

Up the junction

I never thought it would happen with me and the girl from
clapham

Out on a windy common that night I ain't forgotten
When she dealt out the rations with some or other passions
I said you are a lady perhaps she said I may be

We moved into a basement with thoughts of our engagement
We stayed in by the telly although the room was smelly
We spent our time just kissing the railway arms we're missing
But love had got us hooked up and all our time it took up

I got a job with Stanley he said I'd come in handy
And started me on Monday so I had a bath on sunday
I worked eleven hours and bought the girl some flowers
She said she'd seen a doctor and nothing now could stop her

I worked all through the winter the weather brass and bitter
I put away a tenner each week to make her better
And when the time was ready we had to sell the telly
Late evenings by the fire with little kicks inside her

This morning at 4:50 I took her rather nifty
Down to an incubator where thirty minutes later
She gave birth to a daughter within a year a walker
She looked just like her mother If there could be another

And now she's two years older her mother's with a soldier
She left me when my drinking became a proper stinging
The devil came and took me from bar to street to bookie
No more nights by the telly no more nights nappies smelling

Alone here in the kitchen I feel there's something missing
I'd beg for some forgiveness but begging's not my business
And she won't write a letter although I always tell her
And so it's my assumption I'm really up the junction