

# Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Fucking Ada

Moments of sadness, moments of guilt  
Stains on the memory, stains on the quilt  
Chapter of incident, chapter and verse  
Sub-heading chronic, paragraph worse

Lost in the limelight, backed in the blaze  
Did it for nine pence, those were the days  
Give me my acre and give me my plough  
Tell me tomorrow, don't bother me now

Fucking Ada, fucking Ada  
Fucking Ada, fucking Ada

Times at a distance, times without touch  
Greed forms the habit of asking to much  
Followed at bedtime by builders and bells  
Wait 'til the doldrums which nothing dispels

Idly, mentally, doubtful and dread  
Who runs with the beans shall not stale with the bread  
Let me lie fallow and dormant dismay  
Tell me tomorrow, don't bother today

Fucking ada, fucking ada  
Fucking ada, fucking ada

Tried like a good 'un, did it all wrong t  
Thought that the hard way was taking to long  
To late for regret or chemical change  
Yesterday's targets have gone out of range

Failure infolds me with clammy green arms  
Damn the excursions and blast the alarms  
For the rest of what's natural I'll lay on the ground  
Tell me tomorrow if I'm still around

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