

Ian Dury And The Blockheads, You'll See Glimps

(entirely spoken in lucid reflective manner):

You'll see.

They think I'm off my crust as I creep about the caff.
But I'm really getting ready to surprise them all.
Because I'm busy sorting out the problems of the world.
And when I reveal all, I may get a crinkly mouth.
I've given my all to the task at hand unstintingly.
When it's all over, I'll rest on my laurels.

Here for a moment is a glimpse of my plan:
All kids will be happy learning things.
The wind will smell of wild flowers.
Nobody will whack each other about with nasty things.
All the room in the world.

They take me for a mug because I smile.
They think I'm too out of tune to mind being patronised.
All in all, it's been another phase in my chosen career,
And when my secrets are out, they'll bite their silly tongues.
All I want for my birthday is another birthday.
When skies are blue, we all feel the benefit.

Glimpse Number 2 for the listener.
Everyone will feel useful in lovely ways.
Trees will be firmly rooted in town and country.
Illness and despair will be dispensed with.
All the room in the world.

They ask me if I've had the voices yet.
They don't think I know any true answers.
It's true that I haven't quite finished yet.
When it all comes out in the wash, they'll eat their words.
I've got all their names and addresses.
Later on I'll write them each a thank-you letter.

Before I stop, here's a last glimpse into the general future.
Home rule will exist in each home, forever.
Every living thing will be another friend.
This wonderful state of affairs will last for always.
This has been got out by a friend.