

The Fall, The Container Drivers

Net cap. of 58 thousand pounds
They sweat on their way down
Grey ports with customs bastards
Hang around like clowns the
Uh-containers and their drivers
Bad indigestion
Bad bowel retention
Speed for their wages
Suntan, torn short sleeves
Look at a car park for two days
Look at a grey port for two days
Train line, stone and grey
This is not their town
Big cigars come out of the ground
Sweat on their way down
F. Jack's a distant relation
Communists are just part time workers
And there's no thanks
From the loading bay ranks
Look at a car park for two days
Look at a grey port for two days
Train line, stone and grey
RO-RO roll on roll off
The container drivers
Speed for their wages
Uh-containers
Uh-and their drivers