

## Poo-Poo in the Prawn

Ian Dury

I took a sudden notion  
To go down to the ocean  
I got my suntan lotion  
My flippers and my mask

In proper distribution  
Of fully formed ablutions  
Formed an ocean of pollution  
In which I dare sn't bask

Some turds were teeny-tiny  
And some were big and shiny  
But they all fucked up the briney  
In which I dipped my toe

If you go swimming in the shite-us  
You'll get worse than dermititis  
From the sea of grey detritus  
Where the sewage ebbs and flows

There's no respite  
From the cesspit  
No shelter from the pong  
The poor old ocean  
Is full of motions  
Where the hell did we go wrong?

Like a lamb off to the slaughter  
Poured myself a glass of water  
I failed to spot I'd caught a  
Little creature in my cup

I was well and truly bolleaux-ed  
From the fires of hell that followed  
'Twas the cup of life I'd swallowed  
And it almost did me up

Something coming  
Through the plumbing  
That should not be there at all  
The glass is brimming  
And things are swimming  
And quite frankly, I'm appalled

Was a very hungry fella  
I defrosted my paella  
Came down with salmonella  
Three weeks intensive care

They failed to send technicians in  
To check the air-conditioning  
Which was unfortunately transmissioning  
A case of Legionnaire

There's a malaise  
In the mayonnaise  
There's a poo-poo in the prawn

Where we missed them  
In the system  
Little germs are being born  
There's no respite  
From the cesspit  
There's no shelter from the pong

Where the hell did we go...?