

Charles

The Skids

Charles got a job in a factory
Drilling sheet metal from six till three
Worked extra hours for a better wage
Got lost in his task quite needlessly

I noticed his brain was a plastic box
His work rate improved 'cause he couldn't stop
He couldn't eat lunch with those metal hands
His legs were supports for new inner glands

Next when I saw him his face was gone
A stainless steel spine now instead of bone
His arms became grafted onto the switch
Six months without food made it quite a trip

His wife soon returned from her open grief
She told his employer she had kids to keep
They gave her the scrap price of his machine
Last weekend Charles became obsolete.