Big Nine

Judge Dread

Right, now you're all up on your feet, you can listen to Big 9.Polly Flinders sat by the cinders,
Warming her pretty feet,
A spark flew out, she gave out a shout,
'Cos it burnt her on her c*** and seat.Shalalalalingdongday, Alalalalalalalala,
Oh Oh.Tom Tom the piper's son,
Was always gay and hearty,
He met three fairies on the road,
They'd been to a goblin party.Shalalalalingdongday, Alalalalalalalala,
Oh Oh.The Queen of Hearts had a baby,
They fired guns and had a feast,
But when a choirgirl was pregnant,
They went and fired the priest,
(Dirty sod.)Rub-a-dub-dub, Dread's out in his tub,
Left all his troubles behind,
Plays five finger tunes on his organ,
If he don't stop soon, he'll go blind.Shalalalalingdongday, Alalalalalalalala,
Oh Oh.Little Miss Muffett has grown up,
From all her frills and frocks,
She's into Bowie and the Osmonds,
And all of the types of hard rock,
(What did you say?),
Rock,
(Oh, rock.)Shalalalalingdongday, Alalalalalalalala,
Oh Oh.Judge Dread he went streaking,
Into a lady's den,
She said "What's that you've got hanging?",
He said "It's only my Big Ten",
(What more do you want, blood?)Shalalalalalalalalala, Shalalalalalalalalala,
(Bye.)

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