

# London's After-Work Drinking Culture

## John Howard & The Night Mail

As you loosen your tie  
You know you can't get out of this  
    It's the done thing  
    if you want to get in  
    After work you hang out  
With the guys from the company  
    Everyone's huddled together  
        in charcoal and grey  
    Don't ever stay until last  
    Lest they think you're a loner  
        But never leave first  
    Lest they tear you to pieces

Once again you are  
    smelling the breath  
    of that man from HR  
And you wonder how he ever  
    made it this far  
    And you ask yourself  
    Hasn't he got a young family  
or maybe a fiancÃ©e waiting at home  
    Or else long since accustomed  
        to going to be on her own

But in truth it's most likely  
    That he's unattached  
And he drinks 'cause it helps  
    face the long journey back  
    Have a platform snack  
    That he'll scoff on the train  
    And then ten minutes' walk  
        Up the hill in the rain  
        And when he gets home  
        He'll be having a shower  
        He'll be sitting there  
            wrapped in a towel  
        Hunched over his laptop  
            on his bed  
    for hours and hours and hours

And hours and hours  
Always worried his flatmate  
might come barging in  
'cause his room  
is the one with the wardrobe

But sometimes he just wants to talk  
And there's no getting rid of him  
And he goes on and on and on and on  
until dawn  
And it's all this man from HR  
has to look forward to  
As he's standing there  
having a drink with you

And in an unguarded blink of an eye  
You can see very clearly  
That he's never really liked you  
No, not one little bit  
At all  
Not at all  
Not at all

As you loosen your tie  
You know you can't get out of this  
It's the done thing  
On and on and on and on and on

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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