

## Redgum

### "Money's No Good"

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You get out of bed about half-past seven  
Your days are hell so sleeping's heaven  
Unfold the paper over yesterday's ,ea;  
Good morning Mr Howard, how do you feel?  
Another batch of figures says everything's fine  
But that's not what they are saying on the dole-form  
line

Pocketful of silver like a pocket full of rocks  
You stagger down the road to the telephone box  
"That job's gone" says the person when you ring  
"You're the thirteenth today" as he drops the thing  
Postman at the gate just to make you feel better  
Another half a dozen no-job letters

The debts pile up and your confidence goes  
And everyone in the family knows  
They sympathise because they feel they should  
Seven days a week and the money's no good

So you wander around the house for hours at a time  
You're looking for a riff and you're looking for a rhyme  
Another cup of coffee, no sugar or cream  
While the sun goes down on your Australian dream  
The lady next door's screaming at her kids  
Because the dole didn't come both the landlord did

You spend a half a day a week at the C.E.S.  
You get a flint-eyed stare from behind the desk  
I haven't got a job and you think it's a sin  
Don't you read the papers mate, where have you been?  
"They've shut down the shop and they've stopped our  
pay."  
Isn't it time we became annoyed, there are two  
generations unemployed.

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