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
Turned up (turned up)
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

Turned up (turned up)
Clocked on (clocked on)
Turned up, clocked on, laid off
Turned up (turned up)
Clocked on (clocked on)
Turned up, clocked on, laid off
Sign on with no hope in your heart
When you walk through a storm, you get wet

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