His family taught him right from wrong With local tales and children's songs Sunday school was his shelter With his friends Joe and Walter Now those days seem far away An empty swing where he once played Now Bill's grown so fat and bald He never thought that he'd grow old

And every day when he gets the train Looks out the window and thinks in vain If I could only be that boy again

His sales job it gets him down Same old faces same old sounds Heart attacks, orthopaedic backs Documents in labelled racks

His wife can't stand the sight of him With his routine glass of gin
She makes his lunch of processed ham
And waits in for the meter man

And everyday when he gets the train Looks out the window and thinks in vain If I could only be that boy again If he could be that boy again

Another day another gin
His kids don't even notice him,
Something different about his face
His happy smile seems out of place
His family gathered around for tea
Eyes fixed on their new telly
Newsflash came, then it said...
Bill McCai was just found dead

No more windows, no more trains Hung himself out in the rain Now he'll never be that boy again Any we say bye-bye Bill McCai