

Bragg Billy "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 cos 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
Keeping all his options open till the very last minute
Checking every situation trying to work out what's in it
Trying to pin him down is like nailing water to a wall
He's incapable of making a commitment at all
Like trying 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 where 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 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
Cos 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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