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