

It's a life-time from the leather stalls
The Berbers and bazaars
Down through every measured movement
In the making of the cars.

And it doesn't pay much
And it doesn't leave scars - on the outside,
All this way ? Toulouse
Another day ? Toulouse

You've come too far ? Toulouse.
And they give you the impression
It's all Monet and Braque
But the oil they squeeze on their palettes

They never use on this track,
And every extra filter
Is a fissure, is a crack ? on the inside.
And he walks in right behind you

As you both go punching in
And you both pick up your rivets
From an aluminium bin.
And he thinks what makes him different

Is the colour of his skin ? it's on the outside.
You've had their OAS
You've had their CGT
And no-one will be working here

When they bring in CNC