

# No Qualifications

Chris Rea

Now he wanted to fly all those big aeroplanes  
Trans-continental and back home again  
But his brain, it was grounded  
His head could not cope  
No qualifications, no reasons for hope

They told him the right way to fasten his tie  
Beat him for laughing and never said why  
They left him for dead when the results came through  
And still never asked what he wanted to do

No qualifications so late in the day  
We've screwed you up, well, now you make your own way

Now to label your trousers and label your shoes  
If you don't wear nothing then label that too

No qualifications, you are the time born  
If you wanna succeed you better get some qualifications  
So late in the day  
We've screwed you up, well, now you make your own way