

Chris Rea, No Qualifications

Now he wanted to fly all those big aeroplanes
Trans-continental and back home again
But his brain, it was grounded
His head could not cope
No qualifications, no reasons for hope

They told him the right way to fasten his tie
Beat him for laughing and never said why
They left his for dead when the results came through
And still never asked what he wanted to do

No qualifications so late in the day
We've screwed you up, well, now you make your own way

Now to label your trousers and label your shoes
If you don't wear nothing then label that too

No qualifications, you are the time born
If you wanna succeed you better get some qualifications
So late in the day
We've screwed you up, well, now you make your own way