

Take Me to the Cleaners

Ian Dury

Hey! I want to be your partner in the rackets
And I'll be your accomplice in the crime
Like jewel thieves in Saint Tropez
We'll steal the precious nights away
The angels smile on those who take their time

Take me to the cleaners
I want to go to the cleaners
Take me to the cleaners
I will be creased and pressed

I want to be your comrade in the con-game
And we'll conspire to untold dirty deeds
Through custom's old deceitful web
We'll smuggle love instead of Leb
No sweat, no fear, no worry beads

Take me down to Sketchley's
I must go down to Sketchley's
Take me down to Sketchley's
And drape me on a rail

Take me to the cleaners
I want to go to the cleaners
Take me to the cleaners
And keep me out of jail

I want to share your handcuffs in the transit
And be your co-defendant at the trial
To hear these words on Judgement Day,
"Not guilty, let them go their way"
And know that we were laughing all the while

Take me to the Co-Op
I want to go to the Co-Op
Take me to the Co-Op
I need to pop my cork

Take me to the cleaners
I want to go to the cleaners
Take me to the cleaners
I must have more French chalk

Take me down to Safeway's
I must go down to Safeway's
Take me down to Safeway's
Old Bill's on my Daily

Take me to the cleaners
I want to go to the cleaners
Take me to the cleaners
But not to the Old Bailey