

Driving

Tom Robinson

Seems like yesterday you first started
As a rodeo cowboy in the big bull market
As the enterprise culture reached its pinnacle
Driven by an upbeat privatized miracle
Life is hard, though and times are leaner
For the banker, the broker and the window cleaner
And nobody's straw's shorter than yours
As the cuts get tougher and the streets get meaner

When the dividend of a divided nation
Is stepping over bodies in the underground station
The just rewards of the high and haughty
Are the P-45 and the UB40
In a downward spiral with zero option
You're fleeced in a deal of your own concoction
As the panic grows you suddenly know how it feels
As the boss says 'We're letting you go now'

Ain't gonna be in that driving seat no more
Ain't gonna be in that driving seat no more

So hang up your braces and your paisley tie
You've lost your shirt, now you're wondering why
Your fairweather friends have all disowned you
And only your banker and the bailliffs phone you
Repossessing everything they burst the bubble, you
Hand back the keys to your BMW,
Lose your home with the sky high loan
And the lows on the Dow Jones cease to trouble you

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Well maybe you could lecture on management structure
Or work part time as a driving instructor
But the business college is undersubscribed
And the motoring school's on an economy drive
You become a expert in adversity
Enrolled in the Hard Knocks University
Students everywhere beg and borrow, now
Praying they can pay it all back tomorrow, now

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