

## Fall, The "Container Drivers"

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Net cap. of five eight thousand pounds  
They sweat on their way down  
Report with customs bastards  
Hang around like clowns the  
Uh-containers and their drivers  
Bad indigestion  
The bowel retention  
S'before their wages  
Sometimes in short sleeves  
Look at a car park for two days  
Look at a grey port for two days  
Train line, stone and grey  
This is not their town  
Big cigars come out of the ground  
Sweat on their way down

F. Jack's a distant relation  
Communists are just part time workers  
And there's no thanks  
From the loading bay racks  
Look at a car park for two days  
Look at a grey port for two days  
Train line, stone and grey  
RO-RO roll on roll off  
The container drivers  
It's before thir wages  
Uh-containers  
Uh-and their drivers

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