

The Ballad of the Decomposing Man

Steve Hackett

In a very large factory I belong
And I work the night shift all year long
Old Freddy on a chainsaw lost his feet
Thinking 'bout a blonde he'll never meet
Tried to take his life again the other week
Keep your chin up, haven't a care 'ave you?
Just join the party, allegiance I swear

Eee what's the matter with Arthur Royal?
I'll go and top up his batteries and check the oil
Young Arthur blew a fuse two days ago,
Set himself alight, you didn't know
Nearly burnt us down the twit just had to go
Take your chances, live on hot air (wouldn't you?)
Chance of promotion, I'll take that chair

Dreaming of golden sands and palm trees
I said file these quickly and then staple these
Get yourself altered undo the seam, and get back just
In time for tea (and don't be late, mind)

Nobody's perfect least of all me
Married the job at age 23
Just keep my nose clean egg chips and beans
I'm always full of steam

(I could never afford to go to Butlins
But I did manage to go to Majorca once
Wish I hadn't bothered
Past the entrance, by I bored myself
Who are all these people in my office, anyway
Who are they? Where do they come from, do y'know them?)