Smithers Jones

Stiff Little Fingers

Here we go again, it's Monday at last,
He's heading for the Waterloo line,
To catch the 8 a.m. fast, its usually dead on time,
Hope it isn't late, got to be there by nine.
Pin stripe suit, clean shirt and tie,
Stops off at the corner shop, to buy The Times
'Good Morning Smithers-Jones'
'How's the wife and home?'
'Did you get the car you've been looking for?'Let me get inside you, let me take control of you,
We could have some good times,
All this worry will get you down,
I'll give you a new meaning to life - I don't think so.Sitting on the train, you're nearly there
You're part of the production line,
You're the same as him, you're like tin-sardines,
Get out of the pack, before they peel you back.Arrive at the office, spot on time,
The clock on the wall hasn't yet struck nine,
'Good Morning Smithers Jones'
'The boss wants to see you alone'
'I hope its the promotion you've been looking for"Come in Smithers old boy'
'Take a seat, take the weight off your feet'
'I've some news to tell you'
'There's no longer a position for you' -
'Sorry Smithers Jones'.Put on the kettle and make some tea
It's all a part of feeling groovie
Put on your slippers turn on the TV
It's all a part of feeling groovie
It's time to relax, now you've worked your arse off
But the only one smilin' is the sun tanned boss
Work and work and work and work till you die
There's plenty more fish in the sea to fry

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