

Nose For Trouble

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Hey you Buck - I beg your pardon Sir - Now that's better!

I'm the kind of guy who's never out to make a fight
But no matter what I do my life just won't go right
When I'm walking down the street I spot a likely dame
She'll turn up to be a bloke which isn't quite the same

I got a nose for trouble,
Double trouble is my name
Always me who gets the blame
Double trouble is my name

Driving down the highway I was making quite a pace
Saw this guy behind who seemed just boiling for a race
Swung the needle of the top but he kept on my tail
Thought I was a winner till I heard his siren wail

Dancing down the discotheque my head began to ache
Asked a girl beside me if she'd something I could take
I was out for three clear days, the doctors gave up hope
How was I to know that slack was down there pushing dope

When I first got in this game I thought I'd be a star
Came across this manager behind a fat cigar
He said "I can see my boy, your fame is very near,
But first of all, there's certain things you've got to do my dear"

No no no no - He's up again - What are we gonna do ?
Get rid of him, shoot him !
Hey Svengali, give us a break for Queen's sake!
Send him back to Russia !