

# Ian Dury And The Blockheads, What A Waste!

I could be the driver an articulated lorry  
I could be a poet I wouldn't need to worry  
I could be a teacher in a classroom full of scholars  
I could be the sergeant in a squadron full of wallahs  
What a waste  
What a waste  
What a waste  
What a waste

## CHORUS:

Because I chose to play the fool in a six-piece band,  
First-night nerves every one-night stand.  
I should be glad to be so inclined.  
What a waste! What a waste!  
But I don't mind.

I could be a lawyer with strategems and ruses  
I could be a doctor with poultices and bruises  
I could be a writer with a growing reputation  
I could be the ticket man at Fulham Broadway Station  
What a waste (x4)

Repeat CHORUS

I could be the catalyst that sparks the revolution  
I could be an inmate in a long-term institution  
I could dream to wide extremes, I could do or die  
I could yawn and be withdrawn and watch the world go by  
What a waste (x4)

Repeat CHORUS

(Repeat CHORUS with crescendo, then again with fade)