

## Cleвор Trevor

Ian Dury

Just 'cos I ain't never had no nothing worth having never ever  
never, ever  
You ain't got no call not to think I wouldn't I'm fall into thi  
nking that I ain't too, clever  
And it ain't not having one thing nor not another either neithe  
r is it anything, whatever  
And it's not not knowing that there ain't nothing showing and I  
answer to the name, of Trevor  
However

Just 'cos I ain't never said no nothing worth saying never ever  
never never, ever  
Things have got read into what I never said till me mouth becom  
es me head which ain't not all that, clever  
And it's not not saying one thing nor not another either neithe  
r is it anything I haven't said, whatever  
And it ain't not proving that my mind ain't moving and I answer  
to the name, of Trevor  
However

Knock me down with a feather, Clever Trevor  
Widebrows wonder whether Clever Trevor's clever  
Either have they got, nor neither haven't not  
Got no right to make a clot out of Trevor

Why should I feel bad about something I ain't had  
Such stupidiness is mad  
'Cos nothing underfoot comes to nothing less to add  
To a load of old toot  
And I ain't half not half glad 'cos there's nowhere to put it e  
ven if I had  
I'm a bit of a Jack the Lad

Knock me down with a feather, Clever Trevor  
Widebrows wonder whether Clever Trevor's clever  
Either have they got, nor neither haven't not  
Got no right to make a clot out of Trevor

Also, it takes much longer to get up North, the slow way