

Jon English

"Chained To the Middle"

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Oh yeah!

Workin' man with his life in his hands wants a better
deal for the kids

And the big boss boys sold their Rolls Royce toys since
mi-ining's hit the skids

Well I keep singin' songs, just wonderin' what's gone
wrong

With the price of strings and picks and things,
I'll be starvin' before long, yeah

And this is the way we stand today

We're chained to the middle with feet of clay-ay, yeah

That's the way-ay we're gonna stay

That's the way-ay we're gonna stay

Well, the union card in the exercise yard says red's the
colour now

And the Liberal band say we'll save the land but still
haven't worked out how

And the wife keeps bein' rude, protesting at the price
of food

And the price of jeans is beyond my means,
pretty soon I'll sit around in the nude

This is the way we stand today

We're chained to the middle with feet of clay-ay

And that's the way-ay, we're gonna stay

That's the way-ay, we're gonna stay-ay

Hey there mister can you lend me a dollar,

I ain't had nothin' to eat all day-ay

Hey there lady can I share your umbrella, got nothin' on
my feet anyway

Every now and then I save up my money, nough for a
good hot bath

And once in a while I'll sit back and remember what it
was like to laugh

To laugh, ooh-oooh

Ahh-ahh..., you know, you know-ow-ow-ow-ow

Come on down to Sydney town and dance the night

away

Laugh and sing, do-oo anything, come and blow your
next month's pay

For life is hard my friend and they'll get ya in the end
With ya strainin' backs and income tax, they won't have
a penny to spend

This is the way we stand today

We're chained to the middle with feet of clay

That's the way-ay w

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