

Fiddler's Green, Goldwatch Blues

I went up for my interview on the fourth day of July
Personnel man he questioned me until I nearly cried
Made me fill in forms, until I shook with fear
About the colour of my toilet roll and if my cousin's queer

He asked me how many jobs I had before
He nearly had a heart attack when I answered: four!
Four jobs in twenty years, oh this could never be
We only take on men, who'll work until they die

He said here's you goldwatch and the shackles for your chain
And your piece of paper to say you left here sane
If you have a son, who wants as good career
Just get him to sign on the dotted line and work for fifty years

He took me outside to where the gravestones stand in line
This is where we bury them in quick stones and in line
If you come to work for us, on this you must agree
That if you're going to die, please do it during tea break

This story that you've heard, you may think rather queer
But it is the truth, you'll be surprised to hear
I did not want no job upon the board
I just wanted to take the brooms, and sweep the bloody floor