

Land of Hope and Glory

Madness

What's the time?
I was trying to get some sleep
Attention
Bridges, Shorty, Nutty
Jackson, Thompson, Mother
As you can see we've got a new recruit
To this land of hope and glory
Hands behind backs and legs apart
And tell us all a story
Who me, sir?
Yes, you, sir
I was an innocent man till someone grassed me of a plan
Of earning some big a money
If I hadn't mouthed it about, I am sure without doubt
I'd have missed this land of hope and glory
Well, you poor poor sod
Here you're up sharp at six thirty
A cold shower down to breakfast
Can't have you looking dirty
I suggest you eat what's given you
Even if it doesn't agree with you
'Cos it's all you're be getting up until twelve thirty
In between this time you stay up in your room
And you can dream about life, good things
Two years of me teen age life
Given to this stand to attention life
Of land, of hope and glory
I was getting so bored, then time drags by
I think I'll do something dirty
I pick at the floor for juicy butts
And I'll make me self a smoke
A bog roll and envelope stick it
All this helps to pass my time
As the evening drags on, you can watch a little telly
Or dance with pans people with a little bit of belly
Pass yourself cold with a hint of yesterdays
Don't complain, learn the game
And I'll get through another day
I was sitting there on the clock at long last it's nine thirty
Off to bed, straight to sleep
As I leave this land of hope and glory
But only for a few seconds am I in ecstasy
Before the bell rings to let me know, sharp at six thirty
A the, a two, a six, a ta
Quiet, come on you lot, come on, lights out

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