

Fucking Ada

Ian Dury & The Blockheads

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Moments of sadness, moments of guilt
Stains on the memory, stains on the quilt
Chapter of incidents, chapter and verse
Sub-heading chronic, paragraph worse
Lost in the limelight, baked 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 too 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 in 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
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
Fucking Ada, fucking Ada
Fucking Ada, fucking Ada
Fucking Ada, fucking Ada
(repeat lots)

Lyrics provided by

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