

Skyclad "Lightening The Load"

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Now 'Man is is born to trouble
Sure as sparks to Heaven fly'
So said the man sat all alone
In the corner of my eye
Isaid, 'Why the long face, why so sad ?
Things cannot be so bad ! '
He said 'My aching bones tell of trouble on the road
And you can't make light of this load'
He said 'You can't make light of this load'

Now just don't get me started on work, trust or money
There are not enough hours in the day
In a land where nothing works except the answering
machines
You have to watch whet you say
All the high hopes that Thatcher's breed
Lies crushed bneath some eighties creed
Well 'Moaning Minnies' we may be just don't let us
explode
You can't mke light of this load
They said, 'You can't make light of this load'

'Oh, don't the days seems lank and long
When all goes right and none goes wrong'
So avoid the sad old so-and-so with his sorry episode
Who can't make light of his load, lads !
Who can't make light of his load

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