

## The Sick Note

Dear Sir I write this note to you to tell you of my plight  
For at the time of writing I am not a pretty sight  
My body is all black and blue, my face a deathly grey  
And I write this note to say why Paddy's not at work today.

Whilst working on the fourteenth floor, some bricks I had to clear  
To throw them down from such a height was not a good idea  
The foreman wasn't very pleased, the bloody awkward sod  
He said I had to cart them down the ladders in my hod.

Now clearing all these bricks by hand, it was so very slow  
So I hoisted up a barrel and secured the rope below  
But in my haste to do the job, I was too blind to see  
That a barrel full of building bricks was heavier than me.

And so when I untied the rope, the barrel fell like lead  
And clinging tightly to the rope I started up instead  
I shot up like a rocket till to my dismay I found  
That half way up I met the bloody barrel coming down.

Well the barrel broke my shoulder, as to the ground it sped  
And when I reached the top I banged the pulley with my head  
I clung on tightly, numb with shock, from this almighty blow  
And the barrel spilled out half the bricks, fourteen floors below.

Now when these bricks had fallen from the barrel to the floor  
I then outweighed the barrel and so started down once more  
Still clinging tightly to the rope, my body racked with pain  
When half way down, I met the bloody barrel once again.

The force of this collision, half way up the office block  
Caused multiple abrasions and a nasty state of shock  
Still clinging tightly to the rope I fell towards the ground  
And I landed on the broken bricks the barrel scattered round.

I lay there groaning on the ground I thought I'd passed the worst  
But the barrel hit the pulley wheel, and then the bottom burst  
A shower of bricks rained down on me, I hadn't got a hope  
As I lay there bleeding on the ground, I let go the bloody rope.

The barrel then being heavier it started down once more  
And landed right across me as I lay upon the floor  
It 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.

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Praties grow.