

Ian Dury And The Blockheads, You're More Than

You're more than fair, you've got a gorgeous bum
Why don't you come to my house and meet my mum

I like your titties, they're nice and small
Let me have a squeeze in my front hall

Satin drawers I want to run a hand in
I want to snap them off you as we reach the landing

A tender moment, don't let nothing spoil it
I shall caress your clitoris as we reach the toilet

You're more than fair, you're warm and soft
Remove the trousers as we reach the loft

To taste the pudding, you've got to try the proof
You can try the pudding on the roof
The roof's the only place I know