

Itinerant Child

Ian Dury

I took out all the seats and away I went
It's a right old banger and the chassis bent
It's got a great big peace sign across the back
And most of the windows have been painted black
The windshield's cracked, it's a bugger to drive
It starts making smoke over thirty five
It's a psychedelic nightmare with a million leaks
It's home sweet home to some sweet arse freaks

Slow down itinerant child, the road is full of danger
Slow down itinerant child, there's no more welcome stranger

Soon I was rumbling through the morning fog
With my long-haired children and my one-eyed dog
With the trucks and the buses and the trailer vans
My long throw horns playing Steely Dan
We straggled out for miles along the Beggar's Hill
And the word came down that we'd lost Old Bill
You can bet your boots I'm coming when the times are hard
That's why they keep my dossier at Scotland Yard

Slow down itinerant child, you're still accelerating
Slow down itinerant child, the boys in blue are waiting
Itinerant child, don't do what you're doing
Itinerant child, you'd better slow down

We drove into Happy Valley seeking peace and love
With a lone helicopter hanging up above
We didn't realise until we hit the field
There were four hundred cozzers holding riot shields
They terrorised our babies and they broke our heads
It's a stone fucking miracle there's no one dead
They turned my ramshackle home into a burning wreck
My one-eyed dog got a broken neck

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