

# 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