

Mr Richards

Frank Turner

One fine day near the end of the tax year
Mr Richards was gripped by a new fear
Who would be at his retirement party
And though he still had years to go before he
Slipped over the edge of the workforce
The question remained and in his wake there came an army

What price creature comforts - what is this life really all about?
He drew a line between work and living, and work was winning out
And he worked for half his life, to spend the end just feeling tired out
That's when his roof caved in

And so he made a list of all the people he worked with
And cut it down to the ones he got on with
Paired each one off with the decade of his career
And then he thought of all his friends from back home
The crazies, the ladies, the lovers he'd known
And then he looked around his office and wondered why he was still here

What price creature comforts - what is this life really all about?
He drew a line between work and living, and work was winning out
And he worked for half his life, to spend the end just feeling tired out
That's when he realised that he scrimped and saved all his precious days
So he could buy icers and microwaves
And he only looks forward to his holidays

That's when his roof caved in

And it would be nice to have holiday homes and healthy bank statements and fat little kids,
And I guess you can be happy to dream all your dreams as camcorder records of the things that you did,
But as soon as your sleeping does it really matter what mattresses you happen to be sleeping on?
As long as your living and your having fun; he always laughed at the drop-outs, that he could never live that way.
But the truth is Mr Richards was a coward, he was afraid.

Mr Richards decided on the very next morning
To make his life and work the same thing

Cleared his desk, he hit the road and he never retired.