

# Ian Dury, Have A Word

Gotta sign the rent book  
Gotta do the laundry  
Then there's the electric  
The water and the gas  
Haven't stopped moaning  
Since we had the phone in  
The television rental  
Another bloody hass

Go up to the top of a very high mountain  
Go up to the top of a fresh air hill  
You can never stop when the money is counting  
Worry till you drop, till you pay your bills

Got a rotten head-ache  
Ready for a breakdown  
The pressure of the pressure  
Is more than I can bare  
The awfulness is spreading  
It's really done my head in  
I think I've been selected  
For more than my fair share

Go into the heart of the fresh air valley  
Go and have a drink from the mountain stream  
Go and have a word before you go doolally  
Have a Dicky Bird with your self-esteem

Putting pen to paper  
Applying for a loan  
Ain't got no collateral  
Nor's a cat in hell  
The bailiff's on the knocker  
I'm going off my rocker  
And as regards contentment  
I haven't had a smell

Go up to the top of a very high mountain  
Go up to the top of a fresh air hill  
You can never stop when the money is counting  
Working till you drop, till you pay your bills

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