

The Coral **"Bill McCai"**

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Family taught him right from wrong
With local tales and children's songs
Sunday school was his shelter
With his friends Joe and Walter

Now those days so far away
An empty swing where he once played
Now he's gone so fat and bald
He never thought that he'd grow old

An' everyday when he gets the train
Looks out the window and he thinks in vain
If I could only be that boy again

Sales job it gets him down
Same old faces, same old sounds
Heart attacks, orthopedic backs
Documents and labeled racks

His wife can't stand the sight of him
With his routine glass of gin
She makes his lunch of processed ham
I'm waiting for the meter man

An' everyday when he gets the train
Looks out the window and he thinks in vain
If I could only be that boy again
Take it away Bill

He could be that boy again

Another day, another gin
His kids don't even notice him
Something different about his face
His happy smile seems out of place

Family gathered round for tea
Eyes fixed on the new telly
A news flash came then it said
Bill McCai was just found dead

No more windows, no more trains

Hung himself out in the rain
Now he'll never be that boy again

And we say
Bye, bye Bill McCai
Bye, bye Bill McCai
Bye, bye Bill McCai

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