

## Permissive Twit

Gilbert O'Sullivan

Oh Heave help our Linda  
She's really done it now  
What's more it's all so obvious  
I mean her stomachs sticking out

If father tells me' mother  
She's bound to have a fit  
Followed by a neat convulsion  
Thanks to our permissive twit

She thinks his name was Ronald  
Or was it Sid or Len  
The only thing that's certain  
Is that it wasn't Bill or Ben

Our parish priest God bless him  
The very reverend Father Pitt  
Will no doubt be preaching sermons  
To our dear Permissive Twit

By now the word  
Will no doubt have been heard  
By almost every bleeding nosy parker in our alley  
All except that is

Our own great aunt Liz  
Who I hear's been deaf since the day our Grace  
Recorded Sally, Sally, Sally

Unless we raise the money  
She'll have to let it out  
What I mean is she will have to  
Have it the right way wrong way about

In other words let nature  
Take its course and do its bit  
For the sake of those concerned with  
Own dear permissive

Dear permissive twit