Razzle In My Pocket

Ian Dury

In my yellow jersey, I went out on the nick.
South Street Romford, shopping arcade
Got a Razzle magazine, I never paid
Inside my jacket and away double quick.Good sense told me, once was enough
But I had a cocky eye on more of this stuff
With the Razzle in my pocket,
Back to have another peekInstead of being sneeky I strolled inside,
I put my thieving hand on something rude
I walked right out with a silhouette of nudes
'Hold on sonny' said a voice at my side'I think you've taken one of my books'
Passers by gave me dirty looks
'Not me mister' I bravely liedWe stopped by the window of a jeweller's shop
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We stopped by the window of a jeweller's shop'If it's money for your lunch, I'd have given you a loan
Have you got any form, were you on your own?
Round to the station and we'll tell the cops'
'I'm ever so ashamed, it was wicked and rash
Here's the book back, and here's the cash
I never stole before, I promise I'll stop''Crime doesn't pay, you've got honest eyes
If we go to the law another thief is born
And I'll get the book back, creased and torn
So return what you've taken and apologise'
I gave him back his nudie book
I said I was sorry, I slung my hook
With the Razzle in my pocket as the second prize

Songwriters
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