

## 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.