

Sandi Thom, Success's ladder

Theres an empty seat on the train today that makes its way up to the town

There a letter found on an office desk thats finally handed round

It says Julian Sidebottom William Smyth has finally come to his senses

Hes tired of commuting tired of computing tired of sitting on fences.

He really needs some help he wants to find himself

And he says that money dont matter

And theres more to life than doing whats right

Hes going down down down Successs ladder

Hes going down down down Successs ladder. He wants to do something for his childrens children

And nobody wishes they spent more time at work when they finally lay down to die

And hes downsized and analysed his last bottom line no longer will he be hard hearted

Hes going to paint pictures of the Isle of Skye until the undersigned is departed.

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Hes going down down down Successs ladder. So the years went by and Julian was forgot and one

And to brighten his wall he hung pictures sometimes one of them the Isle of Skye strangely unsigned

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