

Billericay Dickie

Ian Dury

Good evening, I'm from Essex
In case you couldn't tell
My given name is Dickie
I come from Billericay
And I'm doing very well

Had a love affair with Nina
In the back of my cortina
A seasoned-up hyena
Could not have been more obscener
She took me to the cleaners
And other misdemeanours
But I got right up between her
Rum and her Ribena

Well, you ask Joyce and Vicky
If candy-floss is sticky
I'm not a blinking thicky
I'm Billericay Dickie
And I'm doing very well

I bought a lot of Brandy
When I was courting Sandy
Took eight to make her randy
And all I had was shandy
Another thing with Sandy
What often came in handy
Was passing her a mandy
She didn't half go bandy

So, you ask Joyce and Vicky
If I ever took the mickey
I'm not a flipping thicky
I'm Billericay Dickie
And I'm doing very well

I'd rendez-vous with Janet
Quite near the Isle of Thanet
She looked more like a gannet
She wasn't half a prannet
Her mother tried to ban it
Her father helped me plan it
And when I captured Janet
She bruised her pomegranate

Oh, you ask Joyce and Vicky
If I ever shaped up tricky
I'm not a blooming thicky
I'm Billericay Dickie
And I'm doing very well

You should never hold a candle
If you don't know where it's been
The jackpot is in the handle
On a normal fruit machine

So, you ask Joyce and Vicky

Who's their favourite brickie
I'm not a common thicky
I'm Billericay Dickie
And I'm doing very well

I know a lovely old toe-rag
Obliging and noblesse
Kindly, charming shag from Shoeburyness
My given name is Dickie
I come from Billericay
I thought you'd never guess

So, you ask Joyce and Vicky
A pair of squeaky chickies
I'm not a flaming thicky
I'm Billericay Dicky
And I'm doing very well

Oh golly, oh gosh
Come and lie on the couch
With a nice bit of posh
From Burnham-on-Crouch
My given name is Dickie
I come from Billericay
And I ain't a slouch

So, you ask Joyce and Vicky
About Billericay Dickie
I ain't an effing thicky
You ask Joyce and Vicky
I'm doing very well