

Coal Hole

The Mekons

You rush up and ask rash questions
We sit down and compose our replies
There is nothing like a good time
This is nothing like a good time

Oooh! Down in the coal hole
Oooh! Every night

Recipe for fake disasters
Moneyed cousins Snipe and Snape
Hank is dead, the strike is over
We never knew we had so many friends

Out on the pavement a pigeon eats shit
And a half dead banker is watching it
We are born but we live and learn
Then we die and forget it all
We are born and we live to regret it
As the press writes up and die right presses down

Oooh! Down in the coal hole
Oooh! Every night

Who is that hunchback up there in the tower?
I don't know his name but his face rings a bell
He stole a shirt but it did not fit hirn
So they locked hirn up when he took it back