Lightening The Load

Skyclad

Now 'Man is born to trouble
Sure as sparks to Heaven fly.'
So said the man sat all alone
In the corner of my eye.
I said, 'Why the long face, why so sad?
Things cannot be so bad!'
He said, 'My aching bones tell of trouble on the road
And you can't make light of this load.'
He said, 'You can't make light of this load.'

Now just don't get me started on work, trust or money,
There are not enough hours in the day.
In a land where nothing works except the answering machines
You have to watch what you say.
All the high hopes of the Thatcher's breed
Lie crushed beneath some eighties creed.
Well 'Moaning Minnies' we may be just don't let us explode,
You can't make light of this load.'
They say, 'You can't make light of this load.'

Seems that grumbling is a privilege, a pleasure and a pastime
For those approaching 'middle rage.'
'The burden fits the back' they say, and I know I've got mine,
Thank heavens for the minimum wage!
'Things can only get better' they cried,
But over health and work and money they lied.
Well their patron saint is Meldew and complaining is the mode.
You can't make light of this load.
They say, 'You can't make light of this load.'

'Oh don't the days seem lank and long
When all goes right and none goes wrong.'
So avoid the sad old so-and-so with his sorry episode,
Who can't make light of his load, lads!
Who can't make light of his load.

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