

## Goldwatch Blues

Donovan

I went up for my interview on the fourth day of July.  
First old 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 cousin's queer.

Here's your goldwatch and the shackles for your chain  
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 fifty years.

He asked me how many jobs I'd had before.  
He nearly had a heart attack when I answered, four.  
Four jobs in twenty years, oh, this can never be  
We only take on men who work until they die.

Here's your goldwatch and the shackles for your chain  
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 fifty years.

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

Here's your goldwatch and the shackles for your chain  
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 fifty years.

This story that you heard you may think rather queer  
But it is the truth you'll be surprised to hear.  
I did not want no job upon the board,  
I just wanted to take a broom and sweep the bloody floor.

Here's your goldwatch and the shackles for your chain  
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 fifty years.