

Ray Stevens

"The Bricklayer's Song"

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[spoken]

Okay, here's a song about an Irishman who had a little bad luck.

And I been told this is a true story.

Dear sir, I write this note to you to tell you of me plight,
For at the time of writing I am not a pretty sight.
Me body is all black and blue, me face a deathly grey,
And I write this note to tell you why I'm not at work today.

While working on the fourteenth floor, some bricks I had to clear,
But to toss them down from such a height was not a good idear.
The foreman wasn't very pleased, he is an awkward sod.
He said I'd have to cart them down the ladders in me hod.

Now shifting all those bricks by hand, it was so very slow,
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured a rope below,
But in me haste to do the job, I was too blind to see
That a barrel full of building bricks is heavier than me.

And so when I untied the rope, the barrel fell like lead,
And clinging tightly to the rope, I started up instead.
I shot up like a rocket, 'til, to my dismay, I found
That halfway up I met the bloody barrel comin' down.

Now the barrel broke me shoulder as to the ground it sped,
And when I reached the top I banged the pully with me head.
I clung on tight, though numb with shock from this almighty blow,
And the barrel spilled out half the bricks fourteen floors below.

Now when these bricks had fallen from the barrel to the

floor,
I then outweighed the barrel and so started down once
more.
Still clinging tightly to the rope, me body wracked with
pain,
Halfway down I met the bloody barrel once again.

Now the force of this collision halfway down the office
block
Caused multiple contusions and a nasty state of shock.
Still clinging tightly to the rope, I fell toward the ground
And landed on the broken bricks that were all scattered
'round.

Well I lay there groaning on the ground, I thought I'd
passed the worst.
But the barrel hit the pulley wheel, and then the bottom
burst.
A shower of bricks rained down on me, I didn't have a
hope,
For as I lay there, on the ground, I let go the bloody
rope.

The barrel now, being heavier, it started down once
more,
And landed right across me as I lay there on the floor.
It broke three ribs and my left arm, and I can only say
That I hope you understand why Murphy's not at work
today.

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