

DEAR BOSS

DEAR BOSS I WRITE THIS NOTE TO YOU TO TELL YOU OF MY PLIGHT
AND AT THE TIME OF WRITING, I AM NOT A PRETTY SIGHT
ME BODY IS ALL BLACK AND BLUE, AND ME FACE A DEADLY GRAY.
AND I HOPE YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY PADDY'S NOT AT WORK TODAY.

I WAS WORKIN' ON THE FOURTEENTH FLOOR SOME BRICKS I HAD TO CLEAR
AND THROWIN' THEM DOWN FROM SUCH A HEIGHT WAS NOT A GOOD IDEA.
THE FOREMAN WASN'T VERY PLEASED, HE BEIN' AN AWFUL SOD
HE SAID I'D HAVE TO TAKE THEM DOWN THE LADDER IN ME HOD.

NOW SHIFTEIN' ALL THOSE BRICKS BY HAND IT SEEMED SO AWFUL SLOW
SO I HOISTED UP A BARREL AND SECURED A ROPE BELOW
BUT IN MY HASTE TO DO MY JOB I WAS TOO BLIND TO SEE
THE BARREL FULL OF BUILDIN' BRICKS WAS HEAVIER THAN ME.

NOW WHEN I CAME DOWN I CAUGHT THE ROPE AND THE BARREL FELL LIKE LEAD
AND CLINGING TIGHTLY TO THE ROPE I STARTED UP INSTEAD
I SHOT UP LIKE A ROCKET AND TO MY DISMAY I FOUND
THAT HALF WAY 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 STRUCK THE PULLEY WITH ME HEAD
I STILL HUNG ON, THOUGH NUMB AND SHOCKED FROM THIS ALMIGHTY BLOW
AND THE BARREL SPILLED OUT HALF THE BRICKS FOURTEEN FLOORS BELOW

NOW WHEN THE BRICKS HAD FALLEN FROM THE BARREL TO THE FLOOR
SURE I THEN OUTWEIGHED THE BARREL AND I STARTED DOWN ONCE MORE
STILL CLINGING TIGHTLY TO THE ROPE I HEADED FOR THE GROUND
I FELL AMONG THE BROKEN BRICKS THAT WERE ALL SCATTERED 'ROUND

AS I LAY THERE MOANING ON THE FLOOR I WAS SURE I'D PASSED THE WORST
BUT THE BARREL STRUCK THE PULLEY WHEEL AND THE BOTTOM THEN DID BURST
A SHOWER OF BRICKS CAME DOWN ON ME, SURE I HADN'T GOT A HOPE
AND AS I WAS LOSING CONSCIOUSNESS, I LET GO THE BLOODY ROPE.

NOW THE BARREL IT BEING HEAVIER IT STARTED DOWN ONCE MORE
AND IT LANDED RIGHT ACROSS ME AS I LAY THERE ON THE FLOOR
I BROKE THREE RIBS AND MY LEFT ARM AND I CAN ONLY SAY
THAT I HOPE YOU'LL UNDERSTAND WHY PADDY'S NOT AT WORK TODAY.