

Ian Dury And The Blockheads, Peter The Painter

Who's got the toughest brush with the sweetest strokes at the Royal Academy for Jack-the-lademy
Mr. Blake is the actual bloke at the Royal College of Useful Knowledge
He plays his part without complaint at the Royal Society for Insobriety
Gets his pencils and his paint from the Royal Commission for Intuition

It's not a fake it's a Peter Blake
It's navy blue, it's crimson lake
It takes the cake and no mistake,
For goodness' sake take a look at those Blakes

Who's paintings brighten any day, who draws each breath from loving life?
Who's golden beard and black beret, who's sharper than a palette knife?

He treasures every mortal scrap at the Royal Borough of Extremely Thorough
Peter Blake is the actual chap at the Royal Enclosure of Cool Composure
And such nice beauties do impart from the Royal Exchange of Rare and Strange
The wonders of his noble art at the Royal Tournament of Glad You're Born-ament

It's not a cheat, it's one of Pete's
It's Daisy darling, Libby sweet
To ease you mind and soothe your aches,
For goodness' sake take a look at those Blakes

It's Peter the painter
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It's Peter the painter
It's Peter the painter
Peter is going to paint a picture - for you

It's Sirlol the she-devil of naked madness, Wynken Blynken & Nod
Errol Flynn, Robert Melville, Elvis Presley and Cheetah the Monkey

It's Peter the painter
It's Peter the painter...