

## Container Drivers

The Fall

Net cap. of 58 thousand pounds  
They sweat on their way down  
Grey ports with customs bastards  
Hang around like clowns the  
Uh-containers and their drivers

Bad indigestion  
Bad bowel retention  
Speed for their wages  
Suntan, torn short sleeves

Look at a car park for two days  
Look at a grey port for two days  
Train line, stone and grey

This is not their town  
Big cigars come out of the ground  
Sweat on their way down  
F. Jack's a distant relation  
Communists are just part time workers  
And there's no thanks  
From the loading bay ranks

Look at a car park for two days  
Look at a grey port for two days  
Train line, stone and grey  
RO-RO roll on roll off  
The container drivers  
Speed for their wages  
Uh-containers  
Uh-and their drivers