

# Ian Dury And The Blockheads, The Passing Show

When we were simple and na'ive  
We wore our feelings on our sleeve  
As we've grown jaded and corrupt  
Our manner's guarded and abrupt

Oh, how we'd smile most readily  
Whilst ploughing on unsteadily  
Now frowns are etched upon our face  
We can no longer stand the pace

Although we've got to go with the passing show  
It doesn't ever mean we haven't made the scene  
And what we think we know to what is really so  
Is but a smithereen of what it might have been

We'd sing in gay abandon then  
We'd get it wrong and try again  
As here we brood with doubts assailed  
Nothing ventured, nothing failed

When life itself can chart the course  
Then life's the product we endorse  
When circumstances tell of death  
We keep our counsel, save our breath

Our laughter rang around the world  
When we were happy boys and girls  
As now we baulk and hesitate  
Encumbrance comes to those who wait

But when we're torn from mortal coil  
We leave behind a counterfoil  
It's what we did and who we knew  
And that's what makes this story true