

Billy Bragg "Goalhanger"

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He's got the bonhomie of a game show host
And his handshake is so limp, it's like meeting a ghost
His apologies are tired 'cause he uses them a lot
His excuses are so lame if they were horses they'd be
shot

He lies through his teeth with impeccable grammar
In the game of life he's just a dreadful goalhanger

He's keeping all his options open till the very last
minute
Checking every situation trying to work out what's in it
Trying to nail him down is like nailing water to a wall
He's incapable of making a commitment at all

Like trying to knock in a nail with an inflatable hammer
In the game of life he's just a dreadful goalhanger

Yesterday upon the stair
I met a man who's never there
He won't be there again today
Well, that's what he told me to say

He's got the natural arrogance of an exclamation mark
And he wishes his bite was as big as his bark
He's appealing to the referee at every single stage
He's a fuzzy little bundle of impotent rage

And when he ought to have patience, he only has anger
In the game of life he's just a dreadful goalhanger

He has a lack of humility that defies imagination
And he hangs 'round like a fart in a Russian space
station
He doesn't even notice as he sells you down the river
'Cause he's one of life's takers and he's looking for a
giver

He smirks and shrugs his shoulders as he drops
another clanger
In the game of life he's just a dreadful goalhanger

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