

Flanders & Swann "The Gasman Cometh"

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'Twas on the Monday morning,
The gasman came to call,
The gas tap wouldn't turn,
I wasn't getting gas at all.
He tore out all the skirting boards,
To try and find the mains,
And I had to call the carpenter to put them back again!

Oh, it all makes work,
For the working man to do!

'Twas on the Tuesday morning,
The carpenter came round,
He hammered and he chiselled and said,
"Look what I've found!
Your joints are full of dryrot,
Though I'll put them all to rights,"
And he nailed right through a cable, (pop)
And out went all the lights!

Oh, it all makes work,
For the working man to do!

'Twas on the Wednesday morning,
The electrician came,
He called me Mr Sanderson,
Which isn't quite the name,
He couldn't reach the fusebox,
Without standing on the bin,
And his foot went through a window,
So I called the glazier in!

Oh, it all makes work,
For the working man to do!

'Twas on the Thursday morning,
The glazier came along,
With his blowtorch and his putty,
And his merry glazier song.
He put another pane in,
It took no time at all,
But I had to get the painter in,

To come and paint the wall!

Oh, it all makes work,
For the working man to do!

'Twas on the Friday morning,
The painter made a start,
With undercoats, and overcoats,
He painted every part!
Every nook and every cranny,
Though I found when he was gone,
He'd painted over the gas tap,
And I couldn't turn it on!

Oh, it all makes work,
For the working man to do!

On Saturdays and Sundays,
They do no work at all,
So 'twas on the Monday morning,
That the gasman came to call!

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