

Byline Browne

Ian Dury

I'm here to find out what makes you tick
I'm here to discover the secret you
I intend to reveal you're crooked and sick
And I don't give a damn if none of it's true

'Cos I'm Byline Browne from the national press
And that is how I earn my wages
I bring exposure and distress
As I spread your guts across the centre pages

I'm here to solicit your innermost thoughts
I'm fuelled by jealousy, venom and drink
I poke in your dustbins and I lurk round the courts
I puke up your portrait in bright yellow ink

'Cos I'm Byline Browne of the popular press
The man who bought you babies for sale
I'll blackmail your neighbour and look up your dress
But come what may I'll tell my tale

I cover each item as issues arise
With a skein of fabric of tissue of lies
I'll fuck up your family, your future and friends
And I'll see you in hell before my story ends

I'm a reporter with senses and hunches
Somebody's daughter's turned into a junkie
I'm on a reporter's expenses and lunches
And a whiskey and water and I don't give a monkey's