

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 fiancée 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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