

Camberwell Now, Daddy Needs A Throne

At home, on a label on a bottle,
In a cupboard in the kitchen,
There's your proof, Daddy on a throne.

After a long hard tiring day
Answering the telephone, no time for a lunch break,
Daddy needs a Mummy to fix his drink.

(A few square feet of city centre office space
That's his domain,
And the information therein contained,
The furniture and fittings, it's his responsibility.
When he pops it or when he retires, whichever comes first,
It will take a long time to break in the new boy,
Profits will slide;
A golden wristwatch, a golden handshake at rainbow's end,
Some people in his office aren't pulling their weight
But he soldiers on.)

After eight hours at work behind his desk
Daddy needs a grand-plumed hat
As tall as Rocket's chimney.

If the Daddy had no arms,
Was sat upon his throne,
Grand-plumed hat upon his head...

Just because you can sit on a horse doesn't mean you can ride.
Can't get ahead, get a hat.
Just you wait till your father gets home.