that things might return
To normal
So get rid of that creep
And come back to sleep
In our house
We both miss you mum
So hurry up and come
Back home

My mother's heart and soul
Have gone halfway up the pole

Though it sometimes seems they're droll
It's a nuisance on the whole

Yesterday my chin was clear
Now a new spot has appeared
Profoundly in love with Pandora

Wish my mum would come back here
Lots of ups and downs this year

I'm profoundly in love with Pandora
Things aren't always what they seem
The tenderness with which I adore her
Is indeed a love supreme