

# Oh Mr Peanut

Ian Dury

Oil, Rotten hat!  
Where'd you get that hair-cut?  
Brent Cross Shopping Centre?  
I bet your mother fed you with a catapult

Oh, Mr. Shag Nasty  
A bit of give and take  
You call me a divvy  
And I think you're a snake!

Oh, Mr. Knitting Crouch  
Come on for heaven's sake  
Stick your finger up your nose  
'Cos you give me the ache!

Oh, Mr. Peanut  
I don't like you at all  
Not only are they poisonous  
But your eyes are much too small

Oh, Mr. Pastry Draws  
You haven't got a clue  
So stick your finger up your nose  
And paint your money blue!

I saw Monsieur of course you must joking  
Oh yeah Mein Herr you must be up the creek  
What's more Signor the finger that you're poking  
That finger stands for reason so to speak

Oh, Mr. Horribleness  
That's enough of that  
You'll call me a ninny  
And you're a stupid twat!

Oh, Mr. Dog's Breath  
Why don't you piss right off!  
Stick your finger up your nose, you toff

I'm sure Monsieur I know that you're a jubbly  
Oh yeah Mein Herr for certainly you're cracked  
What's more Signor you look a little bit wobbly  
Let me suggest you put your finger back

For all your life's offences you ain't nothing but a creep  
Your mouth is full of sugar, your guts are fast asleep  
So stick your finger up your nose and leave it there for keeps  
I hate you Mr Peanut you really make me weep