

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