

# Goalhanger

## Billy Bragg

He's got the bonhomie of a game show host  
And his handshake is so limp, it's like meeting a ghost  
His apologies are tired 'cause he uses them a lot  
His excuses are so lame if they were horses they'd be shot  
He lies through his teeth with impeccable grammar  
In the game of life he's just a dreadful goalhanger  
He's keeping all his options open till the very last minute  
Checking every situation trying to work out what's in it  
Trying to nail him down is like nailing water to a wall  
He's incapable of making a commitment at all  
Like trying to knock in a nail with an inflatable hammer  
In the game of life he's just a dreadful goalhanger  
Yesterday upon the stair  
I met a man who's never there  
He won't be there again today  
Well, that's what he told me to say  
He's got the natural arrogance of an exclamation mark  
And he wishes his bite was as big as his bark  
He's appealing to the referee at every single stage  
He's a fuzzy little bundle of impotent rage  
And when he ought to have patience, he only has anger  
In the game of life he's just a dreadful goalhanger  
He has a lack of humility that defies imagination  
And he hangs 'round like a fart in a Russian space station  
He doesn't even notice as he sells you down the river  
'Cause he's one of life's takers and he's looking for a giver  
He smirks and shrugs his shoulders as he drops  
another clanger  
In the game of life he's just a dreadful goalhanger

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