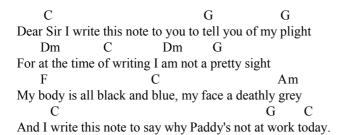
## The Sick Note



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.