

## Mr. Station Master

Roy Harper

Oh mister station master i dont dig you  
And i'm going out chucking for a igloo  
Coz standing on your station  
Is an antarctic exploration  
And we can seen every morning to be dragged through  
Mister station master mr mundane  
With your morning paper man clock on your watch change  
I need a team of huskies and a barrel of wolfs skin  
To make the other end of the platform

I think that old iny  
Get off of my crossfire  
How was it might just grab at your bag

Oh mister station master  
With your peanut brain and plaster  
Tell me why'd you draw them pictures on your posters  
I'm looking for amusement please believe me  
So strip into my underpants and leave me  
And every time he yells "quite soon now"  
Thrown out the waiting room  
Around my neck at 90 miles an hour  
My will and testament are on my forehead  
My forwarding address is on my highhead  
Oh mister station master  
Lung cancer is much faster  
Never mind i guess the train will be here any day now

If i was in your onion  
We'd both be underneath that ten fifteen  
Oh mister station master  
You're a national disaster  
A country could do without the job