

Too Late

Cock Sparrer

Day after day fingers to the bone
To earn another pound, to pay another loan
Face to the grindstone, neck on the line
Killing himself, just to pass time
Hour after hour, watching the clock
Grafting hard with his head on the block
Loyal to the end, the old school way
But it counts for nothing nowadays

We'll all look back in the future
At where it all went wrong
We'll all sit around arguing
About people now long gone
We'll all have the answers over a pint
And opinions to debate
But there's not a lot of point in talking about it
By then it will be too late

They closed down the factory it's cheaper abroad
Fat cats paid so they couldn't afford
To put food on the table of the family man
Forty years service, no pension plan
His life's on hold, his shattered dreams
Empty thoughts and what might have been
No money, no future, no work, no hope
No chance to think, he just couldn't cope

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Tomorrow will be too late (4x)
To be waiting at the factory gate

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