

Unknown

"Ending"

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IN THE SIDINGS

(Cyril Tawney)

The pin-stripe boys have had their say,
A line must go if it doesn't pay.
But I'm too old to move away,
I'm in the sidings now.

I've worked this line for many a day,
I can name any driver a mile away,
But that's no use when your hair turns grey,
I'm in the sidings now.

Well, now I know how a wagon feels
When the grass comes creeping round its wheels,
And its timbers turn to a woodworm's meals,
I'm in the sidings now.

So I'll give my whistle one more blow,
Then I'll change my pole for a garden hoe,
My bogie fires are burning low,
I'm in the sidings now.

Good business men have often said,
Always trim your costs if you're in the red,
Well, come shake hands with an overhead,
I'm in the sidings now.

If your money tree will bear no fruit,
Never blame the man who tends the root,
But take your knife to the tender shoot,
I'm in the sidings now.

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