Fickle Fran

Jamie Webster

Ba badadada ba
The sun's out in the city
Ba badadada ba
And everybody's on it
Ba badadada ba
Though the product's pretty
It's en evident pity now
That they don't want it
No, they just don't want it

Ladies and gentlemen
I would like to introduce you
To the tale of Fickle Fran
Your local unofficial salesman

Franny's not rich no, neither poor
Sells knock-off clobber door to door
Says winter's far too cold
And the wages don't come near
On a sunny prom he'll sell to masses
Cheap handbags and fake sunglasses
Like he's in a crackhouse
And he's a dealer pushing gear

Sets up a stall near where a band begins to play
But Fran, he's living in ten years yesterday
And as the bands sings

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As the sun beats down and the beverages pour
Fran pulls a frown because the game he once knew
Ain't the same anymore

Burning skin, pouring sweat
The man's not sold an item yet
He sighs "Life's getting harder now
And this job's become a curse"
Fran admits with heavy shame
"Things went downhill since Bezos came
And all these eastern websites
Well they've made things even worse"

Poor Fickle Francis
Just won't admit defeat
He now prays for winter
To get back on his feet
And as the band sings

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So he tries a different door
With claims of selling everything you need and more
Says "I'm living with an eye on bailiffs after me"
Still rather this than working in a factory

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