

At The Job Centre

Goldie Lookin' Chain

Welcome to the job centre, come on in.
Fill out the forms, let's begin.
What type of job are you looking for?
What type of job did you do before?
If you're not sure we can do a special search.
If you're the priest we can find the church.
If you think it's all rubbish we can find you a dustcart.
Job seekers all scream for restart.
Walk in, grab a little bit of paper.
Roll up for the magical caper.
Come to the counter, make you a wish, granted by the staff always sitting on their starfish.
Come on in, I was having a laugh.
Give you a cheque if you give us an autograph.
Every two weeks you get it in the post.
I like spending mine on booze the most.
At the job centre, life's a laugh.
They gives you free cash for your autograph (Gimme some money!)
Sign up, sign on, everyone come along, drink lager outside but only if it's strong.
Then inside to make your appointment- if you got no money it's always worth a punt.
Some people been going there for ages, their file's like the Bible but it's got more pages.
If ya knew they wouldn't recognize your head send your mates to sign on while you stay in bed (zzz).
Get on the dole, make a stand, (shh) Remember not to tell em about the cash in hand.

Sat next to a bloke who really stank, saying the job centre was his personal bank.
Dress up like a tramp, making you unemployable, getting free money to make life more enjoyable.
People of all creeds, all shapes, all ages, avoiding the problem of minimum wages.
At the job centre, life's a laugh.
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Now and then I go through the rigmarole, cos I know the loopholes when it comes to dole.
I'm going for the jackpot, it's going to pay, cos I'm all about the notion of doing F-A.
There's no harm in telling a little white lie, when I say I look for work low and high.
Fifty quid a week is all I'm looking for, to supplement my income from selling draw.
What about a vocation as a kids' clown?
What about a job where I can lie down?

He said mate, you must be having a laugh.
It's not a career but it's my chosen path.
He says not this week and signs my little book, it's about scratching my ass and I promise to look.
But I go back to the job centre again, cos it's warm and I get a free pen.
At the job centre life's a laugh, they gives you free cash for your autograph.