

# Ian Dury, Poor Joey

I'm Joey the Budgie, I'm a boy or a girl  
I'm probably the most typical caged bird in the world  
In Cranham or Hounslow I sit on my perch  
Old Mother Nature's left me right in the lurch

This is my routine: first I ponder and peck  
I look in the mirror and I shit on the deck  
I try to fly, I bang my head  
I think of something creative instead

I ruffle my feathers and have a good scratch  
Spend at least half an hour trying to undo my catch  
Not as though I want to be deleted by an owl  
I've got to fight this awful situation somehow

Poor Joey \*who's a pretty boy then?\*

Poor Joey  
Poor Joe  
Poor Joey  
A bundle of joy then  
Poor Joey \*hello!\*

How the ruddy hell does she expect me to speak  
With half a ton of cuttlefish stuck in my beak?  
I go into a moody, disdainfully preen  
I'm just too upset to mutter something obscene

I appreciate the difficulties of owning a pet  
Speaking as a budgie, it's like Russian Roulette  
I was bred for the purpose and I shouldn't complain  
I know you'll forgive me when I sing this refrain

Poor Joey \*she's a right bastard!\*

Poor Joey  
Poor Joe  
Poor Joey  
Every Christmas they try to get me plastered  
Poor Joey \*hello!\*

Joey the Budgie, I'm a boy or a girl  
I'm probably the most typical caged bird in the world  
In Cranham or Hounslow I sit on my perch  
Old Mother Nature's left me right in the lurch

Poor Joey \*who's a pretty boy then?\*

Poor Joey  
Poor Joe  
Poor Joey  
A bundle of joy then  
Poor Joey \*hello!\*

Poor Joey  
Poor Joe  
Poor Joey  
Poor Joe  
Poor Joey \*who's a pretty boy then?\*

Poor Joe \*hello!\*

Poor Joey  
Poor Joe \*cheerio!\*