

Goldwatch Blues

Donovan

I went up for my interview on the fourth day of July.
First old 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.

Here's your goldwatch and the shackles for your chain
And your piece of paper to say you left here sane.
And if you've a son who wants a good career
Just get him to sign on the dotted line and work for fifty years.

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

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And your piece of paper to say you left here sane.
And if you've a son who wants a 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-stone and in lime
And if you come to work for us on this you must agree,
That if you're going to die please do it during tea.

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This story that you 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 a broom and sweep the bloody floor.

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