

Punch and Judy

Elliott Smith

Washing machine, pinstripe dream
Stripped the gloss from a beauty queen
Found our nest, in the Daily Express
Met the vicar in a holy vest
Brought up the children Church of E
Now I vegetate with a colour TV
Worst ever thing that ever happened to me
Oh, for D.I.V.O.R.C.E., oh Judy
Whatever happened to pillow fights
Whatever happened to jeans so tight, Friday nights
Whatever happened to lover's lane
Whatever happened to passion games
Sunday walks in the pouring rain
Curling tongs, mogadons
"I got a headache baby, don't take so long"
Single beds, middle age dread
Losing the war in the Waistlands spread
Who left the cap of the toothpaste tube
Who forgot to flush the loo
Leave your sweaty socks outside the door
Don't walk across my polished floor, oh Judy
Whatever happened to morning smiles
Whatever happened to wicked wiles, permissive styles
Whatever happened to twinkling eyes, hard fast drives
Complements on unnatural size
Propping up a bar, family car
Sweating out a mortgage as a balding clerk
World war three, suburbanshee
Just slip her these pills and I'll be free
No more Judy, Judy, Judy no more
Goodbye Judy

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