

Mark King

"Gravy Train"

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Well they fly past the ghettos and the factories
Ridin' on the Gravy Train
Leaving all the places that they really ought to brave
Ridin' on the Gravy Train
Past the coal mines black and scarred
Starter houses in the loading yard
On the Gravy Train, On the Gravy Train

There's the lucky little mothers in their luxury cars
Ridin' on the Gravy Train
Never thank each other or their lucky stars
Ridin' on the Gravy Train
That's worse than ingratitude
Worse than a piss poor attitude

On the Gravy Train, Gravy Train

Well the hanger-uppers and the hangers-on
Ridin' on the Gravy Train
Champagne suppers with their daggers all drawn
Ridin' on the Gravy Train
Some act tough, some act rude
Some bit of fluff complain about the food
You wanna see somebody getting really rude
Get on the Gravy Train, Gravy Train

Well the golden goose is clattering-a-down the track,
And they're gonna be ridin' in an old caboose
Coming back

There's the soldiers of fashion on the hit parade
Ridin' on the Gravy Train
Tongue lashing with the bitch brigade
Ridin' on the Gravy Train
Free loader licks my boots
Tells me how he digs my suit
You got lucky son, don't get cute
Get on the Gravy Train

