Steve Hackett, The Ballad Of The Decomposing M

In a very large factory I belong
And I work the night shift all year long
Old Freddy on a chainsaw lost his feet
Thinking 'bout a blonde he'll never meet
Tried to take his life again the other week
Keep your chin up, haven't a care 'ave you?
Just join the party, allegiance I swear

Eee what's the matter with Arthur Royal?
I'll go and top up his batteries and check the oil
Young Arthur blew a fuse two days ago,
Set himself alight, you didn't know
Nearly burnt us down the twit just had to go
Take your chances, live on hot air (wouldn't you?)
Chance of promotion, I'll take that chair

Dreaming of golden sands and palm trees
I said file these quickly and then staple these
Get yourself altered undo the seam, and get back just
In time for tea (and don't be late mind)

Nobody's perfect least of all me
Married the job at age 23
Just keep my nose clean egg chips and beans
I'm always full of steam

...I could never afford to go to Butlins...
...But I did manage to go to Majorca once...
...Wish I hadn't bothered...
...Past the entrance, by I bored myself...
...Who are all these people in my office, anyway?...
...Who are they? Where do they come from, do y'know them?...