

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