

Mark King

"Industrial Disease"

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Warning lights are flashing down at Quality Control
Somebody threw a spanner and they threw him in the
hole
There's rumours in the loading bay and anger in the
town
Somebody blew the whistle and the walls came down
There's a meeting in the boardroom they're trying to
trace the smell
There's leaking in the washroom there's a sneak in
personnel
Somewhere in the corridors someone was heard to
sneeze
'Goodness me could it be Industrial Disease?'

The caretaker was crucified for sleeping at his post
They're refusing to be pacified it's him they blame the
most
The watchdog's got rabies the foreman's got the fleas
And everyone's concerned about Industrial Disease
There's panic on the switchboard tongues are ties in
knots
Some come out in sympathy some come out in spots
Some blame the management some the employees
And everybody knows it's the Industrial Disease

The work force is disgusted downs tools and walks
Innocence is injured experience just talks
Everyone seeks damages and everyone agrees
That these are 'classic symptoms of a monetary
squeeze'
On ITV and BBC they talk about the curse
Philosophy is useless theology is worse
History boils over there's an economics freeze
Sociologists invent words that mean 'Industrial
Disease'

Doctor Parkinson declared 'I'm not surprised to see you
here
You've got smokers cough from smoking brewer's
droop from drinking beer
I don't know how you came to get the Bette Davis knees

But worst of all young man you've got Industrial
Disease'
He wrote me a prescription he said 'you are depressed
But I'm glad you came to see me to get this off your
chest
Come back and see me later - next patient please
Send in another victim of Industrial Disease'

I go down to Speaker's Corner I'm thunderstruck
They got free speech, tourists, police in trucks
Two men say they're Jesus one of them must be wrong
There's a protest singer singing a protest song - he
says
'they wanna have a war so they can keep us on our
knees
They wanna have a war so they can keep their factories
They wanna have a war to stop us buying Japanese
They wanna have a war to stop Industrial Disease
They're pointing out the enemy to keep you deaf and
blind
They wanna sap you energy incarcerate your mind
They give you Rule Britannia, gassy beer, page three
Two weeks in Espana and Sunday striptease'
Meanwhile the first Jesus says 'I'd cure it soon
Abolish Monday mornings and Friday afternoons'
The other one's out on hunger strike he's dying by
degrees
How come Jesus gets Industrial Disease

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