

# 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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