

The Nits

"Cranedriver"

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(Hofstede/Kloet/Stips - Hofstede)

It's early in the morning
He's climbing up
The ladder to the top
Of his crane
He's smoking a cigarette
In his cockpit of glass
Look down
The town's
Still asleep
Peter and I were walking
Along the long canal
We could smell the factory
Smoke
Dirty filling-station
We arranged the row of cans
Till they said so so so so
Cranedriver lift me up
Put me in my past
Cranedriver lift me up
Cranedriver lift me up
Put me in my past
Cranedriver lift me up
Now Peter's building houses
I am a keeper of records
Both of '51
The cranedriver's climbing down
Every step a year
It takes him twenty to the ground
Cranedriver lift me up
Put me in my past
Cranedriver lift me up
Cranedriver lift me up
Put me in my past
Cranedriver lift me up

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