

# Ian Dury, Riding The Outskirts Of Fantasy

Little tests and odd requests  
Who loves, who loves, who the best?  
Little tasks, no questions asked  
The traitor is at last unmasked  
Little ploys, search and destroy  
Who brings, who brings, who more joy?  
Little snipes and frequent gripes  
Taken in by all the hype  
We're riding the outskirts of fantasy  
We're riding, we're riding, we ride  
We're hiding our loss of identity  
We're keeping our secrets inside  
Little tricks with walking sticks  
Who gives, who gives, who more kicks?  
Little smiles and wily wiles  
Got your name down on our files  
We're riding the outskirts of fantasy  
We're riding, we're riding, we ride  
We're hiding our loss of identity  
We're keeping our secrets inside  
I have done this and that  
I have been here and there  
I have tasted the fruit of the coco de mer  
I've devoted myself to a life without care  
And when all's said and done,  
I've done more than my share  
We're riding the outskirts of fantasy  
We're riding, we're riding, we ride  
We're hiding our loss of identity  
We're keeping our secrets inside  
Little games we name no names  
Who lost, who lost, who more aims?  
Little snares caught unawares  
The cupboard underneath the stairs  
We're riding the outskirts of fantasy  
We're riding, we're riding, we ride  
We're hiding our loss of identity  
We're keeping our secrets inside