Success's Ladder

Sandi Thom

There's an empty seat on the train today that makes its way up to the town
There a letter found on an office desk that's finally handed round
It says Julian Sidebottom William Smyth has finally come to his senses
He's tired of commuting tired of computing tired of sitting on fences.
He really needs some help he wants to find himself
And he says that money don't matter
And there's more to life than doing what's right
He's going down down down Success's ladder
He's going down down down Success's ladder.
He wants to do something for his children's children something to remember him by
And nobody wishes they spent more time at work when they finally lay down to die
And he's downsized and analysed his last bottom line no longer will he be hard hearted
He's going to paint pictures of the Isle of Skye until the undersigned is departed.

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So the years went by and Julian was forgot and one day his tea boy made it to the boss
And to brighten his wall he hung pictures sometimes one of them the Isle of Skye strangely unsigned
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And he says that money don't matter
And there's more to life than doing what's right
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