

## Two Old Dogs Without a Name

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Two old dogs without a name  
Trucking down the road to glory  
Seeking not to blaze in fame  
But to leave a blazing story

Being roadies is their game  
Rough of trouser, hair of hoary  
They're the ones you cannot tame  
Backline front and morning Tory

Theirs, the lifestyle that surpasses  
They're the coolest of the classes  
Yours is blonde and mine's got glasses  
Give them both their backstage passes

Euro dogs without a draw  
Punching down the road to Stuttgart  
Not 'til Munich will they score  
There's just enough to have a kick start

Put the pedal through the floor  
Whack this mother down the ausbahn  
Band get in at half-past four  
Sound check, sandwich and a sweetheart

Getting gear in, they're the masters  
Couldn't rig it any faster  
Break a leg in a disaster  
Fix it with a sticky plaster

Two old dogs who know their gig  
Piling feedback through the wedges  
Hanging off the lighting rig  
Miles of flex along the ledges

Twenty thousand make that big  
Get more in around the edges  
Turn up sweaty at the lig  
Such the perks and privileges

They're the hardest of the grafters  
Load the truck up to the rafters  
Hear the sound of roadies laughter  
In the hotel for their afters