

Prefab Sprout, Till The Cows Come Home

Aren't you a skinny kid, just like his poppa
Where's he working? He's not working
Thin as the smile I wear
Cold as the beaches you comb
Till the cows come home

Tell the truth again, tell the truth again
Near to the knuckle, near to the knuckle
Why're you laughing? You call that laughing?
Wearing your death's head grin
Even the fishes are thin
When the boat comes in

Things are better now, things are better now we've education
I doff my cap to, a life that lets you
Dream a poor man's dream
But he can't have his coffee with cream
Till the cows come home
Till the cows come home
Till the cows come home
Till the cows come home
Till the cows come home