

# Fucking Ada

Ian Dury

Moments of sadness moments of guilt  
Stains on the memory stains on the quilt  
Chapter of incidence chapter and verse  
Subheading chronic paragraph worse

Lost in the limelight baked in the blaze  
Did it for nine pence those were the days  
Give me my acre and give me my plough  
Tell me tomorrow don't bother me now

Fucking Ada, fucking Ada  
Fucking Ada, fucking Ada

Times at a distance times without touch  
Greed forms the habit of asking too much  
Followed at bedtime by builders and bells  
Wait 'til the doldrums which nothing dispels

Bodily mentally doubtful and dread  
Who runs with the beans shall go stale with the bread  
Let me lie fallow in dormant dismay  
Tell me tomorrow don't bother today

Fucking Ada, fucking Ada  
Fucking Ada, fucking Ada

Tried like a good 'un did it all wrong  
Thought that the hard way was taking too long  
Too late for regret or chemical change  
Yesterday's targets have gone out of range

Failure enfolds me with clammy green arms  
Damn the excursions and blast the alarms  
For the rest of what's natural I'll lay on the ground  
Tell me tomorrow if I'm still around

Fucking Ada, fucking Ada  
Fucking Ada, fucking Ada  
Fucking Ada, fucking Ada  
Fucking Ada, fucking Ada

...