

That's Enough of That

Ian Dury

Here comes the postman, letters in his sack
Dear Auntie Mary, we'd love to have you back
Here come the letters, through the letterbox
Poor Georgina, has caught the chickenpox

Here come the cornflakes, here comes the milk
Read the morning paper, watch the Kilroy-Silk
Here comes a toothbrush, here comes a shit
Here comes a number 15, oh bollocks, I missed it

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Here comes a journey, bus and train and foot
Crowded conditions, watch your foot where you put
Here comes the office, here comes the job
Get your bloody head down, shut your bloody gob

Here comes the evening, here comes a pub
Sink a pair of lagers, eat a bit of pub grub
Here comes a disco, here comes a piss
Here comes a holiday in San Francisco, here comes another 23 years of this

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