

You'll never see me trying to raise Cain  
You'll never see me wear a suit of green  
There's a slip-road up right ahead  
leading to the agrarian  
But I'm city born and bred  
Too many car-fumes in my head  
Just a well-read punk peasant.

But you'd think a country man would understand  
the devil makes work for idle hands.

M5 6-7 pm

And the man who pretends he knows it all  
is destined to a Mighty Fall.  
Gets into your house with cheer,  
then proceeds to take all you've got to offer.  
This is not an autobahn  
It's an evil roundabout  
That leads to the Haywain  
And you'll never see good trains again.

In late 60s, my daddy said to me,  
you'll never see trams and clogs again.  
Now they roam the city.

Can these people not understand  
The devil makes work for idle hands  
M5 6-7 pm  
The devil makes work for idle hands.

M5 to the country straight ahead  
It's stuffed to the gills with crusty brown bread  
Can they not understand  
there's nothing worse than a bored man?

M5, 6-7 PM