

Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Razzle In My Pocket

In my yellow jersey, I went out on the nick.
South Street Romford, shopping arcade
Got a Razzle magazine, I never paid
Inside my jacket and away double quick.
Good sense told me, once was enough
But I had a cocky eye on more of this stuff
With the Razzle in my pocket, back to have another peek

Instead of being sneaky I strolled inside,
I put my thieving hand on something rude
I walked right out with a silhouette of nudes
'Hold on sonny' said a voice at my side
'I think you've taken one of my books'
Passers by gave me dirty looks
'Not me mister' I bravely lied

We stopped by the window of a jeweller's shop
'If it's money for your lunch, I'd have given you a loan
Have you got any form, were you on your own?
Round to the station and we'll tell the cops'
'I'm ever so ashamed, it was wicked and rash
Here's the book back, and here's the cash
I never stole before, I promise I'll stop'

'Crime doesn't pay, you've got honest eyes
If we go to the law another thief is born
And I'll get the book back, creased and torn
So return what you've taken and apologise'
I gave him back his nudie book
I said I was sorry, I slung my hook
With the Razzle in my pocket as the second prize

Ian's diction is superbly clear, although he drops his H's in the cockney manner. What's interesting is the verse form - this is a double sonnet - four stanzas each of seven lines, with a rhyme structure ABBABBA - evidence of Ian Dury's classical education. I'd suggest pulling the mp3 of this song off Napster and having on the english.pl website.