Poor Joey

Ian Dury

I'm Joey the Budgie, I'm a boy or a girl
I'm probably the most typical caged bird in the world
In Cranham or Hounslow I sit on my perch
Old Mother Nature's left me right in the lurch

This is my routine: first I ponder and peck
I look in the mirror and I shit on the deck
I try to fly, I bang my head
I think of something creative instead

I ruffle my feathers and have a good scratch
Spend at least half an hour trying to undo my catch
Not as though I want to be deleted by an owl
I've got to fight this awful situation somehow

Poor Joey (who's a pretty boy then?)
Poor Joey
Poor Joe
Poor Joey
A bundle of joy then
Poor Joey (hello)

How the ruddy hell does she expect me to speak
With half a ton of cuttlefish stuck in my beak?
I go into a moody, disdainfully preen
And just to upset her, mutter something obscene

I appreciate the difficulties of owning a pet
Speaking as a budgie, it's like Russian Roulette
I was bred for the purpose and I shouldn't complain
I know you'll forgive me when I sing this refrain

Poor Joey (everyone's a bastard)
Poor Joey
Poor Joe
Poor Joey
Every Christmas they try and get me plastered
Poor Joey (hello)

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(cheerio)

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