Poo-Poo In the Prawn

Ian Dury

I took a sudden notion
To go down to the ocean
I got my suntan lotion
My flippers and my maskIn proper distribution
Of fully formed ablutions
Formed an ocean of pollution
In which I dare sn't baskSome turds were teeny-tiny
And some were big and shiny
But they all fucked up the briney
In which I dipped my toe
If you go swimming in the shite-us
You'll get worse than dermititis
From the sea of grey detritus
Where the sewage ebbs and flowsThere's no respite
From the cesspit
No shelter from the pong
The poor old ocean
Is full of motions
Where the hell did we go wrong?Like a lamb off to the slaughter
Poured myself a glass of water
I failed to spot I'd caught a
Little creature in my cupI was well and truly bolleaux-ed
From the fires of hell that followed
'Twas the cup of life I'd swallowed
And it almost did me up
Something coming
Through the plumbing
That should not be there at all
The glass is brimming
And things are swimming
And quite frankly, I'm appalledWas a very hungry fella
I defrosted my paella
Came down with salmonella
Three weeks intensive careThey failed to send technicians in
To check the air-conditioning
Which was unfortunately transmissioning
A case of LegionnaireThere's a malaise
In the mayonnaise
There's a poo-poo in the prawn

Where we missed them
In the system
Little germs are being born
There's no respite
From the cesspit
There's no shelter from the pong
Where the hell did we go ...?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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