

Turned up Clocked on Laid Off

Half Man Half Biscuit

Watch out world, I'm a man at ease
Free to do whatever when I want
Lonely heathland here I come
Deathless useless bracken underfoot

Happy days are here again
It's just like I'm fourteen again
And I can't cope but don't tell your mum
Not while she's got Medicine Head on the phone

I need pills to make me sleep
And I need pills to wake me up as well
Factory Prankster Of The Year
Once upon a time and a half
Time and a half

Turned up (turned up)
Clocked on (clocked on)
Turned up, clocked on, laid off
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Clocked on (clocked on)
Turned up, clocked on, laid off

There's people who can't spell 'weird' right
Driving round with thousands in the bank
But I get by, got a lot on my mind
I get by, got allotments on my mind

The three men I admire most
The Father, Son and Mickie Most
Took the last train for the coast
And rendezvoused with Peter Glaze
To kill Don Maclean

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Sign on with no hope in your heart
When you walk through a storm, you get wet