

# Fish, Punch And Judy

Washing machine, pinstripe dream stripped the gloss from a beauty queen  
Punch and Judy, Judy, Judy  
Found our nest in the Daily Express, met the Vicar in a holy vest  
Punch and Judy, Punch and Judy  
Brought up the children, Church of E, now I vegetate with a color TV  
Worst ever thing that happened to me, oh for D-I-V-O-R-C-E  
Oh Judy  
Whatever happened to pillow fights?  
Whatever happened to jeans so tight? Friday nights?  
Whatever happened to Lover's lane?  
Whatever happened to passion games? Sunday walks in the pouring rain?  
Punch, Punch, Punch and Judy  
Punch, Punch, Punch  
Curling tongs, mogadons  
I got a headache baby, don't take so long  
Single beds, middle age dread, losing the war in the waistlands spread  
Who left the cap off the toothpaste tube, who forgot to flush the loo?  
Leave your sweaty socks outside the door  
Don't walk across my polished floor.  
Oh Judy  
Whatever happened to morning smiles?  
Whatever happened to wicked wiles? Permissive styles?  
Whatever happened to twinkling eyes?  
Whatever happened to hard fast drives? Compliments on unnatural size?  
Punch, Punch, Punch and Judy  
Punch, Punch, Punch  
Propping up a bar, family car, sweating out a mortgage as a balding clerk  
Punch and Judy  
World War Three, suburbanshee, just slip her these pills and I'll be free  
No more Judy, Judy, Judy no more