Herbert

Madness

She was further than her father,
But I was really rather,
Partial to the way...
To the way she took her stand,
She glanced over his shoulder,
Urging me to be bolder,
I subtly tried to push past her old man.
But he stepped sideways firmly,
A prop forward from Burnley,
I felt like I'd walked into a brick wall,
He menacingly whispered:
"Sonny Jim, I know exactly where you've been,
Stop now or believe me - you will fall"

She was a preaches daughter,
A rugby playing porter,
Who'd become a wealthy hotelier,
Before he got the calling,
That fuels his stonewalling,
Now he wants to put me my derriere

Oh yeah,
The wages of sin,
There's a big fat bloke trying to do me in,
Well I can't hide and I can't run,
He's chasing me around with an old shotgun

Well it was some time later, that I overheard her pater,
Holding forth and splendidly well oiled:
"Where there's muck there's brass,
And I'll tell you now no lass,
Of mine will be sullied or despoiled,
By a rotten little Herbert,
My princess made of sherbert,
A lavender, my cupcake, coo ca choo"
My chance's getting slimmer,
My hopes were going dimmer,
So I grabbed her and I took her in the loo

She was a preaches daughter,
And I really didn't oughta,
Have taken her and done what I have done,
He wants to take me to the cleaners,
For previous misdemeanours,
And get me up the aisle with his shotgun,
And take me up the aisle with his shotgun

Oh yeah,
The wages of sin,
There's a big fat bloke trying to do me in,
Well I can't hide and I can't run,
He's chasing me around with an old shotgun

Yeah, yeah,
The wages of sin,
There's a big fat bloke trying to do me in,
Well I can't hide and I can't run,

He's chasing me around with an old shotgun

He's an antique shotgun

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