

The Pressure

I'm sorry, Doctor. I've been and gone and done for
 The bastard now. I don't know what came over
 Me, I really don't. He thought he'd make a run for
 It but I caught the rat-arsed Casanova
 Halfway between the bathroom and the stairwell.
 He tried sweet-talking but it wouldn't wash.
 That tenth-rate soap-star script stuff doesn't wear well
 And he couldn't seem to manage proper posh.

I suppose it's in the blood, it's what you're born with.
 You can't just slap it on like bricks and mortar,
 Which never stopped him when he'd got the horn with
 Some trollop young enough to be his daughter,
 Sad sod! It wasn't right, it wasn't manly,
 A schoolgirl tarted up in boots and furs.
 I had to take his head off with the Stanley
 Knife and his wotsits with my secateurs,

You should have seen the mess! We put things right of
 Course, scrubbing floors all bloody day, and after
 Sanding the buggers down, plus half a night of
 Serial cremation for the grease-ball shafter.
 Jesus, I'm *knackered* (whoops, excuse my French!), all
 In, so I need your valium again (it
 Does fix my nerves). We're into a potential
 Breakdown scenario, see, and Gordon Bennett,

You wonder if it's worth it, all the pressure.
I blame this modern lifestyle—and it's growing.
Like Crystal says, we need a quick refresher,
Somewhere to find ourselves—that's why we're going,
Ibiza à deux (we love each other dearly),
A spot of rumpy-pumpy in the sun.
It's queer but, if I hadn't iced him, really
Doctor, I don't know *what* I would have done.