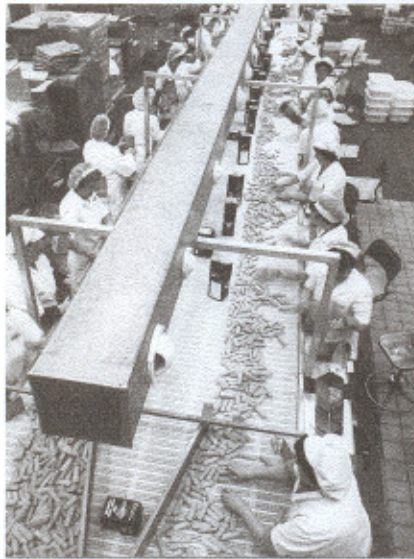


SIX-TILL-TWO

Morning shift, six-till-two
I feel cold - how about you?
Me face is red & me legs are blue
In me wellies & me turban on the six-till-two

February mornin', couldn't be worse
You leave your warm bed, & you don't half curse
You creep out the house - you mek no fuss
Then you're runnin' like a greyhound for the early bus

Six o'clock start - the girls file past
Tek your card to the clock - I'm sure it's fast
A smile for the night shift, & they're soon gone
But the fish finger line goes on & on



You chatter to Mabel, you chatter to Elaine
Natterin's the only thing to keep you sane
You laugh & you gasp at the gossip that's told
Then suddenly it's quiet & it ain't 'alf cold

Look out! Here's the red hat, to stand & smirk
And look down her nose at the ones who work
She thinks she's a queen in her charge-hand's hat
But when she's gone we've better names for her than that

We don't get low, though we hate this shift
It's payday soon & it's not to be sniffed
We give 'em our time & they give us our due
And no-one's here for pleasure on the six-till-two

When two o'clock comes, you're jiggered as a rule
But you hurry to the shops before the kids leave school
Your one consolation's your summer holiday
You'll never get to Butlin's on your old man's pay