

## Doledrums

The Chills

Stay in bed till much too late  
Scanning situations vacant  
The face in the mirror looks withered and old  
My skin is grey - I can't go out - I'm always cold  
In the doledrums  
On the dole  
In the doledrums  
On the dole  
Counting down lonely hours  
Drinking lots and taking showers  
I no longer dream about the rest of my years  
I'll check the letterbox - does anyone care?  
In the doledrums  
On the dole  
In the doledrums  
On the dole  
But the benefits arrive and life goes on  
The benefits arrive and life goes on  
The benefits arrive and life goes on and on and on... (etc)