

The Button Pusher

The Dubliners

I am the man, the well-fed man, in charge of the
terrible knob,
The most pleasing thing about it, it's almost a
permanent job,
When the atom war is over, and the world is split
in three,
A consolation I got, well maybe it's not, there'll be
nobody left but me.

I sit at my desk in Washington in charge of this great
machine
More vicious than Adolf Hitler, more deadly than
strychnine
And in the evening after a tiring day just to give
myself a laugh
I hit the button a playful belt and I listen for the
blast

If Breshniev starts his nonsense, and makes a nasty
spell
With a wink and a nod from Nixon, I'll blast them all
to hell
And as for that Fidel Castro, him with the sugar cane,
He needn't hide behind his whiskers, I'll get him just
the same.

If my wife denies me conjugular rights or my breakfast
milk is sour
From eight to nine in the morning you're in for a
nervous hour,
The button being so terribly close it's really a
dreadful joke
Abut with my arse, as I go past, and we'll all go up in
smoke.

Now I'm thinking of joining the army, the army that
bans the bomb
We'll take up a large collection, and I'll donate my
thumb,
For without it, I am helpless, and that's the way to be
You don't have to kill the whole bloody lot to make the
people free.