

Fall "Container Drivers"

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Net cap. of five eight thousand pounds
They sweat on their way down
Report with customs bastards
Hang around like clowns the
Uh-containers and their drivers
Bad indigestion
The bowel retention
S'before their wages
Sometimes in short sleeves
Look at a car park for two days
Look at a grey port for two days
Train line, stone and grey
This is not their town
Big cigars come out of the ground
Sweat on their way down

F. Jack's a distant relation
Communists are just part time workers
And there's no thanks
From the loading bay racks
Look at a car park for two days
Look at a grey port for two days
Train line, stone and grey
RO-RO roll on roll off
The container drivers
It's before thir wages
Uh-containers
Uh-and their drivers

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