

Mull Historical Society, Public Service Announcer

To their friends, in my head,
Let it never be said,
That they work, that they work,
For nothing.

To their name, on my chest,
I accept all requests,
To work, yes to work,
For no-one.

If this is my public I'm ready for you.
If this is my public I'm turning the screw.
And anyone who makes any last requests
Has missed the whole point of being in debt.

Can anyone tell if my stereo's on?
Can anyone tell if my stereo's on?
Can anyone tell if my stereo's on?
The high speed line's doing fine.

To the blood in my veins,
And the birds in my brains,
Let them work, let them work,
For nothing.

Say please, please say please,
Take your ticket and don't breathe.
Perfect air, perfect air,
Works for no-one.

If this is my public I'm ready for you.
If this is my public I'm turning the screw.
And anyone who makes any last requests
Has missed the whole point of public service.

Can anyone tell if my stereo's on?
Can anyone tell if my stereo's on?
Can anyone tell if my stereo's on?
The high speed line, still doing fine.

And the sound of my keys turning round,
Is the sound of the curse of the underground.

Can anyone tell if my stereo's on?
Can anyone tell if my stereo's on?
Can anyone tell if my stereo's on?
Can anyone tell if my stereo's on?
Can anyone tell if my stereo's on?
Can anyone tell if my stereo's on?
Can anyone tell if my stereo's on?
The high speed line, doing fine.

High speed train line, city line.
High speed train line, doing line.
High speed train line, city line.
High speed train line, doing fine.