

Punch & Judy

Fish

Washing machine, pinstripe dream stripped the gloss from a beauty queen

Punch and Judy, Judy, Judy

Found our nest in the Daily Express, met the Vicar in a holy vest

Punch and Judy, Punch and Judy

Brought up the children, Church of E, now I vegetate with a color TV

Worst ever thing that happened to me, oh for D-I-V-O-R-C-E

Oh Judy

Whatever happened to pillow fights?

Whatever happened to jeans so tight? Friday nights?

Whatever happened to Lover's lane?

Whatever happened to passion games? Sunday walks in the pouring rain?

Punch, Punch, Punch and Judy

Punch, Punch, Punch

Curling tongs, mogadons

I got a headache baby, don't take so long

Single beds, middle age dread, losing the war in the waistlands spread

Who left the cap off the toothpaste tube, who forgot to flush the loo?

Leave your sweaty socks outside the door

Don't walk across my polished floor.

Oh Judy

Whatever happened to morning smiles?

Whatever happened to wicked wiles? Permissive styles?

Whatever happened to twinkling eyes?

Whatever happened to hard fast drives? Compliments on unnatural size?

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Propping up a bar, family car, sweating out a mortgage as a balding clerk

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World War Three, suburbanshee, just slip her these pills and I'll be free

No more Judy, Judy, Judy no more