

Je T'Aime (Moi Non Plus)

Judge Dread

Hello, what's your name?
Dread
Not Judge Dread?
Yes, that's right

Oh, I've always wanted to meet you
Oh really, why?
Oh, I'm a really big fan of yours
That's very nice of you to say that

Is It true?
Is what true?
What they say about big nine
Well, I think you'd better
Have a look for yourself

Oh, it's true, it's true
Come on Dread, get 'em off
No, what do you take me for
Come on, don't be shy

Now doesn't that feel better?
Oh yes, those bloody boots were killing me
Here, look at this
Oh, my God, I don't believe it
Oh, come on, touch it

You must be bloody jokin'
You're not even a proper woman
You're a geezer dressed up
You're one of those Trans
What do they call 'em Transvestites

Oh, come on dear, this is 1975

Oh, I don't know, every time I come out,
Every bloody time, it always ends up in sillys

Come home and give me love please

I'll tell you what
I'll give you bloody love
I'll give you the rough
End of a pineapple
Go on, fuck off

Nasty man you
Away
What?
Take your soddy handbag with you
And I'm not going to buy anymore
Of your records
Fuck off