

Ian Dury, Game On

Although I nearly broke my neck trying to break the ice
I think you're very nice
Let's go and have a drink
What'd you think?
Throw a six and go to jail

Although I've met a mouthy man or two before
You've got the highest score I'm sure
I don't mind if I do have a drink with you
Or two
Now you know

I'll try and pull the verbal back a bit
In case your ear-ache threatens our relationship
As a master crook I've found out I'm a div
So now I make a meagre living as a spiv
Suitcha self

I'm not sure I want to tell you much about me recently
It's hard to put it decently
I used to do exotic dances
But nowadays I concentrate on taking stupid chances

I feel like there's a bond with you
I'm getting very fond of you
It's good to correspond with you
Wish I could abscond with you

Well, well, ah well, well, well
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Well, well, ah well, well, well
Well, well, ah well, well, well

Welcome to my quarters, pull a bed up
Sorry it's a tip, it's furnished from a skip
I rarely entertain here, usually I roll back pissed
Get blocked and fall straight in and kip
More fool me

I'm a very nosy person - can I look?
God you've got a lot of books, haven't you?
I'm not much of a reader myself
Literature rather left me on the shelf as it were
I mean was

The days it isn't going well, I tell the world to go to hell
And slam up here with Edgar Allen Poe and Ruth Rendell
And I feel better straight away
That's all I can say about books

When I wake up and this is all gone
And something spoils it, it was all bollocks anyway
It will still be good

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