

What a Waste!

Ian Dury & The Blockheads

I could be the driver in an articulated lorry
I could be a poet, I wouldn't need to worry
I could be the teacher in a classroom full of scholars
I could be the sergeant in a squadron full of wallahs What a waste! What a waste!
What a waste! What a waste! Because I tried to play the fool in a six-piece band
First-night nerves every one-night stand
I should be glad to be so inclined
What a waste! What a waste! But the world don't mind I could be a lawyer with stratagems and muses
I could be a doctor with poultices and bruises
I could be a writer with a growing reputation
I could be the ticket-man at Fulham Broadway station What a waste! What a waste!
What a waste! What a waste! Because I tried to play the fool in a six-piece band
First-night nerves every one-night stand
I should be glad to be so inclined
What a waste! What a waste! But the world don't mind I could be the catalyst that sparks the revolution
I could be an inmate in a long-term institution
I could lead to wide extremes, I could do or die
I could yawn and be withdrawn and watch them gullify What a waste! What a waste!
What a waste! What a waste! Because I tried to play the fool in a six-piece band
First-night nerves every one-night stand
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What a waste! What a waste! But the world don't mind Chose to play the fool in a six-piece band
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I should be glad to be so inclined
What a waste! What a waste! But the world don't mind

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