

Ian Dury, Two Old Dogs Without A Name

Two old dogs without a name
Trucking down the road to glory
Seeking not to blaze in fame
But to leave a blazing story

Being roadies is their game
Rough of trouser, hair of hoary
They're the ones you cannot tame
Backline front and morning Tory

Theirs, the lifestyle that surpasses
They're the coolest of the classes
Yours is blonde and mine's got glasses
Give them both their backstage passes

Euro dogs without a draw
Punching down the road to Stuttgart
Not til Munich will they score
There's just enough to have a kick-start

Put the pedal through the floor
Whack this mother down the Ouststartt (?)
The bandit in at half-past four
Sound-check, sandwich and a sweetheart

Getting gear in, they're the masters
Couldn't rig it any faster
Break a leg in a disaster
Fix it with a sticking plaster

Two old dogs who know the gig
Piling feedback through the wedges
Hanging off the lighting rig
Miles of flex along the ledges

Twenty thousand and they're big
Get more in around the edges
Turn up sweaty at the lig
Such the perks and privileges

They're the hardest of the grafters
Lock the truck up to the rafters
Hear the sound of roadies after
In the hotel for their afters