

Listless and restless in one like the steam train has soul
Because it runs on coal we still have to endure
Because we still can't be sure of what tomorrow might bring
Where's the damn cat it's not there on it's mat
And there's blue rinse dry rinse
Dry rot bally rinse bally money sink blocked
You could remove my spline but that's not even of any use to me
A natural disaster a bit of a bastard
A mutual feeling of levelling the blame and how
The truth hurts and lies do the same
As fickle as an autumn day praise the lord
Hallelujah just the same before I talk to the trees
I'll have a nice pot of tea and I won't breathe a word
Because it has it's moments and that's what matters
Don't let the wool be pulled and the soft soaping
And gloating should be put alongside
The bricklayers arse and his smelly stained vest
As a vested interest to be ignored more or less
Sending tanks and blankets baby clothes and scuds
Vietnam bric-a-brac zippo culture and
A big totem pole and a draughtsmans' eye for detail
Draughtsmans' eye draughtsmans' eye draughtsmans' eye
It has it's moments and that's what matters
Why does the sun shine when I'm sad and who is this preacher
Pouring valium on your heart paralysed by high art
And no one is laughing because it's like a bullet in the chest
And it's hard to look lively when you're simply dressed
And who can blame you when all you get is Fergie pictures
And needlecraft stitches we go to school
Where all we're taught is to sit still and be on time
That all poems rhyme the sky is blue
And hard work gets it's due and you turn out like a verooka
On the foot of style but Heaven sent you Heaven sent you
But Heaven sent you Heaven sent you