

Gold Watch Blues

Donovan

I went up for my interview on the 4th day of July
The personnel man he questioned me, until I nearly cried
Made me fill in forms, until I shook with fear
About the colour of my toilet roll and if my cousins queer

Here's your gold watch and the shackles for your chains
And your piece of paper, to say you left here sane
And if you've a son who wants a good career
Just get him to sign on the dotted line and work for 20 years

He asked me how many jobs id had before
He nearly had a heart attack when I answered four
Four jobs of 20 years or more, this can never be
We only take on men, who work on until they die

Here's your gold watch and the shackles for your chains
And your piece of paper, to say you left here sane
And if you've a son who wants a good career
Just get him to sign on the dotted line and work for 20 years

He took me outside to where the gravestones stand in line
This is where we bury them, in quickstone and in lime
And if you're going to work for us, this you must agree
That if you're going to die, please do it during tea break

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And your piece of paper, to say you left here sane
And if you've a son who wants a good career
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This story that you've hear, you may think rather queer
But it is the truth you'll be surprised to hear
I did not want some job up on the board
I just wanted to take a broom and sweep the bloody floor