

Nation Of Shopkeepers

Graham Parker

I come from a nation of shopkeepers
Window cleaners, turf accountants and book keepers
I run through the station where the road sweepers
Clean the debris, sweep the tickets near the rail sleepers

And as usual I'm running late
But it can wait
It's not important anyhow
As usual it's not that great
Just seeing a mate
In a pub across town

I come from a nation of shopkeepers
Car mechanics, plumbers mates and inn keepers
I run down the tow path past the lock keepers
In my pinstripe, my dickie bow and my brothel creepers

And you can laugh at my hair
The clothes I wear
No they're not all the rage
But I'm not the global type
Don't wanna act
Upon the world stage

I come from a nation of shopkeepers
Washer women, hod carriers and wicket keepers
I run through the morning past the road sweepers
With my flat cap, my plus 4's to my Mini Cooper

And you can't expect me to put up a fight
No, I'm just sitting still
My eyes are all over you
but my hand remains in the till