

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)