

Fitzgerald Patrik, Poor John

He's taking tablets for his job
To get him through his day
From one end to another
He's taking tablets for his job
To get him through his life
From one end to another
Poor John
Another drink, and then he's on his way
To do his work for another day
Another pint, and then he's on his way
Just another half a day
Poor John
Muscles aching from the sweat and strain
Head falling to the floor
Of the morning train
Drowning in the misery of life
From A to B, then back again
(then back again)
Poor John