

Ballad of the Sulphate Strangler

Ian Dury

Are we rolling?
Here we go then
And one, two, three,
Two, two, three

A boy was born to Jack and Marge in 1951
And what is love, is love, is love
And what is done, is done
The baby grew in size and rage
Beyond his normal years
And when there's blood on every page
The diary ends in tears

One, two, three, four,
And I won't forget the strangler
He's a lesson to us all
A knight in shining armour
And nearly ten feet tall
I won't forget the strangler
He's the Bournemouth Buckaroo
His friends will always weep for him
And this I tell you true

I met him up in Finchley the man from TFA
He drove a black three-tonner containing our PA
He wore a thousand earrings and a diamond on his tooth
His multi-hued proboscis betrayed a stormy youth
The strangler on his roller-skates was over six foot ten
He had a double set of documents in the names of other men
Been on the road or off the road a thousand times since then
I only wish there'd come a chance to do it all again

And I won't forget the strangler
And nor will many more
Salute the mighty strangler
Hear the mighty strangler roar
I won't forget the strangler
He's as volatile as wind
If no one's getting loopy, then no one's getting chinned

Later in the saga, we come to chapter two
Of big Pete Rush the strangler, the Bournemouth Buckaroo
We hit the road together, the Blockheads and their crew
A gram of whiz, a drop of vod, a can of special brew
From Spain to San Francisco we blazed a funky trail
With occasional disbursements to keep the strangler out of jail
When we got to New York City we had to let him go
'Cos the dramas going on backstage were better than the show

And I won't forget the strangler
And this point we drift apart
He said you placed a dagger now
Right in my strawberry tart
Full bound for death or glory
And worth his weight in gold
When the devil made the strangler, he threw away the mould

These are the scars of the life that I lead
The veins are from drink and the nose is from speed
A Stanley knife here which had me well geed
Do I get cut and do I not bleed?
Each purple patch upon my face
Shall rudely chart my fall from grace
I will not pass the Loving Cup until the patches all join up

Then Jenny came and told the news that big Pete Rush had died
And me and Baxter were so sad, it was a pity how we cried
The mighty sulphate strangler was the last one of his breed
Now he's got a white three-tonner and he's knocking out Godspeed

And I won't forget the strangler
And nor will many more
Salute the mighty strangler
Hear the mighty strangler roar
I won't forget the strangler
He's as volatile as wind
He takes the world's encumbrance
When it wasn't him who sinned

I won't forget the Strangler
I wish he hadn't died
Now he's hanging out with Lynott across the great divide
I won't forget the strangler
He's worth his weight in gold
When the devil made the strangler he threw away the mould

I won't forget the Strangler
I won't forget the Strangler
I won't forget the Strangler
I won't forget the Strangler