

## 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