

Land of Hope and Glory

Madness

Yawn, what's the time?
I was trying to get some sleep
Attention, aah!
Bridges
Sharkey
Nutley
Jackson
Thompson (master!)
Well, 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 of your unfortunate 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 'ave missed this land of hope and glory
Well, you poor, poor sod, here you're up sharp at six-thirty
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
'Cause it's all you're be getting up until twelve-thirty
In-between it's time to stay up in your room, you can dream of life's good things
Two years of my teen age life given to this stand-to-attention life
Of land of hope and glory
I get so bored as time goes by, I think I'll do something dirty
I pick at the floor for juicy butts and I'll make myself 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
Hot Gossip pans people with a little bit of belly
Hot drink served cold with the heat of yesterday
Don't complain, learn the game and you'll get through another day
I watch the second hand 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-one, a-two, a-six, a-ta'
Come on you lot, come on, lights out

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