

## Trash Can Sinatras

### "Mr. grisly"

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There's a daddy long legs,  
A crushed rain beetle

Slim skinny jim on the brink again  
Under-umbrella'd, slip of a fella  
He's gonna turn to the drink

Talking to the boys  
With dirty fingernails  
Skinheads and ponytails

Here's the sledgehammer  
There's the fingernails  
Some dumb sucker's  
Going off the rails

Poor daddy long legs  
Washed away in the rain  
Just another little business  
Going down the drain  
He won't be back here again

Finding a job, losing a job,  
All in a day  
Finding a job, losing a job,  
Drinking the pay  
What will the missus say

Mr. Grisly  
He only wanted just a quiet job to do

Poor Mr. Grisly cried,  
The angels leave him aside  
Finding a job, losing a job,  
Call it a day  
Finding a job, losing a job,  
Drinking the pay  
Finding a job wasn't what you thought  
Wasn't what you always had in mind

You wanna go home

Poor Mr. Grisly, you can't go home  
Poor Mr. Grisly, poor Mr. Grisly, poor Mr. Grisly  
He can't go home

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