

Over the Points

Ian Dury

Thank you
I am an actual train
Believe it or not believe it or not
I carry you backwards and forth, south and north
On down the line and up
Before they shunt me into the final siding
I wish to make a few points
Whenever I have a breakdown
All my passengers start talking to each other
They can sit walk sleep or have a tidy as I hurtle along
Sometimes we track this line with decapitated schoolboy's heads

Still wearing their caps
Upon me at any given moment ten or twelve people might be taking craps
Over the points
I've transported enormous frivolity and fearful violence in my carriages
I've got compartments for sex, birth, death and occasional train spotters marriages
Believe you me, there are some right eccentrics walking up and down my corridors
Picture the consternation in my bogies when my drivers had a drink
All over the shop hundreds of people invariably male write our numbers down
We as trains are agreed that this is because we are extremely phallic
Nobody seems frightened on board us 'cos we hardly ever crash
We've been squashing pennies for well over a century
People love it when they're robbed
And they wave at us and are happy watching us going passed
Can you imagine how pleasant it is in general being an iron horse?
I'm quite chuffed

Last train to Wankin' Panda
Last train to Wankin' Panda
If you miss this one you'll never get another one
Iddybiddy arseholes to Wankin' Panda