

Not the hospital gown you're wearing
Or the bad luck that dogs us down
What's done is done
They burned the old place down

Chased me allround the reference section
Tried to catch the attendants eye
Ten years on the night shift
Well I don't work tonight

All my books are on loan
Since the Government Book store closed

Well we met in the hotel lobby
The executor read aloud the will
No wake, no eulogy
From this pathetic crowd

It's no Bloomsbury afternoon
Just a couple of soaks and the villagefool

Well they closedown the whole
Mainbuilding. Boared up and the main
Door staying shut
Used to steal things
From this now empty shop