

Goalhanger

Billy Bragg

He's got the bonhomie
Of a game show host
And his handshake is so limp it's like meeting a ghost

His apologies are tired 'cause he uses them a lot
His excuses are so lame if they were horses they'd be shot
He lies through his teeth with impeccable grammar
In the game of life he's just a dreadful goalhanger

He's keeping all his options open
'Til the very last minute
Checking every situation
Tryin' to work out what's in it

Tryin' to pin him down's like nailing water to a wall
He's incapable of making a commitment at all
Like trying to knock in a nail with an inflatable hammer
In the game of life he's just a dreadful goalhanger

Yesterday upon the stair
I met a man who's never there
He won't be there again today
Well that's what he told me to say

He's got the natural arrogance
Of an exclamation mark
And he wishes that his bite was as big as his bark
He's appealing to the referee at every single stage
He's a buzzy little bundle of impotent rage
Where he ought to have patience he only has anger
In the game of life he's just a dreadful goalhanger

He has a lack of humility
That defies imagination
And he hangs 'round like a farting Russian space station
He doesn't even notice as he sells you down the river
'Cause he's one of life's taker and he's looking for a giver
Shrugs, drops his shoulders as he drops another clanger
In the game of life he's just a dreadful goalhanger