

His family taught him right from wrong  
With local tales and children's songs  
Sunday school was his shelter  
With his friends Joe and Walter  
Now those days seem far away  
An empty swing where he once played  
Now Bill's grown so fat and bald  
He never thought that he'd grow old

And every day when he gets the train  
Looks out the window and thinks in vain  
If I could only be that boy again

His sales job it gets him down  
Same old faces same old sounds  
Heart attacks, orthopaedic backs  
Documents in labelled racks

His wife can't stand the sight of him  
With his routine glass of gin  
She makes his lunch of processed ham  
And waits in for the meter man

And everyday when he gets the train  
Looks out the window and thinks in vain  
If I could only be that boy again  
If he could be that boy again

Another day another gin  
His kids don't even notice him,  
Something different about his face  
His happy smile seems out of place  
His family gathered around for tea  
Eyes fixed on their new telly  
Newsflash came, then it said...  
Bill McCai was just found dead

No more windows, no more trains  
Hung himself out in the rain  
Now he'll never be that boy again  
Any we say bye-bye Bill McCai